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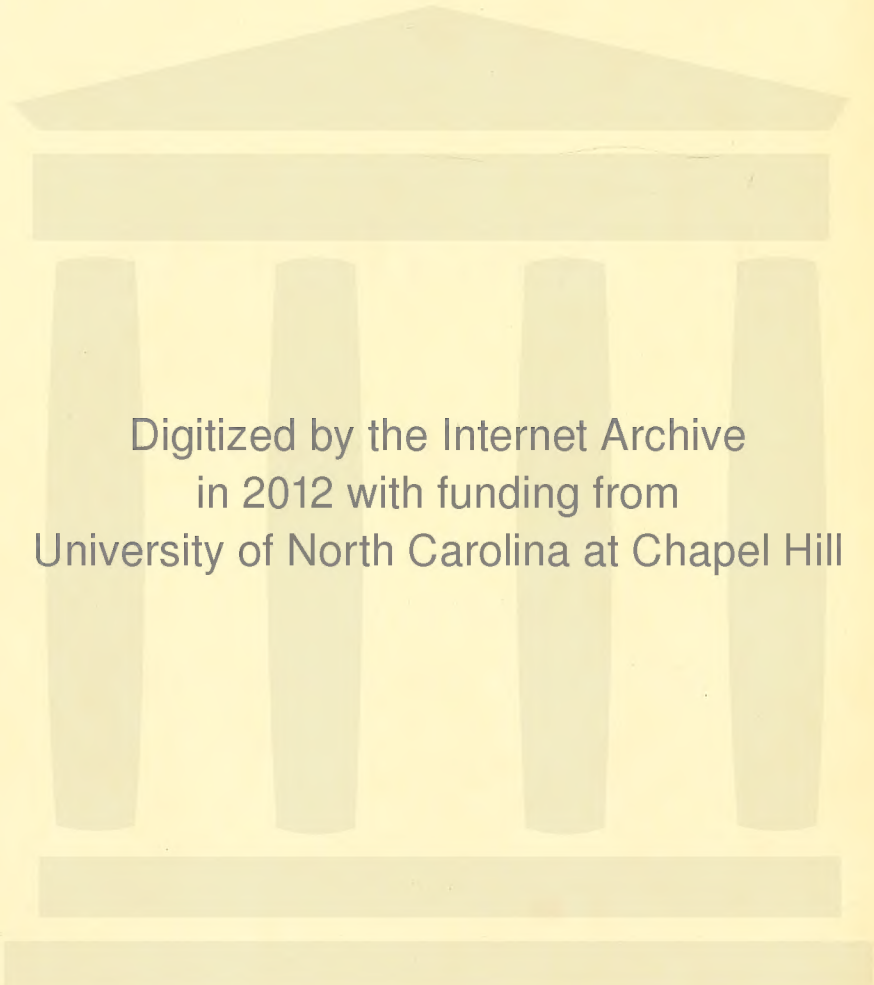
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CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XIV.

		PAGE
About Humming-birds. (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent)	*Mrs. Homer H. Stuart*	868
Amateur Camera, The. (Illustrated)	*Alexander Black*	683
Animal Invaders. (Illustrated by J. C. Beard)	*Charles Frederick Holder*	596
April to May. Poem. (Illustrated by George Foster Barnes)	*Jane Ellis Joy*	495
August. Poem	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	728
Banker and Broker, A	*George J. Manson*	627
Battle of Gettysburg, The. (Illustrated)	*General Adam Badeau*	855
Bead and Wire Inlaying. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Charles G. Leland*	706
Bed-time Song, A. Poem	*Lilian Dynevor Rice*	515
Betty's Sunday. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*A. J. H.*	672
Big Monopoly, A. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch)	*T. Jackson*	658
Birds and Boys. Poem	*Mary Bradley*	511
Boyhood of John Greenleaf Whittier, The. (Illustrated)	*William H. Rideing*	933
Boyhood of Oliver Wendell Holmes, The. (Illustrated)	*William H. Rideing*	724
Boyhood of William Dean Howells, The. (Illustrated)	*William H. Rideing*	817
Boy's Idea of Travel, A. Verses. (Illustrated)	*Henry Tyrrell*	820
Brant, The. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Fanny E. Gifford*	769
Bringing Brother John Home to His Dinner. Picture, drawn by A. Brennan		916
Brownies and the Bees, The. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	624
Brownies at Archery, The. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	865
Brownies Canoeing, The. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	549
Brownies Fishing, The. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	789
Brownies' Fourth of July, The. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	700
Calling Them Up. Poem	*George Cooper*	599
Catarina of Venice. (Illustrated by Robert Blum and others)	*E. S. Brooks*	483
Chancellorsville. ("A Great Battle in a Forest")	*General Adam Badeau*	770
Cheyne Hospital, The	*Mrs. Katharine S. MacQuoid*	635
Child-Princess Charlotte, The. (Illustrated by D. Clinton Peters)	*Ellen M. Hutchinson*	600
Children Have Gone to Lunch, The. Picture, drawn by Alfred Brennan		782
Child-Sketches from George Eliot — Middlemarch	*Julia Magruder*	530
Christina of Sweden. (Illustrated by Robert Blum)	*E. S. Brooks*	846
Christ's Hospital; or, "The Blue-Coat School." (Illustrated by Joseph Pennell and others)	*Elizabeth Robins Pennell*	836
Cupid and the Mutineers	*Mary J. Safford*	931
Dandie. Poem	*Mary Bradley*	547
Dante and the Young Florentine. Poem. (Illustrated)	*E. Cavazza*	813
Deadly Feud, A. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Isabel Frances Bellows*	709
Decorative Tablet. Picture, drawn by C. R. Loomis		583
Dog that Held a Grudge, A	*E. P. Roe*	547
Dog Stories, St. Nicholas		543
Dolls' Hospitals. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake and others)	*Hope Howard*	523
Elizabeth's Concert. (Illustrated)	*Robina S. Smith*	578
Fair Weather. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Martha Day Fenner*	500
Fairy Gold. Poem	*Helen Gray Cone*	854
Fancy-dress Ball, The. Verses. (Illustrated)	*Joel Stacy*	494
Fiddle-John's Family. (Illustrated by George Wharton Edwards)	*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen*	643, 756, 827, 922
Figurehead of the James Starbuck, The. (Illustrated by the Author)	*George Wharton Edwards*	742
First Paper Canoe, The. (Illustrated by diagrams)	*H. E.*	874

182618

		PAGE
FOUR-IN-HAND THROUGH ORCHARD STREET. Picture, drawn by Alfred Brennan		728
FOURTH OF JULY RECORD, A. Verses.	*Lilian Dynevor Rice*	683
FRIEND IN NEED, A. (Illustrated)	*B. S. E.*	545
GENERAL GRANT AT VICKSBURG. (Illustrated)	*General Adam Badeau*	939
GENUINE MOTHER GOOSE, A. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by A. Brennan)		516
GETTYSBURG, THE BATTLE OF. (Illustrated)	*General Adam Badeau*	855
GRACE AND BETSEY. Poem. (Illustrated from a photograph)	*Clara Kirchoffer*	950
GREAT BATTLE IN A FOREST, A. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard)	*General Adam Badeau*	770
GUNPOWDER PLOT, A. (Illustrated by E. W. Kemble)	*Jessie C. Glasier*	664
HIGHWAYMAN, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	*Allen G. Bigelow*	740
HISTORIC GIRLS. (Illustrated by Robert Blum and others)	*E. S. Brooks*	483, 846
Catarina of Venice		483
Christina of Sweden		846
HOLMES, THE BOYHOOD OF OLIVER WENDELL. (Illustrated)	*William H. Rideing*	724
HOWELLS, THE BOYHOOD OF WILLIAM DEAN. (Illustrated)	*William H. Rideing*	817
HOW POOR PUSS WAS RESCUED. (Illustrated by F. Bellew, Jr.)	*Florence H. Smith*	703
HOW SOME ANIMALS BECOME EXTINCT. (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent)	*Charles Frederick Holder*	760
HUGE HIPPOCAMP, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch)	*Isabel Frances Bellows*	511
IDAHO PICNIC, AN. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Mary Hallock Foote*	729
IN BLACKBERRY SEASON. Picture, drawn by C. F. Siedl		749
INDIAN TRAIL, THE. Poem	*Rossiter Johnson*	901
IN ENGLISH COUNTRY. (Illustrated by Alfred Parsons and Harry Fenn)	*Frank R. Stockton*	648
INFORMED. Jingle. (Illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury)	*M. M. D.*	759
INTERESTING EXPERIMENT, AN. (Illustrated)	*S. E. Boggs*	556
INVITATION TO ECHO. Poem. (Illustrated by the Frontispiece)	*Edith M. Thomas*	723
IVY SPRAY, AN. (Illustrated by Albert E. Sterner)	*Louisa M. Alcott*	883
JANIE'S RAINBOW. Verses	*Susan P. Swoope*	623
JAPANESE BABY AND HIS PETS, A. Picture, drawn by J. C. Beard		798
JAPANESE DOLLS, THE. Verses. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall)	*Clara G. Dolliver*	704
JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE. (Illustrated by W. A. Rogers)	*James Otis*	496
JINGLES		500, 511, 516, 577, 611, 612, 658, 662, 671, 691, 692, 717, 759, 783, 854, 870, 871, 938
JOURNALIST, A.	*George J. Manson*	747
JUAN AND JUANITA. (Illustrated by Henry Sandham)	*Frances Courtenay Baylor*	489
JUBILEE CAKE. (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent)	*Alice Wellington Rollins*	584, 677, 763, 821, 896
JULY. Poem. (Illustrative initial)	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	893
JUNE. Poem. (Illustrative initial)	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	647
KATY-DID—KATY-DID N'T. Poem	*Mary E. Wilkins*	563
KIND SNAIL, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch)	*Isabel Frances Bellows*	663
KING-BEAN GAME, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Frank Bellew*	691
KING LONDON. (Illustrated)	*Frank R. Stockton*	708
LAST SWATH, THE. Picture, drawn by Alfred Brennan		564
LEARNING TO READ. Verses. (Illustrated)	*O. Herford*	835
LINDIE'S PORTRAIT. (Illustrated by Frank Day)	*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop*	870
LOW COUNTRIES AND THE RHINE, THE. (Illustrated from photographs)	*Frank R. Stockton*	512
MARIGOLD. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	*Nora Perry*	902
MAY. Poem	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	777
MER-LADS AT PLAY. Picture, drawn by C. Varian		488
MIDDLEMARCH. (Illustrative head-piece by Harry Fenn)	*Julia Magruder*	746
MISS LILYWHITE'S PARTY. Verses	*George Cooper*	530
MR. DREAM-MAKER. Poem	*Samuel Minturn Peck*	677
"MY BARK IS ON THE SEA." Picture		741
MY DOG. Poem	*Bessie Hill*	548
MY LADY FAIR. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Martha Day Fenner*	938
NANTUCKET SINKS. (Illustrated by the Author)	*D. Coffin*	671
NORTHERLY. Jingle. (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote)	*M. M. D.*	794
		938

PAGE

OCTOBER. Poem ..... *Frank Dempster Sherman* .. 947
OLD SEA BEACH, AN ..... *S. L. Frey* 814
OLE MAMMY PRISSY. (Illustrated by E. W. Kemble) ..... *Jessie C. Glasier* 916
ONLY DAUGHTER, AN. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott) ..... *Nora Perry* 501
PERSONALLY CONDUCTED. (Illustrated) ..... *Frank R. Stockton* 564, 648, 846
King London 564
In English Country 648
Low Countries and the Rhine, The 902
PHOTOGRAPHY: THE AMATEUR CAMERA. (Illustrated) ..... *Alexander Black* 683
PICTURES 515, 548, 555, 583, 728, 746, 749, 782, 798, 816, 835, 875, 916, 958
PLOWMAN OF THE VOLGA PLAINS, THE. Poem ..... *Henry Tyrrell* 663
POOR MARIONETTE. Poem. (Illustrated by George Wharton Edwards) ..... *M. M. D* 892
POSITIVE ENGAGEMENT, A. Verses ..... *Mary L. B. Branch* 496
PRIVATE VIEW, A. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes 555
PUPIL OF CIMABUE, THE. Poem ..... *E. Cavazza* 603
RAINY MAY DAY IN CENTRAL PARK, A. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis Shepherd) ..... *Alice Wellington Rollins* 527
READY FOR BUSINESS ..... *George J. Manson* 627, 747, 851, 947
A Banker and Broker 627
A Journalist 747
A Sea-Captain 851
A Retail Dry-Goods Merchant 947
READY TO SPRING. Picture 515
REAL MOTHER GOOSE RHYME, A. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by A. Brennan) 871
REASON WHY, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by A. Brennan) ..... *George Cooper* 588
REPORT CONCERNING THE "KING'S MOVE PUZZLE" 558, 638, 718
RETAIL DRY-GOODS MERCHANT, A ..... *George J. Manson* 947
RIDDLE, A. Verses. (Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Comins) ..... *Lucy Comins* 854
ROSES RED. Song. (Illustrated by Laura C. Hills) ..... *Elizabeth L. Gould* 630
SEA-BEACH OF TO-DAY, A. Picture, drawn by C. L. Vogt 816
SEA-CAPTAIN, A. (Illustrated) ..... *George J. Manson* 851
SEPTEMBER. Poem ..... *Frank Dempster Sherman* ... 827
SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY. (Illustrated by Theodore R. Davis) ..... *General Adam Badeau* 604
SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA. (Illustrated by Theodore R. Davis and others). *General Adam Badeau* 533
SHORTENING THE BABY. Verses ..... *J. R. Eastwood* 576
SOME POLITE DOGS ..... *Celia Thaxter* 543
SONG OF THE BEE, THE. Poem. (Illustrated) ..... *Nancy Nelson Pendleton* 845
SONG OF THE MOSQUITO, THE. Verses ..... *Grace Denio Litchfield* 604
SPRING SONG. Decorative Tablet, drawn by C. R. Loomis 583
ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES. (Illustrated) 543, 930
Some Polite Dogs ..... *Celia Thaxter* 543
A Friend in Need ..... *B. S. E* 545
Twinkle ..... *Louis Sajat* 546
Dandie. Poem ..... *Mary Bradley* 547
A Dog that Held a Grudge ..... *E. P. Roe* 547
STORY OF A LOST DOG, THE. (Illustrated) ..... *Edith Evelyn Bigelow* 620
STRANGE DOINGS OF THE KIWI, THE. (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent) ..... *John R. Coryell* 929
SUMMER LULLABY, A. Poem ..... *Eudora S. Bumstead* 755
SUNFLOWER CHORUS, THE ..... *Edwin Stanley Thompson* .. 950
"THE BLACK AND WHITE JUMPERS." Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by G. R. Halm) ..... *E. E. Sterns* 611
"THERE WAS A SMALL BOY OF WOONSOCKET." Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch) ..... *Margaret Vandegrift* 717
"THERE WAS ONCE AN ABSURD ALLIGATOR." Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by R. B. Birch) ..... *Isabel Frances Bellows* 577

PAGE

"There were Three Boys of Glendale." Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author) — *Frank Russell Green* — 662

The Thistle Wins the Race. Picture, drawn by Alfred Brennan — 875

Tib Tyler's Beautiful Mother. (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote and Albert E. Sterner) — *Nora Perry* — 803

Twinkle — *Louis Sajat* — 546

Unexpected Engagement, An. Picture, drawn by Walter Bobbett — 958

Vicksburg, General Grant at. (Illustrated) — *General Adam Badeau* — 939

Wanted, A Map. Verses — *Mary E. Wilkins* — 501

War Stories for Boys and Girls. (Illustrated by Theodore R. Davis, W. L. Sheppard, E. W. Kemble, and others) — *General Adam Badeau* — 533

604, 770, 855, 939

Sherman's March to the Sea — 533

Sheridan in the Valley — 604

A Great Battle in a Forest — 770

The Battle of Gettysburg — 855

General Grant at Vicksburg — 939

Way to Fairyland, The. Poem — *Nora Perry* — 915

What Mother Says. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author) — *Lizbeth B. Comins* — 810

Whistler, The. (Illustrated by the Author) — *Fanny E. Gifford* — 812

Whittier, The Boyhood of John Greenleaf. (Illustrated) — *William H. Rideing* — 933

Winning a Commission. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden) — *George I. Putnam* — 517

589, 659, 750

Work and Play. Poem. (Illustrated by Margaret Vandegrift) — 949

DEPARTMENTS.

For Very Little Folk. (Illustrated.)

Rather Crowded — *Mabelle Charlton Phillips* — 631

A Making-up — *Anna M. Pratt* — 710

Silly Miss Unicorn — *N. P. Babcock* — 711

How Buzz Took a Ride — *Juniata Stafford* — 952

Plays and Music.

Roses Red. (Illustrated by Laura C. Hills) — Words by *Elizabeth L. Gould*, Music by *Harriet C. McKown* — 630

Jack-in-the-Pulpit. (Illustrated.)

Introduction — A Queer Bill — True Philosophy — Tit-for-Tat — The First Watch — A Wonderful Monogram (illustrated), 552; Introduction — A Clever Dog — Those Natural History Questions — Another Tiger Pet — Snowing in a Ball-room — Another Animal Barometer — More Queer Names for Things — About Some English Squirrels — Toe Counters — Where is that Party, Now? (illustrated) — A Snake Story, 632; Introduction — Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue — Fables — An Old Weather Sign — A Vacation Movement (illustrated) — How do Quails Hide? — But Before That — Is it a Misfit? (illustrated) — A Query, 712; Introduction — Natural Ice Cream — A Clever Oriole — A Humble Worker — Do Mosquitoes Kill Trout? — What Is It? — Some Long-lived Fish — A Snail's Pace — An Indignation Meeting (illustrated), 792; Introduction — Life in the Polar Regions — Warm Weather — Have Snakes Power to Charm? — A Touch of Nature — Lightning Holes (illustrated), 872; Introduction — A Ballad of the Rain — Picadillies — Who is the Mischief-maker? — A Rhyme about Swimming — A Little Girl's Opinion of Him — A Peppery Paper-Eater — Change is not Destruction — Four-eyed and No-eyed Fish (illustrated), 954.

The Letter-box. (Illustrated) — 554, 636, 714, 795, 876, 956

The Riddle-box. (Illustrated) — 559, 639, 719, 799, 879, 959

Editorial Notes — 634, 714

Frontispieces.

"Catarina of Venice, the Daughter of the Republic," by Robert Blum, facing Title-page of Volume — "A Day Dream," by Frank Russell Green, facing page 563 — "Fiddle-John and the Children," by George Wharton Edwards, facing page 643 — "Ech-O!" by Mary Hallock Foote, facing page 723 — "Tib Tyler Helps her Little Friend," by Mary Hallock Foote, facing page 803 — "The Artist Came Often to the Sittings in that Quiet Room," drawn by Albert E. Sterner, facing page 883.



CATARINA OF VENICE, "THE DAUGHTER OF THE REPUBLIC."

(SEE PAGE 487.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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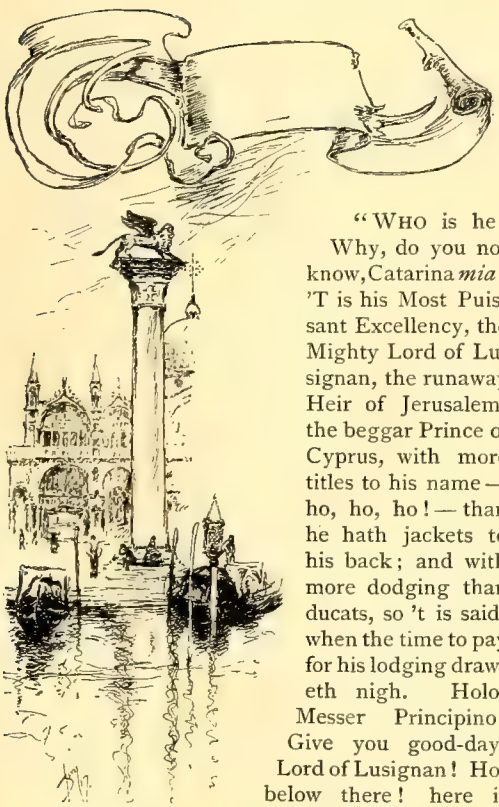
HISTORIC GIRLS.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

CATARINA OF VENICE: THE GIRL OF THE GRAND CANAL.

(Afterward known as Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus and "Daughter of the Republic.")

A. D. 1466.



"WHO is he? Why, do you not know, Catarina *mia?* 'T is his Most Puissant Excellency, the Mighty Lord of Lusignan, the runaway Heir of Jerusalem, the beggar Prince of Cyprus, with more titles to his name — ho, ho, ho! — than he hath jackets to his back; and with more dodging than ducats, so 't is said, when the time to pay for his lodging draweth nigh. Holo, Messer Principino! Give you good-day, Lord of Lusignan! Ho, below there! here is tribute for you!"

And down upon the head of a certain sad-faced, seedy-looking young fellow in the *piazza*, or square, beneath, descended a rattling shower of bonbons, thrown by the hand of the speaker, a brown-faced Venetian lad of sixteen.

But little Catarina Cornaro, just freed from the imprisonment of her convent-school at Padua, felt her heart go out in pity toward this homeless young prince, who just now seemed to be the butt for all the riot and teasing of the boys of the Great Republic.

"Nay, nay, my Giorgio," she said to her brother; "'t is neither fair nor wise so to beset one in dire distress. The good sisters of our school have often told us that 't is better to be a beggar than a dullard; and sure yon prince, as you do say he is, looketh to be no dolt. But ah, see there!" she cried, leaning far over the gayly draped balcony; "see, he can well use his fists, can he not! Nay, though, 't is a shame so to beset him, say I. Why should our lads so misuse a stranger, and a prince?"

It was the Feast Day of St. Mark, one of the jolliest of the old-time holidays of Venice, that wonderful city of the sea, whose patron and guardian St. Mark, the apostle, was supposed to be. Gondolas, rich with draperies of every hue that completely concealed their frames of somber black, shot in and out, and up and down all the water-streets of the beautiful city; while towering palace and humbler dwelling alike were gay with gorgeous hangings and fluttering streamers.

In noticeable contrast with all the brilliant costumes and laughing faces around him was the lad who just now seemed in so dire a strait. He had paused to watch one of the passing pageants from the steps of the Palazzo Cornaro, quite near the spot where, a century later, the famous bridge known as the Rialto spanned the Street of the Nobles, or Grand Canal,—always one of the most notable spots in the history of Venice the Wonderful.

The lad was indeed a prince, the representative of a lordly house that for more than five hundred years had been strong and powerful, first as barons of France, and later as rulers of the Crusaders' Kingdom of Jerusalem and the barbaric but wealthy island of Cyprus. But poor Giacomo, or James, of Lusignan, royal prince though he was, had been banished from his father's court in Cyprus. He had dared rebel against the authority of his stepmother, a cruel Greek princess from Constantinople, who ruled her feeble old husband and persecuted her spirited young stepson, the Prince Giacomo.

And so, with neither money nor friends to help him on, he had wandered to Venice. But Venice in 1466, a rich, proud, and prosperous city, was a very poor place for a lad who had neither friends nor money; for, of course, the royal prince of a little island in the Mediterranean could not so demean himself as to soil his hands with work!

So I imagine that young Prince Giacomo had anything but a pleasant time in Venice. On this particular Feast Day of St. Mark, I am certain that he was having the most unpleasant of all his bitter experiences, as, backed up against one of the columns of the Cornaro Palace, he found himself surrounded by a crowd of thoughtless young Venetians, who were teasing and bullying him to the full content of their brutal young hearts.

The Italian temper is known to be both hot and hasty; but the temper of oriental Cyprus is even more fiery, and so it was not surprising that, in this most one-sided fray, the fun soon became fighting in earnest; for anger begets anger.

All about the young Prince was a tossing throng of restless and angry boys, while the beleaguered lad, still at bay, answered taunt with taunt.

At this instant the door of the Cornaro Palace opened quickly, and the Prince Giacomo felt himself drawn bodily within; while a bright-faced young girl with flashing eye and defiant air confronted his greatly surprised tormentors.

"Shame, shame upon you, boys of Venice," she cried, "thus to ill-use a stranger in your town! Is a score of such as you against one poor lad the boasted chivalry of Venice? *Eh via!* the very fisher-lads of Mendicoli could teach you better ways!"

Taken quite aback by this sudden apparition and these stinging words, the boys dispersed with scarce an attempt to reply, and all the more hastily because they spied, coming up the Grand Canal, the gorgeous gondola of the Companions of the Stocking, an association of young men under whose charge and supervision all the pageants and displays of old Venice were given.

So the *piazza* was speedily cleared; and the Prince Giacomo, with many words of thanks to his young and unknown deliverer, hurried from the spot which had so nearly proved disastrous to him.

Changes came suddenly in those unsettled times. Within two years both the Greek stepmother and the feeble old king were dead; and Prince Giacomo, after a struggle for supremacy with his half-sister Carlotta, became King of Cyprus.

Now Cyprus, though scarcely as large as the State of Connecticut, was a very desirable possession, and one that Venice greatly coveted. Some of her citizens owned land there, and among these was Marco Cornaro, father of Catarina. And so it happened that, soon after the accession of King Giacomo, Messer Andrea Cornaro, the uncle of Catarina, came to Cyprus to inspect and improve the lands belonging to his brother Marco.

Venice, in those days, was so great a power that the Venetian merchants were highly esteemed in all the Courts of Europe. And Uncle Andrea, who had probably loaned the new King of Cyprus a goodly store of Venetian ducats, became quite friendly with the young monarch and gave him much sage advice.

One day—it seemed as if purely by accident, but those old Venetians were both shrewd and far-seeing—Uncle Andrea, talking of the glories of Venice, showed to King Giacomo a picture of his niece, Catarina Cornaro, then a beautiful girl of fourteen.

King Giacomo came of a house that was quick to form friendships and antipathies, loves and hates. He became infatuated with the picture,—so the story goes,—and expressed to Andrea Cornaro his desire to see and know the original.

"That face seemeth strangely familiar, Messer Cornaro," he said.

He held the portrait in his hands and seemed struggling with an uncertain memory. Suddenly his face lighted up and he exclaimed joyfully:

"So; I have it! Messer Cornaro, I know your niece."

"You know her, sire?" echoed the surprised Uncle Andrea.

"Ay, that indeed do I," said the King. "This is the same fair and brave young maiden who delivered me from a rascal rout of boys on the

Grand Canal at Venice, on St. Mark's Day, scarce two years ago." And King Giacomo smiled and bowed at the picture as if it were the living Catarina instead of her simple portrait.

Here now was news for Uncle Andrea. Like a Venetian and a Cornaro, he turned it to the best advantage. His niece Catarina, he assured the King, was as good as she was beautiful, and as clever as she was both.

"But then," he declared, "Venice hath many fair daughters, sire, whom the King's choice would honor, and Catarina is but a young maid yet. Would it not be wiser, when you choose a queen, to select some older *donzella* for your bride? Though it will, I can aver, be hard to choose a fairer."

It is just such half-way opposition that renders a nature like that of this young monarch all the more determined. No! King Giacomo would have Catarina, and Catarina only, for his bride and queen.

But shrewd Uncle Andrea still feared the jealousy of his fellow-Venetians. Why should the house of Cornaro, they would demand, be so openly preferred? And so, at his suggestion, an ambassador was dispatched to Venice soliciting an alliance with the great republic, and asking from the Senate for his highness, the King of Cyprus, the hand of some high-born maid of Venice in marriage. But the ambassador had special and secret instructions from King Giacomo just how and whom to choose.

The ambassador came to Venice, and soon the Senate issued its commands that, upon a certain day, the noblest and fairest of the daughters of Venice — one from each of the patrician families — should appear in the great Council Hall of the Ducal Palace, in order that the ambassador of the King of Cyprus might select a fitting bride for his royal master. It reads quite like one of the old fairy-stories, does it not?

The Palace of the Doges — the Palazzo Ducale of old Venice — is familiar to all who have ever seen a picture of the Square of St. Mark, the best known spot in that famous City of the Sea. It is the low, rectangular, richly decorated building with its long row of columns and arcades so well described by Mr. Stockton in ST. NICHOLAS some months ago. It has seen many a splendid pageant, but it never witnessed a fairer sight than when, on a certain bright day of the year 1468, seventy-two of the daughters of Venice, gorgeous in the rich costumes of that most lavish city of a lavish age, gathered in the great *Consiglio*, or Council Hall.

Up the *Scala d'Oro*, or Golden Staircase, built solely for the use of the nobles, came these girls of Venice, escorted by the ducal guards in their richest uniforms. The great Council Hall was one mass of color; the splendid dresses of the ladies, the scarlet robes of the senators and high officials of the Republic, the imposing vestments of the old Doge, Cristofero Moro, as he sat in state upon his massive throne, and the bewildering array of the seventy-one candidates for a king's choice. Seventy-one, I say, for in all that company of puffed and powdered, coifed and combed young ladies, standing tall and uncomfortable on their ridiculously high-heeled shoes, one alone was simply dressed and apparently unaffected by the gorgeousness of her companions,—the seventy-second and youngest of them all.

She was a fair girl of fourteen. Face and form were equally beautiful, and a mass of "dark gold hair" crowned her "queenly head." While the other girls appeared nervous or anxious, she seemed unconcerned, and her face wore even a peculiar little smile, as if she were contrasting the poor badgered young prince of St. Mark's Day with the present King of Cyprus hunting for a bride. "*Eh via!*" she said to herself, "'t is almost as if it were a revenge upon us for our former churlishness, that he now puts us thus to shame."

The ambassador of Cyprus, swarthy of face and stately in bearing, entered the great hall. With him came his attendant retinue of Cypriote nobles. Kneeling before the Doge, the ambassador presented the petition of his master, the King of Cyprus, seeking alliance and friendship with Venice.

"And the better to secure this and the more firmly to cement it, *Eccellenza*," said the ambassador, "my lord and master the King doth crave from your puissant State the hand of some high-born damsel of the Republic, as that of his loving and acknowledged Queen."

The old Doge waved his hand toward the fair and waiting seventy-two.

"Behold, noble sir," he said; "the fairest and noblest of our maidens of Venice. Let your eye seek among these a fitting bride for your lord, the King of Cyprus, and it shall be our pleasure to give her to him in such manner as shall suit the power and dignity of the State of Venice."

Courteous and stately still, but with a shrewd and critical eye, the ambassador of Cyprus slowly passed from candidate to candidate, with here a pleasant word and there a look of admiration, to this one a honeyed compliment upon her beauty, to that one a bit of praise for her elegance of dress.

How oddly all this sounds to us with our modern and better ideas of propriety and good taste.

But, as we know, the King had already decided

to whom the prize of his crown should go; and so, at the proper time, the critical ambassador stopped before a slight girl of fourteen, dressed in a robe of simple whtie.

"*Donzella mia*," he said courteously but in a low tone, "are not you the daughter of Messer Marco Cornaro, the noble merchant of the Via Merceria?"

"I am, my lord," the girl replied.

"My royal master greets you through me," he said. "He recalls the day when you sheltered him from danger, and he invites you to share with him the throne of Cyprus. Shall this be as he wishes?"

And the girl, with a deep courtesy, in acknowledgment of the stately obeisance of the ambassador, said simply, "That shall be, my lord, as my father and his Excellency shall say."

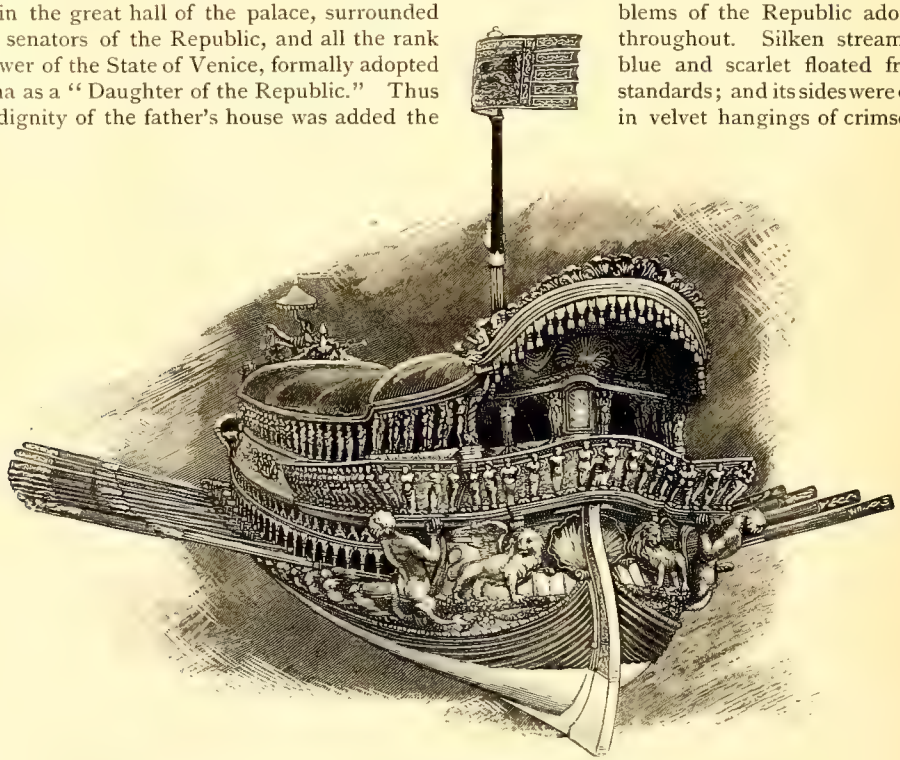
The ambassador of Cyprus took the young girl's hand, and, conducting her through all that splendid company, presented her before the Doge's throne.

"*Eccellenza*," he said, "Cyprus hath made her choice. We present to you, if so it shall please your Grace, our future Queen, this fair young maid, Catarina, the daughter of the noble Marco Cornaro, merchant and senator of the Republic."

History records the splendors of the ceremonial with which the gray-haired old Doge, Cristofero Moro, in the great hall of the palace, surrounded by the senators of the Republic, and all the rank and power of the State of Venice, formally adopted Catarina as a "Daughter of the Republic." Thus to the dignity of the father's house was added the majesty of the Great Republic. Her marriage portion was placed at one hundred thousand ducats, and Cyprus was granted, on behalf of this "Daughter of the Republic," the alliance and protection of Venice.

The ambassador of Cyprus, standing before the altar of St. Mark's as the personal representative of his master, King Giacomo, was married as "proxy" to the young Venetian girl; while the Doge, representing the Republic, gave her away in marriage; and Catarina Cornaro, amid the blessings of the priests, the shouts of the people, and the demonstrations of clashing music and waving banners, was solemnly proclaimed Queen of Cyprus, of Jerusalem and Armenia.

But the display did not end here. Following the splendors of the marriage ceremony and the wedding-feast, came the pageant of departure. The Grand Canal was ablaze with gorgeous colors and decorations. The broad water-steps of the Piazza of St. Mark were soft with carpets of tapestry, and at the foot of the stairs floated the most beautiful boat in the world, the Bucentaur, or State Barge, of Venice. Its high, carved prow and hull were one mass of golden decorations. White statues of the saints, carved heads of the lion of St. Mark, the Doge's cap and the emblems of the Republic adorned it throughout. Silken streamers of blue and scarlet floated from its standards; and its sides were draped in velvet hangings of crimson and



THE BUCENTAUR, OR STATE BARGE OF VENICE.

royal purple. The long oars were scarlet and gold, and the rowers were resplendent in suits of blue and silver. A great velvet-covered throne stood on the upper deck, and at its right was a chair of state, glistening with gold.



THE BUCENTAUR BEARING QUEEN CATARINA AND THE BRIDAL TRAIN.

Down the tapestried staircase came the Doge of Venice, and resting upon his arm, in a white bridal dress covered with pearls, walked the "Daughter of the Republic"—the girl Queen Catarina.

Soon they seated themselves upon their sumptuous thrones, their glittering retinue filled the beautiful boat, the scarlet oars dipped into the water; and then, with music playing, banners streaming, and a grand escort of boats, flashing with decorations and gorgeous with mingling colors, the bridal train floated down the Grand Canal, on past the outlying islands and between the great fortresses to where, upon the broad Adriatic, the galleys were waiting to take the new Queen to her island kingdom off the shores of Greece. And there, in his queer old town of Famagusta, built with a curious commingling of Saracen, Grecian, and Norman ideas, King Giacomo met his bride.

So they were married, and for five happy years all went well with the young King and Queen. Then came troubles. King Giacomo died suddenly, from a cold caught while hunting, so it was said; though some averred that he had been poisoned, either by his half-sister Carlotta, with whom he had contended for his throne, or by some mercenary of Venice, who desired the island realm for that voracious Republic.

But the Republic was not to find an easy prey. The young Queen Catarina proclaimed her baby boy King of Cyprus, and defied the Great Republic. Venice, surprised at this rebellion of its adopted daughter, dispatched embassy after embassy to demand submission. The young mother, however, was brave and boldly maintained the rights of her son.

But he, too, died. Then Catarina, true to the memory of her husband and her boy, strove to retain her rule. For years she reigned as Queen of Cyprus, despite the threatenings of her home Republic and the conspiracies of her enemies. Her one answer to the demands of Venice was:

"Tell the Republic I have determined never again to marry. When I am dead, the throne of Cyprus shall go to the State, my heir. But until that day I am Queen of Cyprus!"

At length her brother Giorgio, the same who in earlier days had looked down with her from the Cornaro Palace upon the outcast Prince of Cyprus, came to her as ambassador of the Republic. His entreaties, and his assurance that, unless she complied with the Senate's demand, the protection of Venice would be withdrawn, and the island kingdom left a prey to Saracen pirates and African

robbers, at last carried the day. Worn out with long contending,— fearful, not for herself but for her subjects of Cyprus,— Catarina yielded to the demands of the Senate, abdicated in favor of the Republic and returned to Venice. The same wealth of display and ceremonial that had attended her departure welcomed the return of this obedient daughter of the Republic, now no longer a light-hearted young girl, but a dethroned Queen, a widowed and childless woman.

She was allowed to retain her royal title of Queen of Cyprus, and a noble domain was given her for a home, in the territory of Asola, high up among the northern hills. Here in a massive castle she held her court. It was a bright and happy company, the home of poetry and music, the arts, and all the culture and refinement of that age when learning belonged to the few and the people were sunk in dense ignorance.

Here Titian, the great artist, painted the portrait of the exiled Queen that has come down to us. Here she lived for years, sad in her memories of the past but happy in her helpfulness of others.

The end came, however, and while on her way to visit her brother Giorgio in Venice, she was stricken with a sudden fever, and on the fifth day of July, 1510, she died in the palace in which she had played as a child.

With pomp and display, as was the wont of the Great Republic, the funeral procession slowly passed out from the great hall of the Palazzo Cornaro, across the heavily draped bridge that spanned the Grand Canal from the water-gate of the Palace, and along the broad *piazza* crowded with a silent throng. And in the great Cornaro tomb in the family chapel at last was laid to rest the sorrowful Queen of Cyprus, the once bright and beautiful "Daughter of the Republic."

MAY.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

MAY shall make the world anew:
Golden sun and silver dew—
Money minted in the sky—
Shall the earth's new garments buy.
May shall make the orchard bloom:
And the blossoms' fine perfume
Shall set all the honey-bees
Murmuring among the trees.
May shall make the bud appear
Like a jewel, crystal clear,
'Mid the leaves upon the limb
Where the robin lilts his hymn.
May shall make the wild-flowers tell
Where the shining snow-flakes fell:
Just as though each snow-flake's heart,
By some secret, magic art,
Were transmuted to a flower
In the sunlight and the shower.
Is there such another, pray,
Wonder-making month as May?

JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.



"THE MOMENT HAD COME!" (SEE P. 493.)

CHAPTER VII.

EVEN Juan did not dare approach the Indian camp by daylight, and he and Nita remained concealed on the cliff all the next day until it was quite dark. It was weary work waiting for the hours to pass, but there was no help for it; and as for Amigo, he was disgusted to find himself in fault no matter what he did. The friendliest bark or whine seemed to be misinterpreted; an innocent frisk, gambol, or growl was instantly suppressed; and every little diversion in the way of running into the bushes got him into trouble. Finally he gave up trying to understand these senseless whims of his capricious mistress and disagreeable master, and curled himself up at Nita's feet in a very sulky mood. But when Juan took himself off at evening to find out what the Indians were doing, and Nita showed her appreciation of her four-footed companion's services as a faithful

and devoted friend, by putting one arm around his neck and confiding to him that she was lonely and frightened, Amigo weakly relented and became his usual forgiving, loving, slobbering self. Juan returned sooner than she expected, and seemed well satisfied with his observations.

"They are all packed and ready to start; they will be off before daylight to-morrow morning, you will see," he announced cheerfully, and he was not mistaken. While it was still dark he climbed to the top of a great oak that commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, and



NITA AND AMIGO "MAKE UP."

smiled, well pleased, when he saw the Indians file slowly out of the woods, their slouching figures dimly visible in the uncertain light. The band appeared a black dot on the plain for a time, then two black dots, as after a halt it separated, one party turning their faces to the south, the other toward the northwest. Juan was shouting and laughing so joyously and triumphantly when he came scrambling up the sides of the cliff, that he awoke Nita from a sound sleep in a fright that she had been discovered by her dreaded enemies.

"Gone! gone! all gone!" shouted out Juan; "and now come! Don't stay here another minute. They will not be back here for many a day. They have sent the old men and most of the provisions home, and the others, I think, are off on a raid."

Moved by an impulse of natural curiosity they went at once to the deserted camp. The children found only the remains of a fire, the scaffolding on which the meat had been dried and, scattered on the ground, a few handfuls of corn which they eagerly picked up. But fortunately, just as they were leaving, Nita spied a strip of venison that had been overlooked, hanging from a cross-pole.

When they returned to the river, Juan exclaimed, "Now that we can build a fire, I 'll catch some fish. If the Indians see the smoke, they will think their own camp fire has caught some dry wood and blazed up; but I 'll not make more than is necessary."

On examining the pack, however, Juan found everything except what he most needed and had counted on. The fishing-tackle that he had so ingeniously constructed was nowhere to be found! It had been forgotten and left behind in a corner of the cave, and the children almost quarreled in the eagerness with which each tried to prove that it was the fault of the other. But the fact remained, and another fact was equally certain — the tackle could not be duplicated. So they made the best of a bad situation, and sat down on the river's bank, under the shade of a group of grand old oaks, and ate slowly and sparingly of the dry corn and drier meat that not all the water at hand could make very palatable.

The children were further aggravated by the behavior of the fish below them, which, as if fully understanding what had happened, would swim lazily around and about the roots of a willow that overhung the stream, bump their noses against the bank, and eye the children impudently, as if to say, "Oh, you are there, are you? Why don't you come and catch us, pray?" and then swim lazily away again. They would rush at little sticks which Juan threw in, showing him what he could do if only, instead of loose sticks, he had bait on a hook attached to a line. At last he could stand it no longer. He could not fish, but he would shoot. Together the children tramped many a mile that day, but what little game they saw fled before them, and it was with great difficulty that,

with Amigo's help, Juan got one rabbit late in the afternoon.

"Oh, dear! when we get food, we never have any water; and when we get water, the food always gives out," complained Nita.

"There is no use in our staying here. We should starve. The Indians have been here too long. We will start again this evening," said Juan, disappointed of the rest and comfort he had expected, anxious to linger near the river, yet afraid to do so.

With the fixed idea of reaching Mexico, Juan took his bearings afresh and crossed the river before dark, facing southwest. That evening the children walked eight miles and slept in the open prairie.

All the next day they trudged along patiently under a hot sun. The day after, they began to suffer again from the old heat and thirst and hunger, the old weariness and depression. At the close of that day they gnawed eagerly at the one bone left from their rabbit; it was then given to Amigo, who ground it to powder with his strong white teeth and stood at "attention," waiting for more. They had kept a sharp lookout for something to eat, but the game was still unapproachable. They were so hungry that they could not go to sleep for the gnawing pain they were enduring, and Juan dug up some roots with which to satisfy this craving. At last, overcome by their great weariness, they dropped off to troubled slumber and awoke to another ten hours of varied and acute physical misery. Happily Juan had found at the camp a leathern bottle which had been discarded or forgotten by the Indians, and this he had filled at the river. It saved them much suffering, but a diet of roots and tepid water is not the most strengthening in the world. That afternoon they were limping wearily over a high plateau, across which they had been traveling for two days, when suddenly they found themselves on the very brink of a precipice.

Looking across a wide chasm, they could see a sheer wall of rock on the other side, extending indefinitely on either hand, and beyond that a continuation of the plateau. It was a great surprise to them, but while Nita saw in it only an insuperable obstacle to further progress, to Juan it brought renewed animation and hope. Peering over the side as fearlessly as though he were a Rocky Mountain sheep, Juan made out, through the shadows that were already gathering in the lower part of the cañon, a delightful little river at the bottom.

The setting sun sent beautiful oblique shafts of light down into the opening, and several flocks of doves wheeled above it. "I wish we could drop down there as easily as they can," said Juan, pointing to them; "but we must get there somehow, and before night, too. If we are quick about it, we may get some game at once. There is always a chance of it, where there is water. Come! If there are any deer about, I must get down before they all have had water and gone out into the hills again." He took another look into and along the abyss to see if there was anything that indicated a break in its surface, and finding nothing, he started off at random along the brink. By a most fortunate chance — if it was chance — he had come upon the cañon not a quarter of a mile from an intersecting, tortuous ravine, the only entrance to it on that side in a distance of fifteen miles.

Juan knew very well that it was only a chance whether he should find an opening that night or a week later; so it was no wonder that he gave vent to a shout of delight when he came to the deep ravine, cleft in the plateau by some such convulsion of nature as had created the cañon. It was thickly filled with dwarf oaks and pines and undergrowth, and had a distinct trail running down it, made by game of different kinds.

"Lots of deer and turkeys must come to this place," he cried. "Just look at the tracks — how thick they are, and coming in from every direction! Hurrah! Here we go!"

Tired as they both were, they were so inspired by the thought of getting food that they fairly ran down the ravine for some distance. The descent was not easy, by any means, and was extremely steep in some places. Their clothes were torn again and again; their faces and hands were scratched by the long, sharp mesquite thorns until they bled; they walked over beds of cacti sometimes, picking their way as best they could.

Twice Nita grew dizzy and, with her eyes either shut or fixed on the sky above her, had to be guided by Juan along a narrow ledge that skirted the rock. The sight of the depths below was more than she could bear. At last they got on level ground and found that what had looked like a very narrow strip of ground, when seen from the plateau, had widened out into quite a valley, as green and fresh as possible,—having one most beautiful feature that has given it the name, among both the Indians and white men, of the "Cañon of Roses."

How the flowers came to grow there, no one could say; but there they were, running up to the very edge of the cliffs, mantling the face of the rocks for hundreds of yards, blooming in inconceivable profusion and beauty, perfuming all the air, throwing out myriads of tendrils full of prodigal promise in folded bud and leaf,—an exquisite sight!

Little short-breathed cries of "*Linda! Her-*

*mosa! Magnifica!**" went up from Juan and Juanita as they sank panting on the earth. Unaccustomed as they were to noticing such things, they could not but be struck by the loveliness of the place. It seemed a little heaven to them, with its sweet flowers and grass, its trees and river, its coolness and delicious odors, its soft light and growing shadows. After the heat and glare and misery of that journey over the plateau, it seemed enough joy merely to look and live with such surroundings. But hunger is an importunate creditor and can not long be put off.

"The evening is drawing down and the game will be coming in soon," said Juan, when his thoughts reverted to the great question of food; "we will hide now." Nita agreed to this, and they rose and carefully concealed themselves behind some bushes near the plainest trail they could find, and had hardly done so when several fine old bucks came trotting fearlessly up the valley, and went down into the river — but on the opposite side. The sight of them excited Juan tremendously. What if he should be on the wrong side of the stream? Should he swim across it and conceal himself over there? Then he remembered the unmistakable evidences afforded by the deer-run he was guarding; and rightly concluding that there was also an opening on the other side of the cañon, which might well be investigated later, he kept perfectly still and quiet. The next moment he heard a little metallic clink of hoofs against the rock, and then a slight cough. His heart bounded and beat almost to suffocation. Looking around, he and Nita saw an old doe and two beautiful little spotted fawns coming directly down the trail they were watching.

The children scarcely dared to breathe. The wind was blowing away from the deer; and the doe, scenting no danger, came on, followed by her pretty innocents, until she got nearly opposite the young hunters and very near them. Juan promptly decided to shoot the doe and then try afterward to get the fawns, which he knew would be apt to linger near their mother. Accordingly, just as the doe got beyond him, he rose to shoot. But he could not do it! He could not so much as take aim. He trembled so violently that his arrow bobbed irresolutely up and down as if in a convulsion, nor could he steady it. His knees fairly knocked together, and although he made the most violent efforts to control himself, he could not succeed. He held his breath; he set his teeth; he was furious with himself; but for the life of him he could not shoot!

It was no feeling of compassion for the creatures before him that unnerved him, although they might very well have appealed to his heart; it was not that he was overcome by all that he had lately undergone; it was simply that he was suffering from an acute attack of "buck ague."

This is a disease that all men with a passion for field sports have felt. Those who have never known it have never fully enjoyed hunting; but the worst of it is, it always makes its appearance at the wrong time. Juan had never experienced it before, and could not imagine what was the matter with him. He kept pointing at the motherly old doe until she had quite passed by, and then he feebly tried to aim at each of the fawns, but all in vain. He was so weak that he had to sit down, Nita staring at him all the while in mute but intense astonishment.

"Are you ill?" she whispered, finally, alarmed by his appearance and behavior.

"Keep still," whispered Juan in return. "Keep still!"

He then set to work in earnest to conquer himself. He put his bow down, drew a long breath, and gave himself a severe lecture in this wise, "You ninny, why are you trembling and shaking so? You could n't hit the side of a mountain, much less a deer, in your present state. And what if you do miss? It is n't the only deer in the world. Steady yourself, and be cool now, and take good aim."

Meanwhile the doe and her little ones had gone down into the river; and a lovely picture they made as they stood there, the mother dignified, gentle, protecting; now moving about gracefully in the clear stream; now stopping and glancing about her, as if to make sure that all was well and her children in no danger; now stretching her neck down and letting the water ripple into her mouth; and ever casting looks of tender, contented love on the fawns as they frisked about and drank, and gave playful bounds and leaps here and there, all joy and innocent beauty. The whole group ought first to have been transferred to one of Landseer's canvases, and then to an animal paradise of perennial grass, limpid waters, and perfect peace. But alas! Juan was himself again. His bow no longer trembled, the arrow had been carefully chosen and fitted into place.

The river episode was the pleasantest of the day to the fawns, and they were in no hurry to end it; but the doe, seeing that they had drunk their fill, and that it was getting late, exerted her authority and finally succeeded in leading them up the green bank again. Here, in a moment, she caught scent of the children, and came on slowly, stepping very high, with head and tail erect, her whole expression one of uneasy alertness. Her great, soft, black eyes roved anxiously from point to point, while the fawns trotted along at her

* Beautiful! Lovely! Magnificent!

side in happy ignorance of such things as enemies or arrows.

Nita, too eager to see what was passing, rose upon her knees just at the moment that Juan was about to shoot, and accidentally jogged his elbow as he let his arrow fly. The doe had not had time fully to make out what Juan was. The arrow passed over her back, and she wheeled and ran in the direction it had taken. It struck a dead tree and knocked down a large piece of bark, which fell in front of the doe, and she wheeled back toward the children, confused, and uncertain where the danger lay. She stopped so near them that they could hear her breathing, and then walked back to where the bark had fallen. The moment had come! Juan, whose nerves were now entirely under control, took aim at her heart, and let drive his shaft. The doe sprang high into the air and ran off with outstretched neck, her tail whipping from side to side, a deadly fear for her fawns at her heart, more agonizing than the arrow that had given her a mortal wound.

The fawns followed close at her heels, carrying their noses high in air. Suddenly the doe fell, turning a complete somersault. Finding their progress thus arrested, the fawns bounded lightly over her, frisked playfully on for a little distance, and then turned and walked back. Astonished, apparently, to find their mother still lying there, and much puzzled by her curious behavior in the last few minutes, they put their little noses down to her, as if in this way to discover the trouble, whatever it was. Just then the doe gave a desperate, dying kick with both hind feet that threw the torn-up grass and leaves into the faces of the fawns, and drawing a deep, guttural breath at the same moment that frightened them almost out of their wits, died to them and a cruel world.

The fawns tumbled back over each other in utter consternation. Never had their mother behaved in such a way; and as if for explanation, they ran straight toward the children, who were advancing to secure their prize. When they came quite close, the fawns received an explanation that even they understood. Nita's bow was strung, and she was anxious for a shot, so taking good aim, she sent an arrow deep into the side of the nearest. Juan also shot and struck the same one.

Bleating pitifully, it ran off down the valley, followed by its terrified little companion, Amigo after them, convinced that he had caught a deer and could hunt as well as some other people. Juan pursued, and when the fawn fell, seized it and dragged it back to a place near his camp. Satisfied with the food in hand, he had allowed the second fawn to escape.

The change from an empty wallet to an abundance of good meat was a cheering one; and untroubled by sentimental regret, Juan's eyes glistened greedily as he cut piece after piece from the doe, which was in excellent condition, and from the fat little fawn. These he strung, a bit of lean and a bit of fat alternately, on a pole sharpened at both ends, and carried it over to the camp, unable to think of the future until his present longing was satisfied.

Nita had a hot fire ready, and with a vigorous thrust he stuck one end of the pole in the ground before the blaze. The venison soon began to give out savory odors, and as the children heard the fat hissing and sputtering, and saw the juices running out of the meat, they gave vent to a great many exclamations expressive of the liveliest satisfaction and pleasantest anticipations. As they watched it growing browner and browner, they could hardly wait for it to cook; and the very instant it was done, Juan stretched out his hand to seize the pole and actually had it in his grasp, when a tremendous uproar reached his ears, causing him to replace it hastily.

The noise sounded like that made by horses' feet in running, then followed a few short yelps, and then Amigo rushed into camp with five or six wolves at his heels. He had been left to guard the meat at the place where it had been butchered, but the coyotes had smelt the blood, and invited themselves to supper. Amigo, finding the odds too great, had fled and been pursued, and here they all, dog and wolves, were growling, snarling, howling terrifically not a dozen yards away! The din and the suddenness of the onset frightened Nita so dreadfully that she ran away as fast as her legs could carry her. Great was her horror of wolves at any time, and it was not surprising that she could not face a pack of them at a moment's notice.

Juan, however, had been growing more self-reliant every day since he left the Comanche camp, and stood his ground bravely. Quick as thought he seized a brand from the fire and thrust it among the wolves. Not expecting an attack at all, much less one of so startling a nature, they shrunk back cowed, and slunk off, leaving the children to feast at their leisure, if not precisely at their ease.

Juan built up the fire before he lay down for the night, and even began the process of "jerking" meat by putting some of it on a little scaffold of green boughs well above the flame; but he was too tired to do much. During the night they were several times wakened by the whistling of the deer that came down to water; and Juan, more than half asleep, would get up, mechanically turn

over the meat, renew the fire, and drop down again by Nita's side.

Nita thought the wolves were upon them each time, and would have kept awake if it had been possible; but her great weariness always got the better of her fears. Guarded by Juan and Amigo on the right and left, she slept profoundly; but there was no rest for a certain little fawn which wandered up and down the valley all the night long seeking the mother it had lost, wandering it knew not where, bleating plaintively in the darkness, a most unhappy dear little deer.

(To be continued.)

THE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

BY JOEL STACY.



THEY dressed me, one day, for a juvenile ball,
In a long-tailed coat and a *chapeau* tall,
And ruffles and bows and an eye-glass, too,
And a wig finished off with an odd little queue;
But what I was meant for I hardly knew.

"You belong to Directory days, my dear,"
They said, which struck me at least as queer,
For I knew that the mass of the people in town,
From De Courcey and Astor to Jenkins and Brown,
Were in the Directory all set down.

My sisters strove hard my attention to fix,—
I heard, "No, in France," and "In ninety-six,"
And "Turbulent days," and "Yes, there were five";
And each to out-rattle the other would strive—
They buzzed in my ear till I felt like a hive.

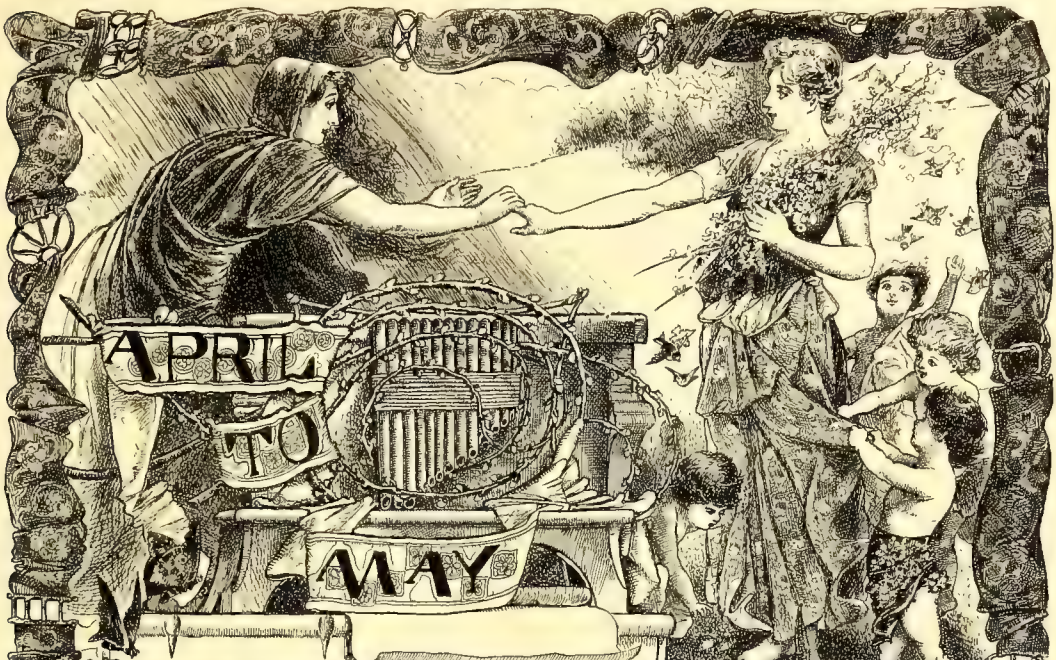
"Oh, is n't he perfect?" they cried in delight
(And, really, I was n't a very bad sight!)
But every youngster, I 'll venture to say,
At the ball, whether peasant or clown or fay,
Had been praised at home in the self-same way.

Well, all but me were as plain as your hat;
At once you could say, they are this or they 're that;
I even knew good little George with his hatchet,
Without, I must own, any sapling to match it;
And you felt, at a glance, he expected to "catch it."

I recognized Tell by his high Swiss hat,
His boy with the apple a-top, and all that;
But all of the characters stared at me,
As if to say,—"What on earth *can* he be?"
And what was the use of my saying, you see,
"Why, I? I am from the Directory!"

MORAL.

If you go to a fancy-dress party, take care
First to learn all about the queer costume you wear!



By Jane Ellis Joy.

I am speeding away;
So, my fair daughter May,
The earth will soon be in your keeping.
You 'll find everything new
And in very good form,—
In the air stores of dew,
And the winds softly warm
To coax up the crocuses, peeping.

You will find the hills green,
And in valleys between
Wild violets telling the story
Of how I caressed them
With sun-waves and shower,
And fed them and dressed them,—
Yes, every small flower
That smiles in its blue-purple glory.

And my dearest child May,
If you find things delay—
Like buds, which oft linger brown-coated—
Do not worry or fret,
But wait gently awhile;
That a frown never yet
Did the work of a smile
Is something I often have noted.

A POSITIVE ENGAGEMENT.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

YOU need n't ask Nan to a party,
A dinner or five o'clock tea,
Three weeks from to-day,—which is Thursday,—
For "engaged" and "at home" she will be.

She set her white Brahma this morning,
In a box with sweet hay for a bed,
On a dozen great eggs, all a-flutter,
With plumy wings softly outspread.

The hen looks *so* proud and important,
With her treasures hid under her breast!
Every feather alive if you touch her,
As if warning you off from her nest.

And the capable creature will sit there,
Come sunshine, come storm, or what may,
With her wings and her warmth and her wisdom,
Till exactly three weeks from to-day.

And *then!* oh, the downy soft treasures,
The dear little yellow round things,
That will break from the shells and come peeping,
And stretching their small helpless wings!

Oh! you need n't ask Nan to a party
Or a dinner or five o'clock tea,
Three weeks from to-day,—which is Thursday,—
For "at home" and "engaged" she will be!

JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARREST.

PINNEY was in such distress of mind at being marched through the streets like a criminal, that he paid very little attention to anything save his own sad condition; and his friends and brother-directors had followed him for some distance before he had any idea that sympathizers were near. But at last Duddy, bolder than the others, walked up close behind him and said quickly, with a reckless disregard of the officers of the law:

"Hi! Pinney, what have you been doin'?"

"Oh, Duddy!" cried poor little Pinney, attempting to turn, but forced by his captors to march straight on; "they 've 'rested me for stealin' things, an' I never took a cent! I was only doin' a' errand."

"Where are they takin' you now?"

It is not probable that the prisoner knew where he was being led, but all attempts to gain further information were prevented by one of the officers, who at that moment sternly commanded him to "hold his tongue"; while the other dispersed Pinney's followers by turning and shaking his club at them.

"Hold on, fellers!" Duddy shouted, after they had retreated to what was thought to be a safe distance. "The cops won't foller us, an' we 've got to know where they 're takin' Pinney. I don't believe he 's been stealin' any money, an' we must try to get him out of this scrape."

"Of course he took it, or else they would n't have 'rested him," said Sam, with an air of superior wisdom. "I should n't wonder if he got the money for the medicine after all, an' was tryin' to get away with it when they nabbed him."

"You oughter be 'shamed to say such a thing, Sam Tousey," replied Ikey indignantly. "Was n't I with him, an' don't I know whether he got it or not?"

"He might 'a' gone back after you left him, an' got the dollar," suggested Sam. "I allers thought he 'd get the best of us if he could."

"See here, Sam," and Tom advanced threateningly as he spoke; "you 're not goin' to say anything mean 'bout Pinney White while I 'm 'round.



"THEY SAW THE POLICEMEN LEAD PINNEY INTO THE TOMBS PRISON."

Did n't Ikey bring the medicine with him? How could Pinney get the money back if he did n't have the bottle?"

"Come, Tom, don't waste time talkin' to such as him," said Duddy, as he gave Master Sam Tousey a threatening look. "It 's no use to pay any 'tention to him till you 've nothin' else to do. We 've got to help Pinney, an' we 've got to find out where they 're goin' to take him. You an' I an' Ikey 'll foller as close as we dare, an' the rest of the fellers can go to work."

At this proposition several of the boys raised objections, as they thought it was the duty of all to be ready to aid the prisoner; and Duddy had considerable difficulty in persuading them to do as he had suggested.

"If the whole crowd chases on behind him, they 'll surely drive us away; but the coppers won't take any notice of three of us. The rest of you fellers stay here, an' we 'll come right back and tell you what we find out."

"We 'd all better go to work," suggested Sam. "You may get into an awful scrape if you let on that you know him. Jest as likely as not they 'll 'rest everybody in the house, if they find out where Pinney lives."

There was no necessity for either Duddy or Tom to threaten Sam in order to prevent him from making any more such unfriendly remarks, for nearly every other member of the party started toward him, and it was only by an immediate and rapid flight that he saved himself from punishment.

"Now come on before the boys get back from chasing Sam," said Duddy, as he turned and ran at full speed in the direction taken by the officers and their prisoner, while Tom and Ikey followed closely.

The pursuers did not think it advisable to attempt to hold any conversation with the unfortunate boy. They remained discreetly in the rear until they saw the policemen lead Pinney into the Tombs prison, and heard the heavy doors close behind him with a clang that sounded ominously in their ears. The friends of the unfortunate prisoner stood gazing in silence at the gray, forbidding walls which shut out their comrade from Jenny's boarding-house and liberty.

"Well," said Duddy with a long-drawn sigh, after a pause of several moments, "that jest knocks me! If it was Sam they 'd locked up, I would n't 'a' wondered at it so much, but Pinney White never did any harm to anybody. It would serve 'em right if all the boys in the city should get together an' tear their old jail down."

Ikey looked critically at the massive structure, as if he were trying to make up his mind at what point they had best begin work, and then said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"I guess we 'd better leave that for this afternoon. What we must do is to cook up some kind of a plan to help Pinney."

"Yes, an' we promised to tell the other fellers what we 'd found out," added Tom; "so the best thing we can do now is to go back down town. Then we 'll tell Jenny what 's up, an' p'r'aps she can think of somethin' to do."

So excited were the three who had seen poor Pinney consigned to the prison, that walking seemed to them far too slow a method of getting over the ground; and they ran as fast as possible, arriving in front of one of the newspaper offices breathless, yet eager to tell the story to their friends who were waiting there for them.

Although every boy who had seen the unfortunate prisoner had good reason to believe that he would be taken to a jail, each one appeared to be filled with the utmost surprise and consternation at the news that Pinney was really in the Tombs. For several moments no one could suggest anything to be done for the relief of their comrade, and even Sam was made silent by the sad tidings.

"Well, we can't stand here the rest of the day," Duddy said impatiently, after he had waited in vain for somebody to say something; "we must tell Jenny, an' we ought to know how November is gettin' on."

"You an' Ikey an' I 'll go up to the house, while the rest of the fellers wait for us here," said Tom, starting off at full speed as he spoke, thus preventing any discussion on the part of the others. Ikey and Duddy followed close by his side.

Those who had been left behind stood on the corner discussing the matter during the best part of the afternoon, without any thought of going to work. Many were the plans proposed for the relief of their friend, but all of them so impossible of execution that it is not probable even those who originated them believed they could be carried out; but this discussion at least served to make the boys feel better in mind.

At the boarding-house the sorrow was intense. Even November's illness was forgotten for the moment, and Mrs. Parsons blamed herself severely for having spoken so sharply to Pinney when, certainly with the best intentions, he had brought home the medicine.

"Pinney always meant well, even when he was doing the most mischief," the old lady said, as she tried to wipe away the tears which would persist in falling on poor little November's face. "It was wicked in me to be so cross with him when he came in with what he thought would cure the baby. Is n't there anything we can do for him?"

This was exactly what the boys had been asking themselves without having found a satisfactory answer to the question; and it was still unanswered when the boarders came home in the evening, only to find that owing to her great sorrow the landlady had entirely forgotten to prepare dinner. This trifling neglect no one except Sam appeared to notice; it would have seemed far more strange if, in view of all that had happened, the boarding-house had been conducted as usual; and it is quite probable that there would have been but little fault-finding if Jenny had said that she did not intend to cook anything that night.

The physician whom Jenny had called appeared to think that November would soon recover from his illness, and, in fact, the little fellow did seem to improve so rapidly during the evening, that the inmates of the boarding-house were free to give all their sympathy to the imprisoned director. They speculated upon the facilities he would have for sleeping; wondered if he were troubled in mind because of November, whom he had every reason to believe was dangerously ill; and they tried to picture to themselves the sad scene of Pinney in a narrow cell, loaded down with chains. Sam was positive that their brother-director was not only gagged, but fastened with irons to the

wall of some dungeon; and he drew upon his imagination so recklessly that Duddy exclaimed:

"Now see here, Sam; it 's bad enough to know that Pinney is in jail, without your talkin' so much about chains an' handcuffs, an' all that kind o' nonsense. I don't believe they 've got him strapped up at all; but whether they have or not, we must think up *some* way to get him out."

"I don't see what *we* can do," said Tom with a puzzled look. "They would n't listen to us boys in court, an' we can't get him out of the jail."

"Jest as likely as not we *can* say somethin' in court," said Duddy, and his face lighted up with hope. "Any way, we can hang 'round there till we see him, an' p'r'aps we 'll get a chance to do somethin'."

"If you fellers say the word, I 'll go down to the jail first thing in the mornin', an' scare 'em into lettin' him out," said Sam, willing now to be recognized as a friend of Pinney's if thereby he could appear to have charge of the matter.

"You have n't time," said Jack with a laugh. "You 'd have to hang 'round there 'bout seven years before you could scare anybody!"

The other boys laughed so heartily at Jack's remark that Master Tousey thought it his duty to have another attack of the sulks; and he began by saying:

"Some of the folks in this house think nobody can do anythin' but themselves. I was willin' to try to get Pin White outer the scrape; but you 're all so smart that I 'll let you see what you can do first. An' after that, p'r'aps you 'll be glad to have me take hold of the job."

"You can go an' scare the folks that keep the jail if you want to, Sammy; but it won't be any harm for us to think up somethin' to do, if you should n't make out all right," said Duddy; and he added, as a sudden and happy thought occurred to him, "I tell you what it is, fellers, let 's all go down an' stay 'round the outside awhile. It must be lonesome for Pinney, thinkin' that every one of us is up here."

"He would n't know we were there," objected Tom.

"That 's a fact; but we 'd know it, an' it would seem as if we was stickin' by him."

It is probable that Duddy's unprofitable plan would have been carried out at once, if Mrs. Parsons had not volunteered her advice. She proposed that they all go to bed as soon as they had eaten their dinner, because Pinney would not be benefited, even though they should remain in front of the jail all night; but that in the morning some of them should go to the court. It was possible, she thought, that they might find a lawyer who would take charge of Pinney's case, if they promised to pay him as soon as they could earn the money.

This seemed even better than Sam's idea of securing the prisoner's release by frightening the officers; and after quite a spirited argument between Tom and Duddy, during which the latter insisted that they should at least walk down to the Tombs that night, Mrs. Parsons' advice was followed. None of the prisoner's friends slept very soundly, however, and every one was up and dressed at least an hour earlier than usual.

While they were eating breakfast, Jenny gave them some very sensible advice, to the effect that work should not be suspended because of the trouble which had come upon them. She recommended that Ikey and Duddy go to the court-room, while the others make every effort to earn money with which to pay a lawyer for defending their comrade.

Tom understood at once that two of the party would be able to do more than a crowd, and he insisted so strongly that Jenny's advice should be followed, that no one seriously objected.

The baby was much better, and Mrs. Parsons assured the boys that they need feel no uneasiness concerning him. Accordingly they left the house eager to begin work, hoping thus to help the comrade who needed their aid so sadly.

Ikey and Duddy tried to content themselves by assisting Jenny; but the minutes passed so slowly, and they were so anxious to begin their portion of the duties of the day, that they could no longer control their impatience after the clock had struck the hour of seven. Although Mrs. Parsons insisted that the court would not be opened for an hour at least, they decided to start at once, in order, as Duddy said, "to get a front seat so 's to whisper to Pinney when he 's brought in."

As a matter of course, when they arrived at the Tombs they found the doors of the court-room closed, and not even a single policeman on guard to answer the questions they had intended to ask. They could do no more than seat themselves on the ice-covered steps, there to wait until such time as the public should be admitted.

While they were thus waiting, occupied with gloomy forebodings and a vain effort to keep warm, Tom suddenly appeared, eager and breathless.

"I came to bring what money the fellers have made, 'cause you 'll need it if you hire a lawyer for Pinney," he said, as he gave Ikey a handful of pennies and small coins. "Every feller is workin' jest as hard as he can, an' I 'll bring you some more in an hour. Don't slip up on any chance to get him out of the scrape, an' if money is all that 's wanted, we 'll have that, sure." Then Tom darted down the steps shouting, at the full strength of his

lungs, the principal items of news contained in the morning papers.

Neither Ikey nor Duddy had thought of engaging a lawyer until they should have consulted Pinney; but Tom's words suggested the desirability of so doing while they had plenty of time at their disposal, and Duddy said:

"You stay here so 's you can slip in the very minute the doors are opened, an' I 'll look 'round to see what kind of a lawyer I can find, 'cause p'r'aps we would n't have a chance after we see Pinney. I know a place where there are about a hundred lawyers' offices, an' we can get one there, I guess, after we flash up all this money."

"Don't stay long," said Ikey, his teeth chattering with the cold. "If I get in before you come back, I 'll save a seat for you by the side o' me."

Duddy was off like a shot, the pennies jingling in his pocket as he ran and, as he thought, giving such evidence of wealth that any attorney whom he met would be eager to plead Pinney's case.

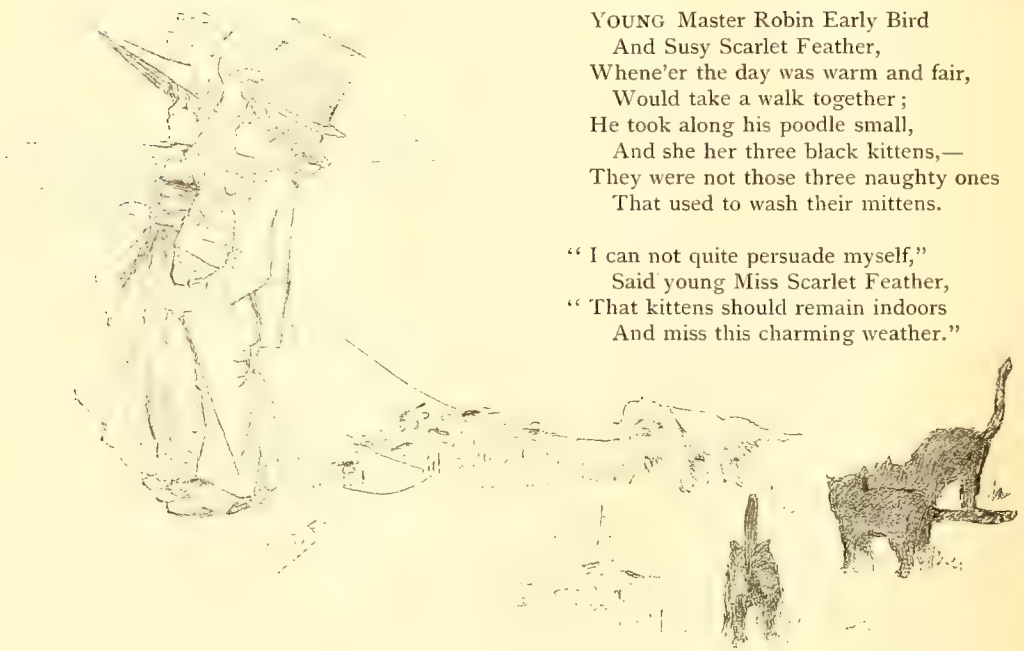
Ikey evidently expected to see his brother-director return in a very short time, followed by at least one lawyer; and he would not have been surprised had he seen three or four. But the minutes went by until an hour passed, and Duddy had not come. One by one a crowd gathered on the steps; and Ikey almost forgot his own sorrow as he realized how many other unhappy people there were in the city. Only the night previous he had believed that the inmates of Jenny's boarding-house were in more trouble than all the rest of the world combined.

Duddy was still absent when the court-room door was finally opened; and despite all his efforts, Ikey did not succeed in reserving what he considered a desirable seat for his friend. There were so many who were eager to be where they could speak to the prisoners, that the treasurer found himself crowded back half way down the room toward the door, and even then it was with difficulty that he reserved a very small space for Duddy.

(To be continued.)

FAIR WEATHER.

By M. D. Fenner.



Young Master Robin Early Bird
And Susy Scarlet Feather,
Whene'er the day was warm and fair,
Would take a walk together;
He took along his poodle small,
And she her three black kittens,—
They were not those three naughty ones
That used to wash their mittens.

"I can not quite persuade myself,"
Said young Miss Scarlet Feather,
"That kittens should remain indoors
And miss this charming weather."

WANTED, A MAP.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

ANOTHER map, an please you, sir!
For why, we can not understand,
In all your great geography
There is no map of Fairyland.

Another map, an please you, sir!
And, afterward, describe in full
How Fairyland is famed for pearls,
And fleeces made from golden wool,

And prancing, gold-shod, milk-white steeds
With bridles set with jewel-eyes:
Tell how the Fairy rivers run,
And where the Fairy mountains rise,

And of the Fairy-folk, their ways
And customs — if it please you, sir;
Then, of the journey there, how long
For any speedy traveler.

Another map, an please you, sir!
And would you kindly not delay;
Sister and I would dearly like
To learn our lesson there, to-day!

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

By Nora Perry.

"WAIT for me, Louise. Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Don't you know? My mother and father are coming home to-day, and I am going in town to the Boston and Albany depot, with Aunt Frances and Tom, to meet them."

"Boston and Albany depot? Why, I thought your mother was coming from Europe!"

"So she is; but she has sailed by one of the White Star Line, and the steamships of the White Star Line don't come into the dock at Boston, but at New York," answered Louise, with so glib an air of knowing all about things that Sophy Kittredge felt quite impressed, and for a moment was silent and thoughtful, her thought consisting of a sort of admiring speculation which, if put into words, would have run something in this wise:

"What a fine thing it is to have mothers and fathers who can go to Europe, and what a lucky girl Louise Peyton is!"

"I suppose they 'll bring you all sorts of pretty things," Sophy found voice to say presently.

"Oh, I suppose so; people always do when they come home from Europe; but it is not of such things I 'm thinking," said Louise. "I have n't seen my mother and father for seven years."

Again Sophy felt impressed — not with the seven years, but with Louise's superiority. She felt condemned, too; for she, Sophy Kittredge, could n't have been so above and beyond thinking of pretty things, if *her* mother were coming home from Europe; and Sophy loved her mother, she was sure. But then she thought of the seven years. Seven years *was* a long time.

"You were a little girl when they went away, were n't you!" Sophy said next.

"Yes, only seven," and then Louise went on and told what Sophy had heard many times before, but what she never tired of hearing, — the story of how Louise came to live in Newtown with her Aunt Frances Moore. It was like a story out of a book, for Louise told first of her French nurse — a tall, white-capped girl from Normandy — who had taken care of her in Paris, just after she was born, and had come with the family to America, seven years before. Next Louise told how Nannette had been sent with her to Aunt Frances's soon after, when her father and mother returned to Paris, whither Mr. Peyton's large and thriving business called him back suddenly; and then continued:

"I should have gone with them and been educated in Paris, if I had been well enough; but I

had the whooping-cough just as they were going back, and the doctor said I must stay where I was, in Newtown, that I should do very well here, but it would n't be well to take me across the ocean in midwinter. Both Papa and Mamma had expected surely to return the next year and take me back with them, but Papa broke his leg in a railway accident, and that kept them that year; then one of his partners embezzled some of the funds of the company and had to be prosecuted in the French courts, and that took another year; and then Mamma was ill; and so the time has gone on, until seven years have elapsed."

As Louise wound up her peroration, Sophy's face expressed her humble admiration for her companion. Louise never used the common word when she could help it, and Sophy could never think to use any but common words, and the simplest and briefest at that. Nothing could exceed her admiration for Louise's fine facility in this direction. "Embezzled the funds of the company," and "had to be prosecuted in the French courts!" How cultivated, how educated and grown-up that sounded! And then, that "seven years have elapsed!"—so absorbed was Sophy in her admiring wonder at Louise's powers, that she quite forgot to speak again until they came to Aunt Frances's door; then, subdued and overpowered, as she always was, by Louise's eloquence and elegance, she bade her a soft, almost a shy, good-bye, and went dreamily home, thinking to herself what a very superior person Louise Peyton was in every way, and how lucky a girl was to have her for a friend!



"AND THIS GREAT GIRL IS MY LITTLE LOUISE!"

II.

THE first glimpse that Louise had of her mother was disappointing. She had a rather dim recollection of a bright face and airy figure and soft floating garments that smelled of violets. What she saw, as she stood in the Boston and Albany depot, the next day, was a little woman not so tall as herself, in a close-fitting, wood-colored traveling dress, with nothing bright about her but a bright red silk knot at her throat. The little woman looked extremely young, too, to Louise's eyes,—"Hardly older than I," she thought at that first glimpse. The next moment a musical voice was saying:

"And this great girl is my little Louise!"

Louise looked up—no, down—into the loveliest great dark eyes she had ever seen, and saw that the red silk knot was not the only brightness about this little mother. In another moment, as she felt herself enfolded in a gentle embrace, she smelled again the sweet, faint breath of violets. This seemed like the mother she had known seven years ago.

"But, yet, I thought you were taller and larger, Mamma; when you went away I remember look-

ing up and thinking you quite, quite tall," Louise said suddenly, as her mother turned and took her arm to go to the carriage.

"You dear!" And Mrs. Peyton burst into a little peal of laughter, and then turning to her husband, the "Papa" whom Louise had just greeted rather shyly,— "Just hear that, George! Louise is disappointed in me. She expected a great big mamma. Oh, I 'm so sorry for you, dearie! but you must take Papa for the big one of the family; you can't outgrow him as you have outgrown me! You thought I was 'quite, quite tall,'" another merry little laugh, "you dear goosie, don't you know it was because you were then so little that I seemed tall by comparison? It is like the little boy who grew up to be a man, and then went back to his old home in the country. When he saw the trees that had once seemed so big and high, they looked like little dwarf trees to him. So I have become a little dwarf tree to my big tall daughter!"

The playful, caressing tone and manner and words confused and embarrassed Louise. She felt as if she were being treated like a little girl still; and she was not used to being treated so. Her Aunt Frances usually asked her opinion about things, and treated her in a very grown-up way. Her cousin Tom, too, who was nineteen years old, never treated her as if she were a little girl; and at school — well, her mother would see how things were when she had been at Newtown a day or two. She would see that her daughter was no longer the child of seven in mind any more than in body. But when Mrs. Peyton had been in Newtown a week, Louise began to despair of impressing her mother with her grown-up dignity. At the end of the week it was still, "Come here, my little big girl," or "Put down your book, my little giantess, and let 's have a run out over the hills."

"But, Mamma," protested Louise, one day, "I 'm looking over my algebra lessons."

"What, in your vacation?" asked Mrs. Peyton.

"Yes, Mamma; I don't want to lose anything, and have to be put back when school begins."

"Oh, that 's the way you 've been going on in Newtown, — cramming algebra, when you should have been cramming fresh air and fun! But all this is going to be changed. I don't believe in books in vacation time. I wish you to take more exercise and get some roses into your cheeks. So fling down the book, dearie, and let 's go out."

But this was not all the change that Louise saw threatening her own way, which she and so many of the people about her, from Aunt Frances to Sophy Kittredge, had come to think so wise and superior a way.

One morning about ten o'clock, when she was dressing to go into town with her father, her mother came into her room. As Louise dressed, she dropped the things she had taken off, just where she happened to stand. When nearly ready, she found that the braid that had ripped from her jacket had not been sewed on, and she exclaimed rather impatiently:

"Oh, dear, there 's that braid! Aunt Frances promised me she 'd sew it on yesterday."

Mrs. Peyton looked up with one of her quick glances.

"Aunt Frances?" she asked.

"Yes, she told me to leave it out on a chair, and I did."

As Louise spoke, she happened to look toward her mother. Once or twice before she had seen that curiously distant, rather haughty expression on her mother's face. What did it mean — displeasure? While Louise was thinking thus, Mrs. Peyton said:

"How long has Aunt Frances performed the services of waiting-maid for you, my dear?"

Louise blushed, but it was an angry blush.

"Why, Mamma, somebody must attend to my things; *I* can't."

"What things?"

"Why, mending little bits like that; sewing on buttons and picking up after me."

"*You* can't do such things — such a great girl?"

"But, Mamma, my time is too — too valuable. I have my lessons, and my music and all that."

"'Too valuable!'" The distant look vanished from Mrs. Peyton's face, and in its place came a crowd of dimples as she flung her head back and burst into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, Louise, you 're as good as a play! 'Too valuable,'" and she mimicked her daughter's lofty little way. "Why, my dear," she went on, "you 're not to learn school lessons merely, you 're to learn to be a woman — a lady."

Angry tears by this time were in Louise's eyes. "Well, Mamma, if you can tell me where I can get the time to do any more than I do, with school from nine until half-past one, and all my music practice with my other lessons! Aunt Frances thinks I do quite enough, and too much, now. She says a girl that does her duty, as *I* do, by her studies, should have everything else done for her."

"Oh, I see, and so *she* has done everything else for you?"

"Yes, ever since Nannette went away."

"She mends these little bits of things and 'picks up' after you, as you call it," and Mrs. Peyton looked at the odds and ends Louise had dropped in her dressing.

"Yes, always," answered Louise; "for, you see, I have to attend at once to my lessons."

"Why does n't she send Ann to do this picking up?"

"Ann? Why, Ann can't be spared, I suppose; Aunty keeps only one servant, you know."

"Yes, I know." Again there was an expression on Mrs. Peyton's face that made Louise uneasy, that made her hasten to say:

"Aunty *likes* to do these things."

"Does she say so?"

"I don't know that she ever *said* so, but she *does*. She knows I can't do everything — that I 'm not strong enough."

"Neither is Aunty very strong, I believe, and she 's not very young. Poor Aunty, she was always inclined to make babies of people! But come, my dear; Papa will be waiting for you. Here, put on this little wrap I brought you from Paris, since your jacket is n't ready."

With a queer, uncomfortable feeling, Louise went down to join her father. Aunty inclined to make babies of people! Did her mother mean that Aunty had made a baby of her? Why, Aunty treated her far more like a young lady than her mother did; Aunty quite looked up to her, indeed, asked her advice about clothes, and consulted her in many ways. What could her mother mean? Her father's errand in town was to look at a house on Beacon street that they were to rent furnished for the winter. Mamma had already looked at it, and decided in favor of it. Louise thought that her father had brought her to look at it to see if she also favored it. That would have been quite in the way of the things that Aunt Frances did. It was a pleasant, cozy house, but some distance from the school that had been selected for Louise on Marlboro' street. Looking out of the window, Louise suddenly thought of this.

"Oh, Papa!" she exclaimed.

"Well, what is it?"

"It is too far from my school."

"Eh — what? too far from what?"

"My school — the new school on Marlboro' street that Mamma has seen about. It 's a mile, certainly."

Her father looked a little puzzled, and a little absent-minded or preoccupied, for a moment. Then he said carelessly:

"Oh, well, that does n't matter."

Louise flushed up, and moved away with a lowering brow; but it made no sort of impression upon her father. He was looking into closets, testing the draught of chimneys, and the condition of the gas-burners. By and by, he said cheerfully, "Well, my dear, are you tired of waiting?" and with a "Come, we might as well go now," turned toward the hall. Louise followed with a sense of humiliation such as she had never felt before; so she had not been brought in to give her opinion. Her opinion was not considered of any importance. What *had* she been brought for? This question was soon answered, when her father said briskly:

"Well, Missy, now I 've attended to that matter, we 'll go and have lunch at Young's, and then to see the 'Mikado.'"

"Oh, Papa!"

Louise forgot everything but her delight in that moment. She had been wishing, hoping, longing to go to see that quaintest of funny operas; and here she was to be taken to see it in an hour, after lunching in the most charming dining-room in Boston.

"Oh, how good of you, Papa, to think to give me such a surprise!"

"It was n't I, dear, who thought of it, it was Mamma; but I was very glad to have her suggest it."

"But why did n't Mamma come, too?"

"Well, Mamma thought you 'd enjoy it better alone with me — just you and I together on a little lark, you see"; and Papa nodded and smiled as if he, too, quite enjoyed it.

Louise laughed in response, and a bright color came into her cheeks; and into her heart, along with the pleasure, came a little feeling of shame for her previous anger and suspicions. All the time when she had been thinking herself unthought of and of no importance, Mamma had been planning this.

III.

THE Marlboro' Street school was a very different affair from the Newtown seminary. There was not so much cramming; indeed, there was no cramming at all. A girl was not allowed to take a dozen studies and spend her days acquiring only a superficial knowledge of them. Three, or four at the most, were all that Louise was permitted in one term. This left a broad margin of time for other things.

"Now," Louise thought, "I can take painting lessons, and belong to a club." To belong to a club was her highest ambition just then. The one of which she most desired to become a member was called the "Four o'Clock Club." Most of the members were a little older than herself, and they met to read and talk over new books, and sometimes a member read a composition of her own. Aunt Frances would have thought this very fine, and would have encouraged Louise to the utmost in it. But Mrs. Peyton was not Aunt Frances,

and she laughed at the "Four o'Clockers," as she termed them. "A lot of conceited little pedants, choosing any books they please to read and discuss," she said to her husband; "I don't wonder American girls get the reputation of being pert, if this is one of their fashions."

So the Four o'Clock Club was decidedly negatived, and when Louise brought forward the painting-lessons plan, that also received a dash of cold water.

"But, my dear, you seem to want to overwork just as you did at Newtown," said her mother.

"I wish to learn things, like other girls."

"I wish you to learn things, too; but I don't care to have you learn things that are useless, or to learn things the wrong way. If you should join that reading club where the girls choose their own books, I think you would learn things in a very wrong way. You might as well try to study music without some sort of direction. And as for the painting lessons, there 's time enough for that yet, especially as you have no real taste or talent for painting."

Louise looked injured. Her mother saw it, and went on still more seriously.

"Louise, I want you to learn to be my daughter; to help me; to be my little companion here at home, as well as to be a school-girl."

Louise looked at her young-faced mother, who was no taller than herself. There was an air of the gay world about her. As she spoke to Louise, she was plaiting and arranging a frill of lace to be worn that evening.

"Oh, I know how it will be!" Louise said to herself. "Mamma is a fashionable lady, and she wants me to be something like Fido,— a sort of decoration,— and at the same time to make myself useful, as Molly Preston's mother makes her." Louise had recovered from the shame she had felt a while before. With two pet plans going under, both at once, she had no room in her heart except for mutiny.

"Mamma does n't appreciate American ways," she said to her aunt about this time. "She does n't care for my keeping up with my studies as you did, Aunt Frances, and being at the head of my classes."

"Oh, you must n't talk so!" replied Aunt Frances; but at the same time she sighed as she remembered how she had worked and "slaved," as she called it, to give Louise every opportunity she could to be at the head and to outshine the other girls in her classes, and "Here was Louise's own mother upsetting it all with her fine French notions." So the winter began with dissatisfaction and disappointment and inward protest, which came to the surface in various unpleasant ways. Louise had gained her idea of a fashionable, society woman from Mrs. Preston, who went everywhere, as the saying goes,— to balls and parties and theaters without stint,— leaving her daughter Mollie to the care of servants, or making her of use and ornament when she was with her. Aunt Frances had been the first to impress this picture upon Louise's mind. Aunt Frances had the old-fashioned New England idea that the mother should sacrifice herself to her children, should become, in short, a sort of head nurse and servant to them. She had been all this herself to Tom, and later to Louise. When she saw how different her sister-in-law's methods were to be, she drew many deep sighs, and with a sad certainty of ill, inwardly wondered, "How things would go with that poor child." "There 'll be a great change in her by another year, you 'll see, Tom," she confided to her son.

She was right; there *was* a great change. It was not, however — but I won't spoil my story by anticipating. Yes, a great change. It began by slow degrees and by hard things. The giving up the club and the painting lessons were two of the hard things. So hard that Louise thought and acted very rebelliously and bitterly for a time.

"Mamma has everything she wants, and does everything she likes, but I must have nothing I want, and give up everything I like," was one of her bitter thoughts just at the outset. And what was she to do with the leisure time she had left from the fewer studies that had been assigned her — the leisure she had planned to occupy so wisely? She asked her mother this question.

"Oh, we shall see, presently; there is no need to hurry; 'Haste makes waste,'" her mother had answered, smiling. Then, as she saw a shadow of impatience on Louise's face, "My dear, you can surely afford to give your mother a little of your leisure time after all these years away from her."

And Louise, with a new twinge of shame, felt all at once a sense of her own ungraciousness. Giving up the point for the time, she went out with her mother on bright afternoons, sometimes to visit the picture-galleries, or to take a brisk walk, or to attend a concert or an illustrated lecture or a nice play. On Saturday afternoons she was set the task of learning to mend her clothing, and of putting her bureau drawers and closets in order. This last was exceedingly distasteful; but the afternoon walks and talks and sight-seeing had proved very agreeable. Several weeks went on in this way, varied by reading, now and then, some book that her mother would suggest. In these weeks, too, Louise knew that her mother was going out constantly into society, and was herself

entertaining considerably; but she saw little of these entertainments, for they were principally dinner parties and elaborate luncheons not suited to her age.

There were simple, informal receptions, however, where Louise was not only permitted to be present, but where she learned to pour tea and hand it to the guests. It was after one of these receptions that she said to her mother, "Who was that lady with the pretty, light hair and the gold bee in her bonnet, Mamma?"

"The lady with the 'bee in her bonnet'?" Mrs. Peyton laughed; and then said in explanation, "That is an old saying of the ancient Scots. When a person had a new notion or fancy, it was called a 'bee in his bonnet.' But you want to know who that pretty woman was with a golden bee in her bonnet. That was Mrs. Eyre. You liked her, did you? I saw her talking with you."

"Oh, I liked her so much! And, Mamma, she asked me to come to see her, and said that she had a daughter who was lame, whom she would like me to know. May I go sometime, Mamma?"

"Yes, I should be delighted to have you make friends with Katy Eyre."

"Do you know her? Is she nice?" asked Louise eagerly.

"I have seen her two or three times, and she *looks* very nice; but I should be willing to take Helen Eyre's daughter on trust, any time."

IV.

IT was a very grand-looking hall that Louise saw as the door was opened to her when she went to see Katy Eyre; and as she followed the servant up the fine broad stairway, she thought to herself, "The Eyres must be rich people, and I suppose Katy has no end of nice things; and, of course, as she is lame, she has nothing to do but be waited upon."

"Oh, do you mind my sending for you to come up here where all the children are?" suddenly asked a sweet voice as Louise came upon the second floor. Louise looked and saw a lovely face, the very image of Mrs. Eyre's; and an outstretched hand hospitably extended bade her welcome, as the owner stood in a doorway just at the head of the stairs.

"Mamma is out, and I have the younger children with me until she comes home," the sweet tones went on explaining.

"Oh, Taty, Taty, don't do away!" a little voice cried out from the room beyond at this moment.

Katy laughed. "Nobody 's *do*ing away, but somebody 's coming," answered Katy Eyre; "and here she is, Miss Louise Peyton, a nice somebody for you to be very kind and polite to, Miss Tottie."

As Katy turned, Louise saw that she walked with a crutch, but she seemed to fly over the floor with it.

There were two other children in the room besides Tottie, — a boy and a girl, one seven and the other nine years old. They had evidently been interrupted in a game by Katy's momentary withdrawal.

"How stupid!" thought Louise, as she saw that she was rather expected to join in this game — "some silly, childish thing," she was sure. But when Katy, with a little flush on her cheeks, looked up and said apologetically, "Would you think it rude if I just finished this game; it will only take a few minutes?" Louise quite cordially offered to join in the game herself.

Before the "few minutes" were over, she was so much interested that she was quite willing to accede to the children's proposal for "one more game." It was, to be sure, a childish game, — a game of picture-cards, each card bearing the face of some king or queen in English history. A set of smaller cards set forth in print corresponding dates, with a droll couplet attached. Katy would read the dates and the couplet, which was funnily descriptive; and the children would find great fun in selecting the picture-card that corresponded to it. Sometimes they would make a mistake, and then a forfeit of a card would have to be paid.

The couplets were not only funny but witty, and each made a pointed reference to some historical fact in the sovereign's reign, so that the memory was caught at once. It was this which interested Louise.

"I never saw this game. Where did you get it?" asked Louise with animation.

"Taty made it," spoke up Tottie.

Louise looked astonished and incredulous. Katy blushed, and the other children laughed. At this laugh Totty's face took on an indignant expression, and she exclaimed, "Taty *did* made it!"

Tottie's indignation bidding fair to increase still more if her word were not taken, Katy was forced to explain that the children had asked so many questions the previous winter, when she had been hunting up some dates in a pictorial history of England, that she had thought of this way to fix certain facts in their minds.

"And you *made* these cards, and these verses, and the whole plan?" inquired Louise.

"Oh, yes! The cards are easy enough. I drew the faces from the portraits I found of the kings and queens, and then painted them in water-colors. The rest was easier still, and great fun."

Louise began to say something of her admiration and amazement, when the door opened and Mrs. Eyre entered.

"We 've been dood — we 've been dood; Taty 's tept us all 'mused!" Tottie burst out at sight of her mother.

"That 's nice; and what have you done for Katy?" said Mrs. Eyre, smiling upon them all.

Nine-year-old Amy held up a pair of gloves.

"Yes, Mamma, Amy has sewed up all those hateful holes for me, and I feel as if I had a new pair of gloves," said Katy, giving Amy a little look of thanks as she spoke.

Mrs. Eyre sat down in the low rocker Amy brought for her, and began talking now to Louise, now to Katy, with a word for the younger ones in a certain delightful way that was all her own. Louise at the end of her visit thought she had never had such a charming call.

And would Katy return her visit? she asked; and would she come "soon, very soon?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be delighted to come!" answered Katy; "but I don't believe I can, until after Mamma's birthday party. I have so much to do."

Louise looked a little surprised. She was thinking, "How can a disabled thing like Katy have so much to do, especially in a family like this, where there is evidently plenty of servants?" Perhaps Mrs. Eyre saw something of this thought in Louise's face, for with a bright half-smile at Katy, she said:

"This is a very busy family, my dear; and Katy, as the head of my flock, is the busiest of all. I don't know what would become of us, if it were not for Katy. When she burned her finger last winter, and I had to answer all my notes of invitation, I really did n't know but I should have to give up society entirely."

Louise went home with a bee in *her* bonnet. A very busy family; and Katy, lame Katy, the busiest of all! She wrote her mother's notes, and Louise had seen how she looked out for the children. What else did she do? But no doubt she had plenty of time; she was n't like other girls who had to study to get lessons, and — but Louise stopped, as she remembered the game of English History. There had been considerable studying to accomplish that!



"MAMMA IS OUT, AND I HAVE THE YOUNGER CHILDREN WITH ME UNTIL SHE COMES HOME."

One day after the birthday party, Katy was brought around to see her new friend. She came, so it seemed to Louise, flying in from the door as if her crutch were a wing, — an airy, joyous creature, bringing with her all sorts of bright busy thoughts and plans.

"How can you get time to do so much?" exclaimed Louise. "But if you don't go to school, of course ——"

"Oh, I go to school."

"Do you?" rather faintly.

"Why, yes, I go to Mrs. Lemark's on the next street to us. Did you think I did n't go because of my lameness? I 'm not lame from spinal disease, or from any disease now. I was hurt when I was a little child. I was thrown from a carriage, and my left leg crushed and broken. I am perfectly well, but one leg has always been shorter and weaker than the other, that 's all."

Louise was silent for a moment at the simple "that 's all." Then she said, "But you seem to do things for other people so much."

"Well, other people do things for me; and I 'm my mother's eldest daughter, you know. Mamma and I are great friends," with a little laugh, "and we help each other as friends do."

"Mamma and I are great friends, and we help each other as friends do!" A queer, uncomfortable feeling assailed Louise at this. She presently roused herself, however, and said:

"I think your mother is lovely."

"Yes, is n't she? But you should come and see us in the country in the summer; then you would know her better. Here in the city she has so much to do; what with her charities, her poor people, and all that,— and her social duties."

"Oh, *does* your mother like society?"

"Like society? I don't know. I never thought to ask that. She knows people, just as your mother does; and she goes to see them, and invites them to see her. I heard her say once that she did n't care for just a quantity of people; but that to know and meet different minds and characters — people who lived in or out of the world, not frivolous people — was part of one's education. That is n't liking society for dress and showing off."

"Oh, no!"

"I heard my mother say, after she met you at your mother's, that by and by you would have an opportunity that very few girls have."

"I! What do you mean?" asked Louise.

"She said your mother and father had for their friends so many interesting people abroad and here, that by and by you would find it of the greatest advantage to you; those were just her words. I was reading the other day about Sir Richard Steele, who lived in Queen Anne's day, and what he said of a lady,— Lady Elizabeth Hastings,— that to know her or to love her was a liberal education. So, I suppose, to know some people is like that — an education. Mamma said, too, that your mother was so unspoiled by all the attention that she had received abroad! — that she was as simple and unaffected as she was when she went away, and never, unless somebody asked her about them, talked of the distinguished people she knew."

Louise felt the hot blood rushing to her face, as she remembered how she had condemned her mother as a frivolous little woman of fashion, because she was "in society"; how she had, on sundry occasions, tried to show off her own book-knowledge to her; and how she had expected her to mend her clothes, and to fetch and carry for her as Aunt Frances had done. This mother, who had enjoyed such opportunities, and had profited by them without any thought of showing off! Here was this little lame girl, too, a girl of her own age, who went to school as she did, yet found time to do other things to help herself and other people, without neglecting her studies.

Louise was conceited and greatly spoiled, but she was honest; and when once confronted with the truth, she did not attempt to, indeed she could not, shut her eyes to it.

Rome was n't built in a day, and people do not correct their little vanities and sins in a day, even when their eyes are opened. Louise's eyes were wide open now, and never in all her life had she been so humiliated, so ashamed of herself. She went home with her busy guest in order to prolong a visit that seemed all too short, and on her way back she thought over and over what she had heard.

By the time she ascended the steps, Louise had her good resolutions all neatly arranged into little plans of amendment of this and that, wherever she felt that she had failed. She was in quite a glow of self-gratulation as she pulled the bell; for her little plans looked so fair and promising, so easy to accomplish! She had everything all cut and dried, she knew just what she was going to do. Alas for our little cut-and-dried plans! Standing there tingling with the keen air and her plans, Louise was suddenly surprised, as the door opened, to see her father coming down the hall with the family physician.

"What is the matter, Papa, — is Mamma ill?" she cried out, as she rushed past the servant who had admitted her.

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said the doctor, as he put up a warning finger. Her father did not so much as look at her, he was so absorbed in what the doctor was saying to him. Louise, awed and terrified, turned to the servant, "Oh, Morris, what is it?"

"Your ma has had a bad upset. She was out with William and the two horses, and something scared the beasts; and William was no good, for he was throwed at the fust corner, and your ma ——"

"Oh, Morris, is — is — Mamma —— ?"

"No, your ma was n't killed. It is a miracle she was n't, though; but she 's hurt some, and I guess you 'd better not go up to her just yet, you 'd only be in the way."

The old serving-man, who had been around the world with Mr. Peyton, had his own ideas of the

use or uselessness of some people, and on occasions was wont to express himself rather frankly. Louise drew in her breath and choked the sob that rose in her throat. Just then her father turned from the door he was closing upon the doctor, and met her horrified gaze.

"Oh, Papa, Papa, can't I do something? I — I —" The sobs were getting the upper hand.

"Hush, hush, you must be quiet, my dear! No, no, there is nothing that you can do. I'm afraid you 'd only be in the way. But, yes; you might go with this prescription to the apothecary."

The girl took the slip of paper from her father, and went toward the door with a heavy heart. Just as her hand was on the knob, Mr. Peyton seemed to recall himself from his one absorbing anxiety and said, "Don't worry, my dear; your mother is severely injured, and the doctor says she is doing well, but that we must have absolute quiet for her to do better."

Louise went out with a miserable feeling of being not only of no use, but very much in the way. Morris and her father had both said the same thing, had both feared she would be a trouble instead of a help. Once, not so very long ago, Louise would have resented this; now she began to look back to see what she had done and what she had left undone, and to contrast herself with Katy Eyre. Katy Eyre at such a crisis would have been her father's stay and comfort, all the household would have turned to her; but she, Louise, who was of the same age as Katy, was only fit to be sent out of the house upon an errand that any servant could have done. Yet had she ever before voluntarily gone forward to make herself of use in the household? She had unwillingly enough obeyed her mother's constant efforts to teach her to help herself: how then could she expect that the household would look to her to help others in any crisis? Yes, she was only fit to run upon errands. Suddenly lifting her head with a new thought, she said to herself, "I will at least do this as well as I can."

A weary time followed for the Peyton household. It was weeks before Mrs. Peyton saw any one besides the doctor, excepting her husband and Aunt Frances. The injuries were of a nature that rendered recovery slow and tedious. In these weeks Louise had gradually accepted and fitted herself into the place that seemed to be assigned her by the circumstances. She delivered messages, and on various occasions went upon sundry little errands that needed immediate attention. She also got into the way of receiving her mother's friends and acquaintances who came to make inquiries about her condition. One day her father came down the stairs as she stood in the hall taking leave of two of these visitors. As the hall door closed upon them, he came forward with a smile and said:

"My dear, I 'm glad you can be useful in this way; and you do it very well, I 'm sure; you said quite the right thing, I observed."

The color deepened in Louise's cheeks, and her eyes shone. She was of some use, some little use, though it was only in the little ways of fetching, and carrying, and answering the questions of visitors.

Some little use as the daughter of the house! She had always remembered Katy's words about being her mother's eldest daughter; and Louise was her mother's *only* daughter. Oh, what would she not have given of all her showy school triumphs, if in these weeks of anxious waiting she could have remembered something that she had done spontaneously and voluntarily for her mother, as an only daughter might have done. But she had done nothing, nothing! And now, what if — ? But she dared not dwell upon the terrible possibility that, after all, these weeks might not bring recovery, might not bring that sweet mother back to her. With this haunting "what if" constantly lurking in her mind, Louise went on with her daily life. Her school vacation had arrived, and this left her with plenty of time to devote to the little household errands, the "fetching, and carrying, and talking," as she called the duties that fell to her. Gradually, too, she had taken upon herself to attend to many little beautifying arrangements about the parlors, to see that her father's library-table was in order, his papers in readiness, and by and by to answer the numerous notes of inquiry and sympathy that poured in. Nobody paid any attention to this, or made any comment. Every one's attention was absorbed elsewhere. Sometimes a thought would cross her mind, that what she did was after all of but little consequence, that her father's clerk who came every day for business instructions might have answered all notes with the greatest ease, and that any servant might have done the rest far better than herself. "But Papa, no doubt, thinks it occupies and pleases me to do these things now," she would conclude with a little sigh, "and so allows me to do them. He is quite right, quite right; I ought not to expect to be of any better use." So, day by day, Louise went on with her self-imposed tasks, glad to be occupied, and getting what comfort she could from the thought that by and by, perhaps, she might show her mother how ready she was to be of real service and value,— day by day, until one morning her father came suddenly into the room where she was writing, and called out in a strange voice:

"Louise! Louise!"

She sprung to her feet, her face blanched with fear. What if—? Oh, had it come, indeed? Her mother——

"Louise, Louise, what is it? Did I frighten you?" Her father's arms were around her, and,—yes,—he was smiling upon her! She stifled her sobs, and with one great effort steadied her voice, "Oh, Papa; I thought that Mamma——"

"Yes, yes, I see I was too hasty; but it is such good news, Louise! Mamma is much, very much better, and she wants to see you. I think I can trust you now. I have n't been blind, and I 've seen how you can control yourself and keep quiet."

With all her pretty hair cut off, pale and thin and looking like a child—was this indeed the beautiful little mother? But the lips parted in a smile, and the weak voice, with the sweet laughing ring in it, said, "My little great girl!"

Louise knelt down by the easy-chair. She could not say much, and there was no need for her to say much. Her mother understood; and hand in hand they sat for a while, quite silent. It was her mother who spoke first.

"You have been such a comfort—such a help, my dear! Papa has told me all about it, how you have made everything so pleasant and orderly downstairs, and answered all the notes. I fretted a great deal until I heard this; but when Papa told me, I began to feel easy. Yes, you 've been a great comfort, my dear, a real daughter, and have done what only a daughter could do."

"Oh, Mamma!" but this was all that Louise dared say.

Not the least of the lessons that she had learned was to restrain herself for another's sake. She could have cried out in joyful amazement, but her mother could bear no excitement; and after that "Oh, Mamma!" she sat quite still, holding her mother's thin hand in hers, but thinking, thinking all the time the most astonished thoughts. "A great comfort—a real daughter—what only a daughter could do." And she had estimated her work so meanly—hardly more than a servant's work.

Two years after this, Louise stood in her graduation dress, receiving the congratulations of her friends.

"Such a fine essay, Louise! Oh, I *knew* you 'd win the prize," cried Sophy Kittredge, ecstatically.

Louise smiled a little absently; her eyes were seeking some one. Ah, here she was, coming toward her! When she was close beside her, Louise bent and whispered:

"Mamma, did you think it sounded priggish—was there any conceit in it?"

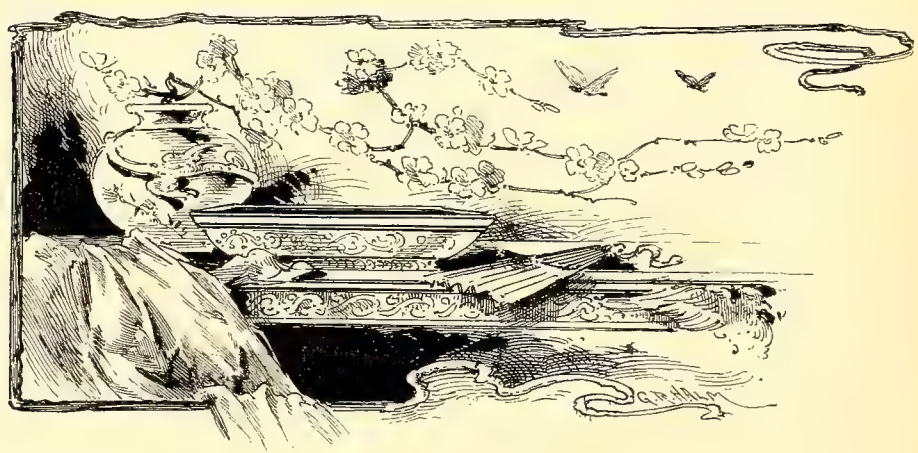
"Not a bit. I was proud of my little great girl."

Half-way down the room, two or three schoolteachers stood discussing matters. One had been watching Louise very closely for the last hour. It was Miss Richards, her Newtown teacher. Presently she said to the others:

"I am so pleasantly disappointed in Louise Peyton!"

"Pleasantly disappointed? Why?" asked the Marlboro' street teacher.

"Why? Because when she was with me, she bade fair to be an arrogant, self-sufficient girl, always thinking of her own importance. Now she seems quite a different girl. She was always bright about her studies, but now there is something besides brightness,—she is sweet and attractive. I wonder what has changed her?"



The Huge Hippocamp



There once was a Huge Hippocamp
Who was terribly troubled with cramp.
And the doctors all said
It would go to his head,
If he didn't move out of the damp.

BIRDS AND BOYS.

By Mary Bradley.

Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes
Build them a nest in the barberry bushes;
And when it is finished all cozy and neat,
Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.
"Twit—ter—ee twitter!" they chirp to each other,
"Building a nest is no end of a bother;
But oh, when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we 'll be! How happy we 'll be!"

Up at the cottage where children are growing,
The young mother patiently sits at her sewing.
It 's something to work for small hobbledehoys
That *will* tear their trowsers and make such a noise;
"And one must admit," says the dear little mother,
"That bringing up boys is no end of a bother;
But oh, when they kiss me, and climb on my knee,
It 's sweetness for me, it 's sweetness for me!"

LINDIE'S PORTRAIT.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

ONE morning Belinda Ames woke up in the usual way, found the day cheerfully sunny, was washed and dressed and curled and poked around and around like a ball by her nurse, had her breakfast served to her with frequent remarks about the extreme dislike of the table-cloth for bread and milk, was set upon her four-year-old feet and allowed to run off to find her mother,—and was waylaid by her uncle Waldo, who exclaimed, ever so loudly and ever so gayly, "So here 's the little girl who is going to be painted!"

Now, you never knew when Lindie was going to be surprisingly wise for her years; but she was so very often.

"I s'all not be painted!" said she. "My face does not come off when I am scrubbed."

It was no use, so it always seemed to Lindie, to take the trouble to tell older people that black was not white; for they only laughed as if common sense in her quite destroyed any that they themselves had possessed. It happened that her uncle Waldo had helped to paint up Pinkie Littlenose, the chief doll of the dolls in Lindie's nursery, when Pinkie had turned pale after having her head held in a tub of water; and of course now he burst into a great roar of laughter, when his tiny niece hinted in this way that she had more advantages than her doll.

"Why, I mean you 're to be painted just as grandfather was," he soon resumed. "Would n't you like to look like that, sitting all by yourself in a great gilt frame?"

"No," cried Lindie, pursing up her mouth. "I don't want to look a hundert! I want Mamma."

"You are looking for Mamma, pet? Here she is," called the voice Lindie loved best.

But it was perfectly true, as Lindie found, that she was to be painted, and hung on the wall in a big frame. One of her papa's friends was to paint her; and she hoped it would n't hurt like thorns and curling-sticks. She certainly wondered why they wanted a picture of her. She would always be "around," and always look just the same, she thought. She decided that grown people had too many ideas. There was always something which they would say "*must* be done," from being silent to repeating "We are Seven."

"Now, Lindie, sit down in that chair over there, in any way you like," said her papa's friend, when she went with her Mamma to his studio that afternoon. "In any way you like, my dear."

Lindie climbed into the big chair and curled herself up like a kitten, with one hand touching her toes, and Pinkie in the other erect as a mast.

"My darling!" cried her mamma, "I never saw you in such a position before!"

"I am happy, this way," Lindie replied. "I 've always enjoyed it. I only wish I had claws and a purr."

"My love, get right down, and try again," her mother commanded.

This time Lindie became the mast, and held Pinkie by the heel, both of them boiling with rage.

"Why did you begin by asking her to have her own way?" Lindie's mamma moaned to the artist friend, who now held a palette big enough for a doll's dining-table, and was putting dishes of paint on it, of which Lindie longed to have a taste.

"I shall have to arrange you, dear," said the artist, coming toward her. "I think I can make you more comfortable than you are now, at any rate."

"Are you going to take me apart," asked she, very mildly, but ready to become terrible at the right moment.

"Oh, dear, no, you little goose; you 're made all in one piece, like paper people."

"I never saw a paper goose," muttered Lindie, allowing her arms and legs to be placed at different angles, but removing them to other attitudes as soon as her papa's friend had let go of them.

"I meant to say, you are a windmill," retorted the artist, somewhat distractedly.

"Now, dearie, this won't do," said her mamma, coming to the scene of action, and patting Lindie on the cheek "If I will read you the story of 'The Blue-eyed Rabbit,' will you forget about your legs and arms?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Lindie, enraptured, and at once making Pinkie ready to listen.

"What a charming pose!" remarked the artist, setting to work. "Please to stay so, dear."

"There was once a little rabbit," began Lindie's mamma, "who had blue eyes instead of pink ones. And this was how it happened. The little rabbit began with pink eyes, as a rabbit is expected to do; but one day it wished for pretty blue eyes, no one could have told why. Why, indeed, should it want blue eyes? It could make no difference what color they were, so long as the cunning little rabbit



"'OH, YES!' CRIED LINDIE, ENRAPTURED, AND AT ONCE MAKING PINKIE READY TO LISTEN."

could see the sunlight in the kitchen-garden, and know when to nod good-morning to the rest of the rabbits. But on a certain day, not long after the rabbit had wished for blue eyes, it began to race up and down the path, as if it intended to have everybody else chase it at the same mad pace. The quiet rabbits, who sat upon a patch of soft grass hard by under some shady trees, looked at our little rabbit in astonishment, although they did not for a moment think of bestirring themselves. Rabbits can sit still for a wonderfully long time, as much as to say that one place is as good as another. Up and down the paths flew the little rabbit, or tumbled heels-over-head in its hurry, until it looked as if it had half a dozen ears instead of two, and its little button of a tail was always bobbing up in the air. The quiet rabbits on the grass became so dizzy with watching the performance, that they looked extremely frightened, and stopped munching the bits of lettuce with which they were amusing themselves. At last, the little rogue ran directly toward the oldest

rabbit in the group, hit it on the nose with its own, and thereupon fell fainting on the ground.

"'Dear me,' said the old rabbit, as soon as he could speak, 'I wish this dreadful little rabbit had been born a few years from now!'

"'You are not like the rest of us in your behavior,' said another one, coming up to fan the little rabbit with a twig of apple blossoms. 'We are expected to be very quiet, unless there is need of scampering. Did you need to scamper when there was n't a dog or turkey anywhere about?'

"At these severe remarks our little rabbit opened its eyes to defend itself; and then everybody noticed that its eyes were blue! They all drew back in alarm. By this time the little rabbit had become sufficiently refreshed to get up again; and it at once stood on its hind legs and danced and capered as if it were delighted to show its steps. There was evidently no real repose for that rabbit, until it should drop dead with fatigue. But now all the other rabbits knew the cause of its peculiar behavior, and cried out that it was the blue eyes which had caused the mischief.

"'You should have been content to look just like the rest of the rabbits,' they added. 'Who knows but that it is our pink eyes which make us so well mannered, and able to remain on one spot for half an hour at a time? Most little girls have blue eyes, and you have seen how frisky they are. Why don't you wish for yellow curls and a straw hat?' they went on, still more sarcastically.

"This idea of wearing curls and a hat struck the little rabbit as so funny that it picked up a bit of lettuce which happened to be near, and sat down to think the subject over. Every time it fully realized the picture it would make in this queer, unrabbit-like guise, it chewed more rapidly at the lettuce-leaf, and its eyes sparkled more merrily than before. And, wonderful to relate, by the time its quiet little laugh was over, and the lettuce-leaf was nibbled quite out of sight, the little rabbit's eyes had again become pink, and it was restored to its former comfort and happiness."

"Oh, Mamma, how s'eepy you have made me!" exclaimed Lindie, who had not changed her pose an inch since the story was begun. "All those still rabbits, and then the jumpy rabbit who got so tired—oh!" Lindie yawned and stretched, and then leaned her head on the arm of her chair, and prepared to go to sleep without more prelude.

"Gracious! This will never do!" cried Papa's friend, who was now deeply interested in the sketch of Lindie which he had made. "Can not we give her a little tea, just for once?"

"Tea!" replied Mamma, in horror, as if she would expect Lindie to grow into an old woman at once, if she even tasted of a cup of tea. "What are you *thinking of*, my dear friend? But it is usually the way; a child of her age is all action, or all asleep, or else all ears. Perhaps I can think of a story which will rouse her."

As Mrs. Ames covered her eyes with her hand in order to reflect, and the artist at the easel dashed in a background to his picture quite furiously,—so that one would have imagined the sight of the bare canvas made his head ache, and he was covering it up on that account,—Lindie opened one eye and watched the big people sitting before her. By the time Mrs. Ames looked up, ready with a story, and the artist gave a sigh of relief after his exertions, Lindie was arranging her doll's apron, with no thought of a nap.

"Why, child, I supposed you were sound asleep!" cried her mamma.

"Oh, not *now*," responded Lindie. "That was a week ago!" And she placed Pinkie on her own head, and mixed the doll's legs up with her sparkling eyes and pink nose, so that the artist threw himself back in his chair and exclaimed:

"Lindie! if I had not been brought up to be polite, I don't know what I should say!"

"I will sing to you about the brown butterfly," said her mamma, "if you will sit as you did before, for ten minutes."

"Well, wait ten minutes first," answered Lindie, riding, as she sat in her chair, an imaginary horse, whose gait was none of the softest.

"If you will keep your face in that position, you can jog up and down as much as you like," the artist consented, kindly.

"What is a posisson?" inquired Lindie, standing up in her seat, turning her back, and dangling Pinkie over the abyss behind the chair.

Papa's friend started to his feet and rammed his paint-brushes through a hole in his palette, and laid it on his chair, and then pretended to tear his hair out by the handful.

The door opened energetically, and in walked Lindie's uncle, as merry as a bird.

"Ho, little pet! Open war? What a lovely likeness! Could n't be more like her, Jarvis, if you 'd pasted her on! Great success, Louise! All but done, is n't it? Family heirloom, already! I can see it descending through future centuries! Jarvis, you 're immensely gifted, my boy! Lindie, are n't you a pretty little witch, after all?"

"Mamma," called Lindie angrily, turning around to full view; "what is a which?"

A BED-TIME SONG.

By Lilian Dynevor Rice.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

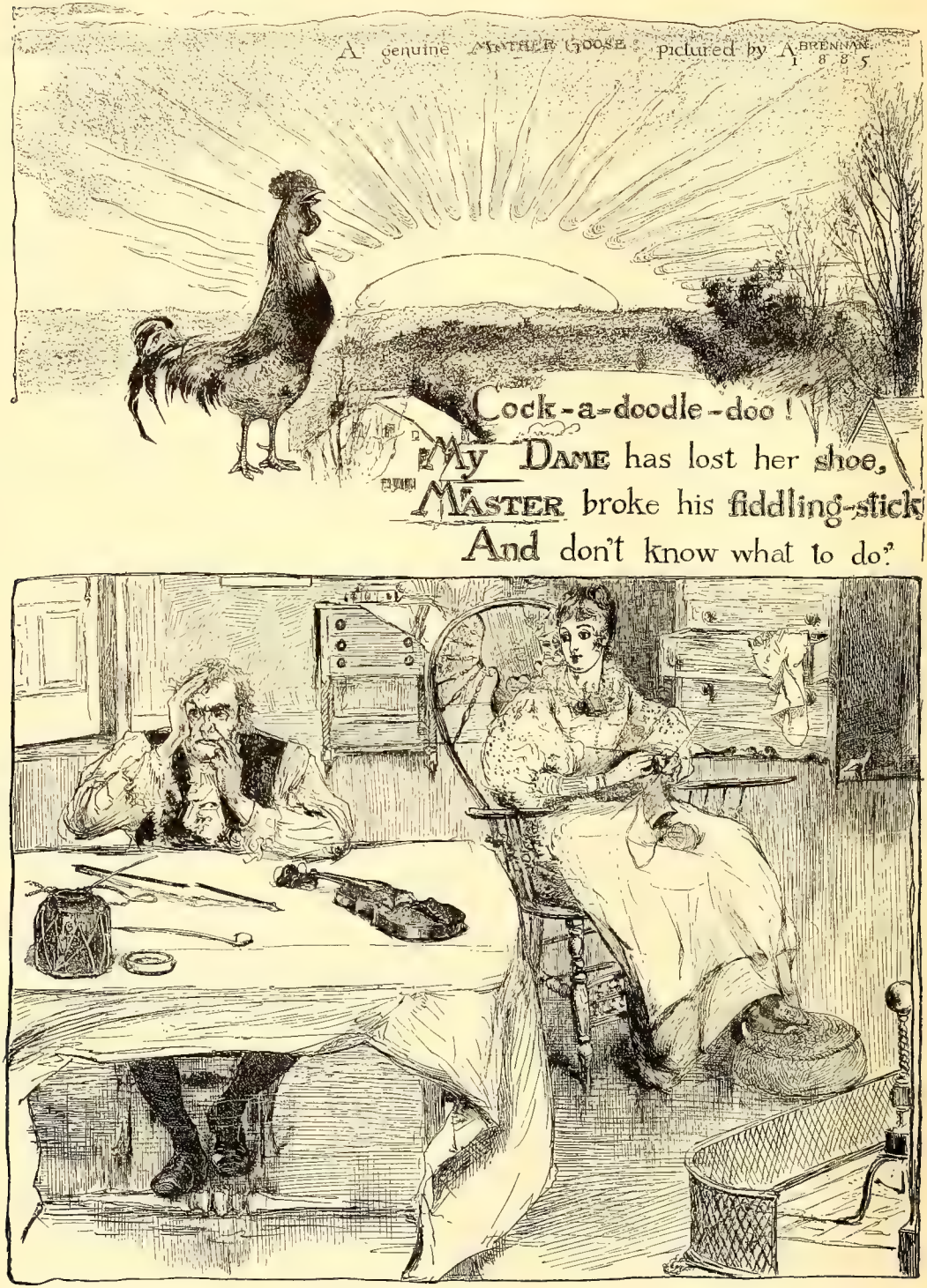
See, where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window — hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim —
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger say, "Good-night,"
We 've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.



READY TO SPRING.


A genuine MOTHER GOOSE. pictured by A. BRENNAN. 1885
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My DAME has lost her shoe,
MASTER broke his fiddling-stick
And don't know what to do."

WINNING A COMMISSION.

By George I. Putnam.

I.

One day as Fred Arden was looking over the columns of a local paper, his attention was attracted by this notice:

"A competitive examination for the vacant cadetship at the United States Military Academy, from the Third Congressional District, will be held at West Harville, Me., at 3 P. M., Nov. 22. For further information, address C. H. Willson, Oxford, Maine."

That was all; but to Fred it showed a golden opportunity. He had long desired an appointment to the Military Academy. Now he saw a chance for the fulfillment of his dreams, and he at once determined to take the examination. "I 'll do it," he said; and he forthwith devoted all his energies to the task before him.

The notice did not state what branches of study the examination would include, and Fred lost no time in writing for "further information" to the Hon. C. H. Willson, the congressman from the Third District. In reply he received a printed circular, showing the nature of the entrance examination at West Point, and also a written communication to the effect that the competitive examination would include only the branches of study named in the printed circular — reading, spelling, arithmetic, United States history, geography, and English grammar.

Two weeks now remained before the examination, and Fred devoted those precious days to a thorough overhauling of text-books and brushing up his slightly rusty knowledge of those subjects.

The eventful day arrived all too soon, and Fred boarded the first train for West Harville.

He found a vacant seat next to a tall, sloping-shouldered youth, whom he soon discovered was bound on the same errand. Mutual introductions followed, and Fred learned that his rival's name was Ben Thompson. The two, with no thought of jealousy, compared notes on the subject nearest to both of them with perfect freedom. When they reached West Harville each regarded the other as a jolly good fellow; and Ben's "Well, old fellow, if I don't get it, I hope you will," was heartily echoed by Fred.

In the hall where the examination was to be held, they found half a dozen other contestants nervously awaiting the ordeal; and promptly at three o'clock the examining committee, consisting of a college professor, a well-known doctor, and a lawyer of repute, put in an appearance, and soon after Congressman Willson also came in. Then the examination began.

First in order was the physical examination, which all succeeded in passing. Then they were taken to a larger room and given seats at a long table; each provided himself with pencil and paper, and prepared for the real struggle.

After a few hours' hard work, during which the strains of a wheezy hand-organ in the street gave an added touch of torture, the examination was concluded, and the boys filed out of the room and down the stairs with many conjectures as to failure or success.

After the lapse of a few days Fred was made glad by the receipt of the following letter from Congressman Willson:

"Oxford, Me., Nov. 26, 1880.

"Mr. Fred Arden. *Dear Sir:* The board of examiners recommended you for appointment to West Point, and I shall send your nomination to the Secretary of War next week. Please let me know the number of years you have resided in this Congressional District.

"Very respectfully, C. H. Willson."

A little later Fred received a letter from Ben Thompson congratulating him upon his good fortune, and pleasantly predicting continued success.

After about two weeks came official papers from Washington, notifying Fred that the President had appointed him a "conditional cadet" at the Military Academy, and that, if he still desired the appointment, he was to report at West Point, N. Y., on the twelfth day of June following, for the entrance examinations. Fred smiled as he read the phrase, "If you still desire the appointment." But later, in his first cadet encampment, he saw its force and application.

Although Fred had passed one examination, he was not yet a cadet; he had only acquired the nomination to a cadetship, and had still other examinations, and severer ones, to pass, before he could don the cadet gray. All his success at previous examinations would have no effect or bearing on those to come. Fred realized this fully and occupied himself from this time on in making preparations for leaving home, and in studying for the coming "preliminary" examinations at West Point.

At last the day of departure arrived, and with a heart like lead, Fred was rapidly borne away from a throng of well-wishers, from his home and all the scenes of his boyhood.

In due time he reached Garrison's, the small station opposite West Point.

He crossed the Hudson in the comical old ferry-boat Highlander, and took a seat in one of the crowded 'busses for the hotel, where all alighted and ascended the steps. Just as Fred reached the porch, his attention was attracted by a tall, slender, ramrod-like young man who passed, attired in immaculate white trousers and a tight-fitting gray coat, the forty-four brass buttons on which glistened and glittered, and reflected the light until each bit of metal might have been taken for a small incandescent lamp. It was Fred's first sight of a cadet in uniform, and he followed the retreating figure with all his eyes.

"Well, is *that* a cadet? Well——" Fred drew a long breath and went inside and registered.

That same evening the exhibition drill at the mortar battery took place, and, attracted by the roar of the mortars, Fred went out to witness the display; and there he fell in with three other young fellows, also candidates for admission to the academy. These boys, who were named Craw, Delange, and Nolan, all hailed from different States, from Mississippi, Illinois, and New York respectively; they welcomed Fred as a "Down East Yankee," and the quartette thus formed was a merry party. For two days they busied themselves strolling about the pleasant paths, reading the dates of Mexican battles cut in the ledges of rock, exploring points of interest, and eagerly watching the various brilliant military spectacles. At the same time they refreshed their memories on examination subjects, until the twelfth of June should arrive, when they must report their arrival to the Adjutant of the Military Academy, come under a severe system of restriction and military discipline, and commence a new chapter in the book of their experience—the chapter of cadet life.

II.

EARLY in the forenoon of the twelfth, Fred, with his three companions, Nolan, Craw, and Delange, went down across the broad plain to the Headquarters Building to report their presence to the Adjutant of the academy. There, grouped upon the stone steps of the building, they found a number of other candidates. One after another, in turn, they walked into the office, and showed their credentials to a clerk who recorded each arrival in a large book, while another inquired of each one the names of his parents or guardians and their pecuniary condition, whether "rich, poor, or medium," putting down the answers in another volume.

Then each candidate was sent to the hospital for a physical examination. Here a trio of grave army surgeons tested, weighed, and examined thoroughly each arrival, and then furnished him with a certificate to the effect that he had passed successfully, or had been rejected, as the case might be.

Upon receiving their certificates, Fred and his three friends returned to the Headquarters Building, where they deposited all their money with the treasurer, in accordance with a regulation of the academy, which also prohibits the cadets from receiving money or supplies of any kind from outside sources.

When a number of successful applicants had returned from the hospital, they were put in charge of an orderly, who conducted them to Cadet Barracks. The orderly, well knowing what treatment was in store for his charges, was very hilarious at their expense; but if a candidate addressed him, he suddenly became deeply mysterious.

Before admission to the academy, the candidate often finds that to cadets he is known only as a "thing"; after admission he is recognized as a "plebe," and occasionally as a "conditional thing." But the term "plebe" holds throughout the year, as though to be one were a disgrace. During this year the cadet lives under a cloud; no social intercourse falls to his lot, and to all upper classmen he is known as "Mister" so and so. Consequently, though the advent of the candidates is welcome to all classes, it is hailed with especial joy by the year-old plebes, or fourth class; for to them it means not only advancement to a higher class, but also emancipation from the discomforts of plebe year.

As Fred's party crossed the area of barracks,—a very ordinary-looking collection of youths, I must admit,—their arrival was heralded with shouts of "Here come the plebes! Turn out, fellows, and see the show!" and immediately groups of cadets appeared at the barrack doors and windows, to observe and comment upon the candidates' appearance, and to prophesy concerning their chances and approaching woes.

The orderly took the party to the hall of the eighth division of barracks, and told them to wait there quietly, and to enter the "office" one at a time, as their turn came, and report. Then immediately began a course of the treatment known as "hazing." When Fred Arden opened the door and walked in, he immediately found himself the center of a howling mob of cadets, who "would like to know, sir, what you mean by walking into this office without knocking, sir? Step out there and try it over again!"

Fred precipitately backed out, and closing the door, knocked. A stentorian voice shouted, "Come in!" and he came. But once again had he offended in the matter of etiquette, as he soon

discovered from the cries of "Take that hat off, sir!" "*Where* were you brought up, I 'd like to know?" "Don't you know better than to keep your hat on in the presence of your superior officers, sir?" "Get out there in the hall again, sir, and leave that hat there, and I–want–to–see–you–button–that–coat–up–this–time–too–sir, do you understand?" "Step out now and be quick about it."

Fred had not uttered a word in reply to this tirade, for he was far too surprised. But he



"WELL, IS THAT A CADET?"

"stepped out" and made the alterations suggested; while his fellow-martyrs, who were still waiting their turn, looked on in unhappy anticipation.

Fred's third attempt at entrance was more satisfactory, and a cadet-corporal approached him in a very business-like manner and accosted him with:

"Well, what are you here for? What do you want?"

Fred replied that he came in to report.

"Well, then, why *don't* you 'report,' and climb out again? What 's your name?"

"Fred Arden."

"What!"

"Fred Arden," in a louder tone.

"*Mister* Arden, sir," shouted the cadet-corporal.

"Yes, sir," Fred admitted; "that 's it."

"Then suppose you report properly; I have no time to waste. What 's your name?"

"Mister Arden."

"Mister Arden, sir!" roared the now apparently exasperated fledgeling.

"Mister Arden, *sir!*" repeated Fred with emphasis.

"Ah! now, where are you from?" demanded his inquisitor.

"From Maine—sir!" replied Fred, rendered wise by experience.

"There, now, you have made some progress," commented the tormentor. "You have learned to address old cadets as 'sir.' Never forget this. Also, understand that you are now under military discipline, and that a soldier's first duty is strict obedience to orders. Here, Jake," he continued, turning to a cadet near him; "take it upstairs and cage it."

With a gruff "Come along, sir," "Jake" led the way up the iron staircase to a room on the third floor, and with a gruffer "You stay in there until further orders," left Fred to his own devices.

Fred's first act was to examine his "cage." A single window, set with diamond-shaped panes of glass, admitted light into the room, which was furnished in a style of severe simplicity. From one wall, a partition which reached to within three feet of the ceiling, and extended about a third of the way across the room, divided that portion of the apartment into two alcoves. In each alcove was a narrow iron bedstead. A small wooden table was placed against the wall, under a gas-jet; and an arrangement of wooden shelves occupied the corner behind the door. The walls were whitewashed, the fire-place painted black, while the floor was bare and unpainted.

The ways of receiving candidates are almost as many as the candidates themselves, and all conceived in a fun-loving spirit. Craw, who was soon brought up to Fred's room, told of a reception very different from Fred's.

He was received with profound bows and a suave "Good-morning, sir. Will you please favor us with your name and address?"

Somewhat taken aback, he replied that his name was Craw and that he was from Mississippi.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Craw, I am delighted to meet you. I hope you are not fatigued after your long journey. Ah, not at all? So glad to hear it, I assure you."

The cadet rubbed his hands together and smiled in imitation of a well-known professor.

"So you intend to become a cadet, and ultimately an army officer? Yes? I am delighted; and you may rest assured that I shall do all in my power to

make your stay interesting. I perceive that you will be an ornament to the service, sir. Perhaps now you would like to be shown to your room. So sorry we have no vacant single apartments, but at present they are all occupied. Still, we can give you a very pleasant room with but one occupant, on the third floor back. I think it will suit you. Here Jacob, show this gentleman up to number twelve."

And "Jake," with a deferential "This way, if you please, sir," escorted him up to Fred's room, regretting on the way that the elevator was temporarily disabled.

Fred Arden and Craw, being thus placed together, became room-mates during the examinations, and established an intimacy that continued throughout the entire four years' course.

Soon after Craw had been shown to Fred's room, as the two boys were seated on one of the bedsteads talking of their new experiences, they were startled by a shout in the lower hall:

"Candida-a-tes, turn out promptly!"

Rushing headlong downstairs and out-of-doors, they found a confused mass of candidates whom the cadet officers in charge were endeavoring to form in double rank. This difficult task accomplished, the roll was called and the column marched to the Commissary Building, where each candidate received a mattress, a pillow, a blanket, and an arm-chair, and one occupant of each room received in addition a narrow-minded washstand, a wooden bucket, and a washbowl. As soon as each had received all he was entitled to, he returned to his room, carrying his newly acquired chattels with him, and arranged them in accordance with precise instructions.

At one o'clock the candidates were turned out for dinner, and were formed in column in rear of the cadet battalions and marched to the Mess Hall. There were boys from every quarter of the Union, and the difference in size, manner, and dress, combined with a certain cat-in-a-strange-garret air, caused them to present a ludicrous appearance, which was heightened by contrast with the perfectly "dressed"* lines of well "set-up,"† uniformed cadets who marched just in front.

At the command "Candidates, take seats!" Fred and his companions in affliction sat down at the tables set apart for them. Each table seated ten at a side, and one at each end. Those at the head and foot were called the "carvers," and upon them devolved the duty of seeing that the others received their share of the food. At each table was also one of the cadet officers in charge of candidates, and they were vigilant in preserving a high degree of decorum among their subjects.

In the course of three days all the candidates had reported, and the preliminary examinations commenced. Five days were required to complete them, and then all waited with what patience they could command for the result to be made known.

One day was heard again the familiar cry of "Candidates, turn out promptly!" Line was quickly formed, and the Adjutant read from a list the names of those who had failed, each as his name was called stepping a pace to the front.

Nolan was among the "foundlings." He took his failure so much to heart that he did not return home, but from New York sailed for Cuba. On his arrival there he wrote to Fred, but that was the last any of the three friends ever heard of him.

Of all the candidates — over a hundred — but seventy-three succeeded in entering, and among these were Craw, Delange, and Fred Arden. Thenceforth they were not "candidates," but the class of '85. Officially they were "conditional cadets," and were so known until the semi-annual examination in the following January. Unofficially they were called "plebes," and the name clung throughout the whole first year, and was applied to everything connected with it,— plebe class, plebe camp, plebe barracks, plebe year, and plebe course of study.

III.

HAVING now been admitted to the Military Academy, the military instruction of the new cadets was immediately commenced. Every day they were given the "setting-up" exercises, and were put through "squad" drill remorselessly. For the purpose of drilling, the class was told off into squads of five or six, and each squad committed to the care of a third-class corporal or drill-master. Fred thought at first that these ambitious "yearlings," as the third-class men are called, took a deep delight in making the drill unnecessarily severe; for he could not observe at first that all was ordered by an authority higher than a cadet-corporal. But the peculiar intonation with which some of the drill-masters would command, "Fall in here, *my* squad!" — as though they would add, "and you 'll be glad enough when I let you go again,"— struck terror to his heart.

Every June, following the graduation of the first class, the corps of cadets goes into camp for two months. This is a season of rest from study, although instruction in military duties goes on with increased vigor. During the summer, also, the cadets give a series of hops and germans which attract many people. The hotels in the neighborhood are well filled, and West Point wears a holiday aspect. It is on exhibition, and many come to see and admire.

Accordingly, soon after the result of the exami-

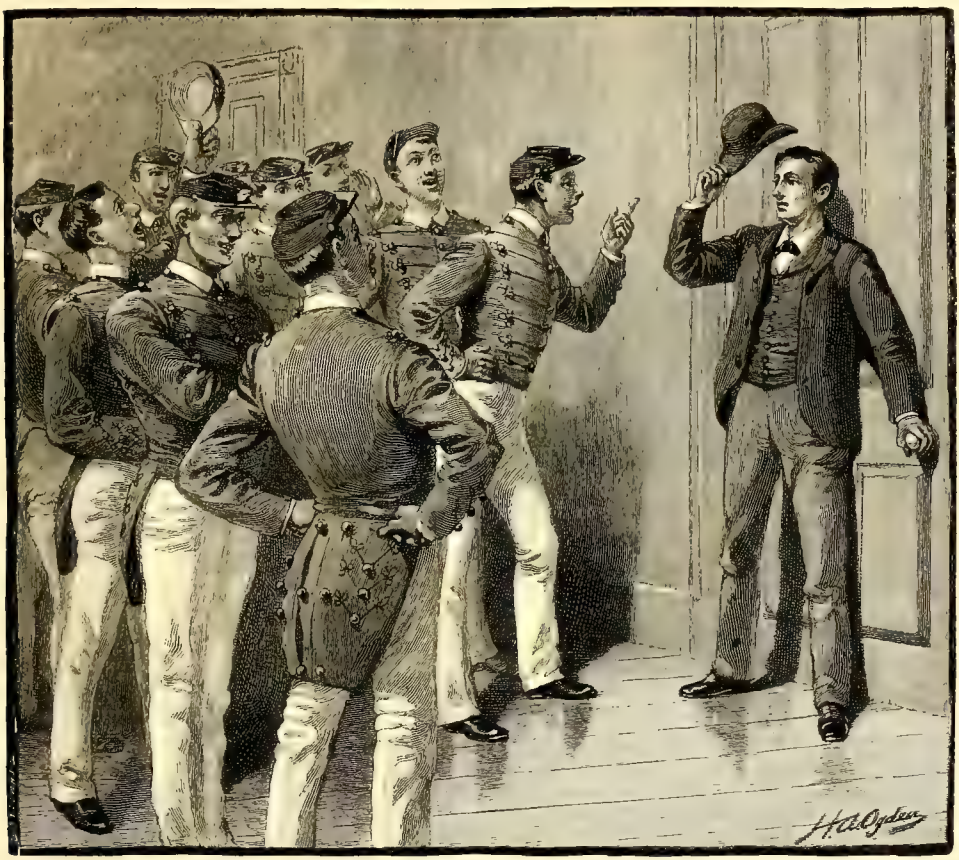
* Arranged in straight lines and at proper distances.

† In proper military style — in fit condition for parade.

nations was made known, Fred's class left barracks and was marched into camp. Its worldly effects were rolled up in blankets, and conveyed to the camp in wagons; while the new class, in column of fours, marched across the plain to the lively music of fife and drum.

As a military organization, the cadets of the academy constitute a battalion, commanded by an army officer, who is known as the Commandant of Cadets. The battalion is divided into four companies, designated as companies "A," "B," "C," and "D." Each company is in charge of smaller to "C" and "B." Craw and Fred were both assigned to "A" company, and occupied the same tent; and as three new cadets were placed in each of the tents assigned to that class, Delange too went in with them. They found themselves somewhat crowded, for the tents are designed for one rather than three, and most of their spare time the first day was spent in dividing and arranging the limited space at their disposal.

That night, upon turning in, Delange carefully closed all the openings in their canvas house, which consequently soon became as hot as a



"'DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO KEEP YOUR HAT ON IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICERS, SIR?'"

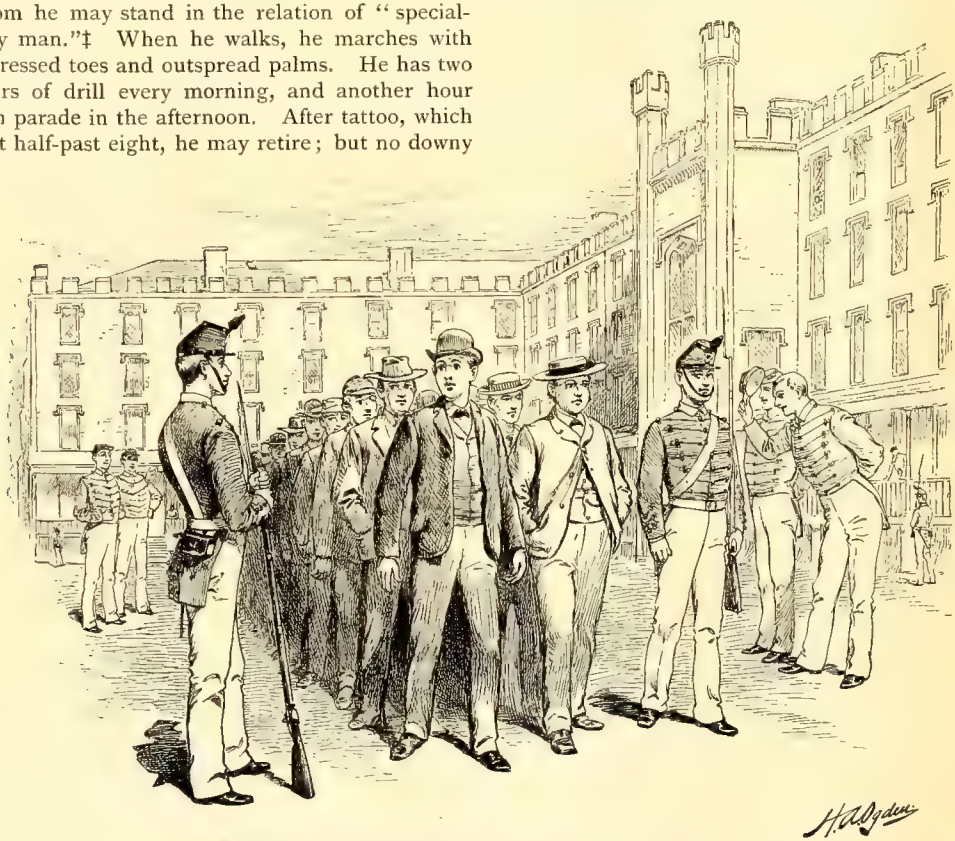
an officer of the army, usually a lieutenant, and has in addition a full quota of cadet officers. The captains and lieutenants are chosen from the first class, the sergeants from the second, and the corporals from the third. Officers' chevrons are considered highly desirable, and there is always great rivalry for the honor that attaches to them.

Plebe class was divided among the cadet companies in nearly equal portions; the larger men going to "A" and "D" companies, and the Dutch oven. It was not long, however, before a corporal made them "open up," amid the jeers of the yearlings, though greatly to their own comfort. After that, on clear nights the tent was always left open.

The summer camp is one round of labor for the plebe. If he were transported to another planet, there could hardly be a greater change in his life than that which he experiences when he leaves the comforts of his home and plunges into the

routine of military drill and discipline of West Point. He rises at five in the morning for reveille,* and in half an hour marches to breakfast, the interval being employed in doing the policing† of his own tent, and of the tent of the cadet to whom he may stand in the relation of "special-duty man."‡ When he walks, he marches with depressed toes and outspread palms. He has two hours of drill every morning, and another hour with parade in the afternoon. After tattoo, which is at half-past eight, he may retire; but no downy couch awaits him. He spreads his blanket on the tent floor, and spreads himself on that, with a quilt drawn over him for protection against the night cold. The only change from this programme is on Sundays, or on days when he marches on guard. On Sunday there is the Sunday morning inspection, and two hours at chapel, making it anything but a day of rest; and when, as a sentinel, he marches on guard in the morning, he walks post two hours at a stretch in sunshine and in rain, with four-hour intervals, during the whole twenty-four hours that elapse before the guard is relieved.

This much, in general, falls to the lot of every plebe, in the way of duty. Aside from this, comes in the question of his treatment by older cadets. So far as Fred's own experience went, his annoyance was very slight. Ability to sing, play, dance, or render one's self entertaining in some such way is highly appreciated by cadets; and a readiness to exercise what few accomplishments he may possess usually saves the plebe much harassing.



"THERE WERE BOYS FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE UNION."

During his school days Fred had committed to memory a few humorous poems, and the occasional rendering of them in his plebe camp was about all the "hazing" to which he was subjected.

Of course all did not escape so easily. Many had guns to clean and water to carry and bedding to pile for the upper-class men, and were unpleasantly "roughed" in other ways; but experience afterward convinced Fred that the ill-usage which a new cadet ordinarily receives is almost always exaggerated in the accounts which reach the public through the press.

(To be continued.)

* Pronounced rev'-a-lee. † The cleansing of a camp or garrison.

‡ When a cadet is on guard duty, or otherwise employed so as to be unable to police his own tent, this duty is assigned to another cadet who is called his "special-duty man."

DOLLS' HOSPITALS.

By Hope Howard.



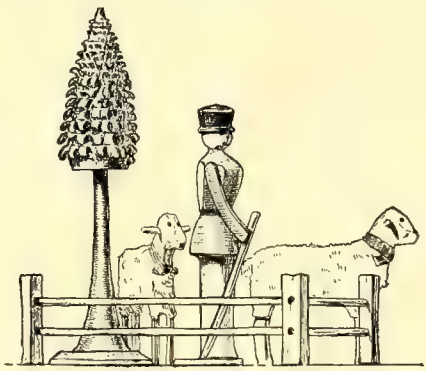
A DOLL SALON, PARIS.

ONE needs to go about the world with his eyes open for a few years only, to find how ignorant he was before his journeyings began, or to learn that while he thought himself possessed of ordinary kindness and tenderness, he may in reality have been deficient in both.

Never was my mind so opened to this fact as when, walking one day on Wilsdruffer Strasse, in Dresden, I was arrested by a large sign over the door of a building that I was passing, the words of which, translated into literal English, meant "Dolls' Invalid Hospital." I had all my life lived in a land where hospitals abounded, had been a director in hospital boards, had worked in them and for them during the War of the Rebellion, had paid dues to them for many years; but here was an appeal which had never been made to my heart before. I had never so much as heard of an "Invalid Dolls' Hospital." That great family, so tenderly beloved, and which has held so important a part in the world's history — what had Americans ever done for its afflicted members? To our shame be it said, we have been as cruel as the pariahs of India, who place their sick fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and children in great sheds, and leave them to be sustained by what charity throws them, or to die unaided when illness overtakes them. In fact, our method of abandoning dolls has been worse, as many a rag-bag, ash-barrel, and dust-heap might testify. And when I saw that sign, I felt the blush of shame mantle my cheek; and I tried to excuse the neglect by saying to myself:

"We are yet so young! Here is Saxony, which has existed for many centuries, while we are only one century old! She has had time to work up this reform, which with us is yet of the future."

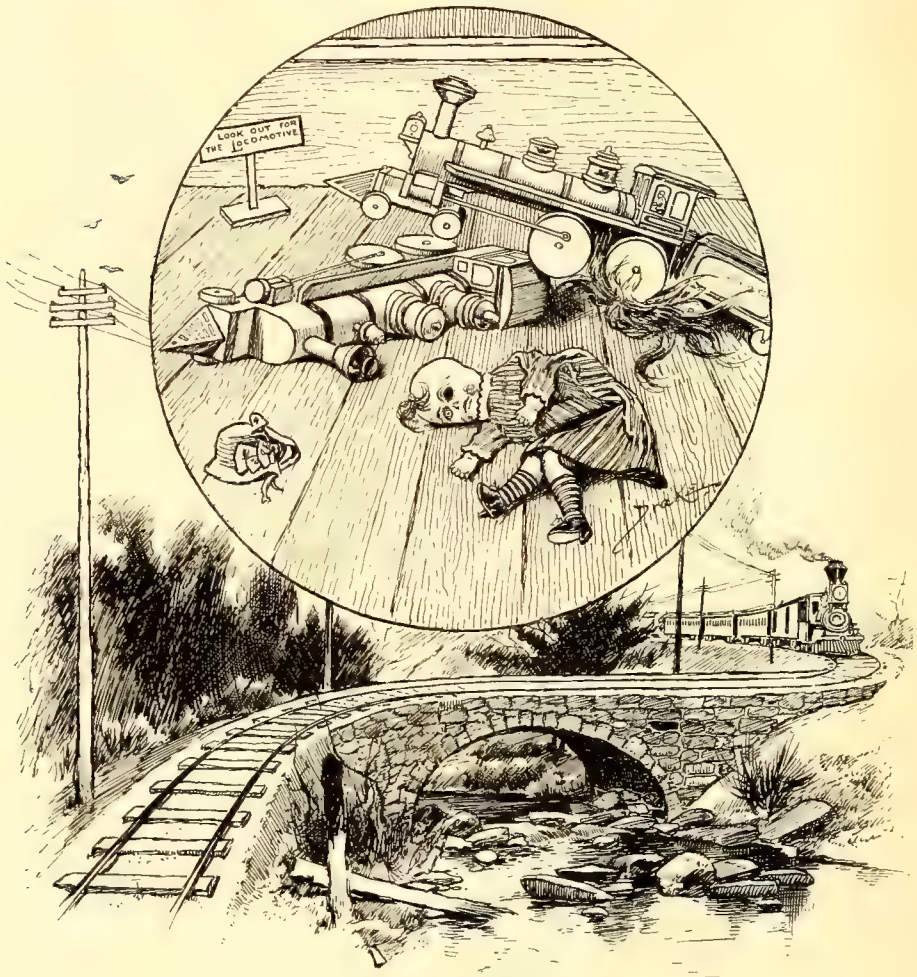
Now, Germany is really the Doll Country. We hear at home of the Paris doll as the representative of its race. It is true that the doll population of France, and especially of Paris, is very large; but it is essentially a class race in the latter place. As you pass through the streets, you see them dressed in the latest mode, and looking at you out of their great eyes for approval of their style. But in Dresden and other German cities you see dolls of every rank. You see them in every style of dress and undress. You encounter them of every nationality, represented by its peculiar costume, and not, as in France, all Parisianized. You see establishments devoted entirely to the fashioning of their clothing; you go to an adjacent town to visit some manufactory of porcelain, or historical monument, and you find wholesale makers of dolls' bonnets, and you become



A RURAL SCENE, SAXONY.

impressed with the importance of the position the doll occupies in the economy of the world. The appliances for their comfort accumulate as

time rolls on, and there is nothing which any nation of refinement possesses which is not furnished to the doll-folk. I saw all the latest improvements, from cooking ranges and laundry conveniences up to the luxuries of the drawing-room, boudoir, toilet and ball-room, repeated for them in Dresden, until I felt myself to be but a cipher, in that I was wholly without many of the appointments which are considered necessary for even a well-to-do doll.



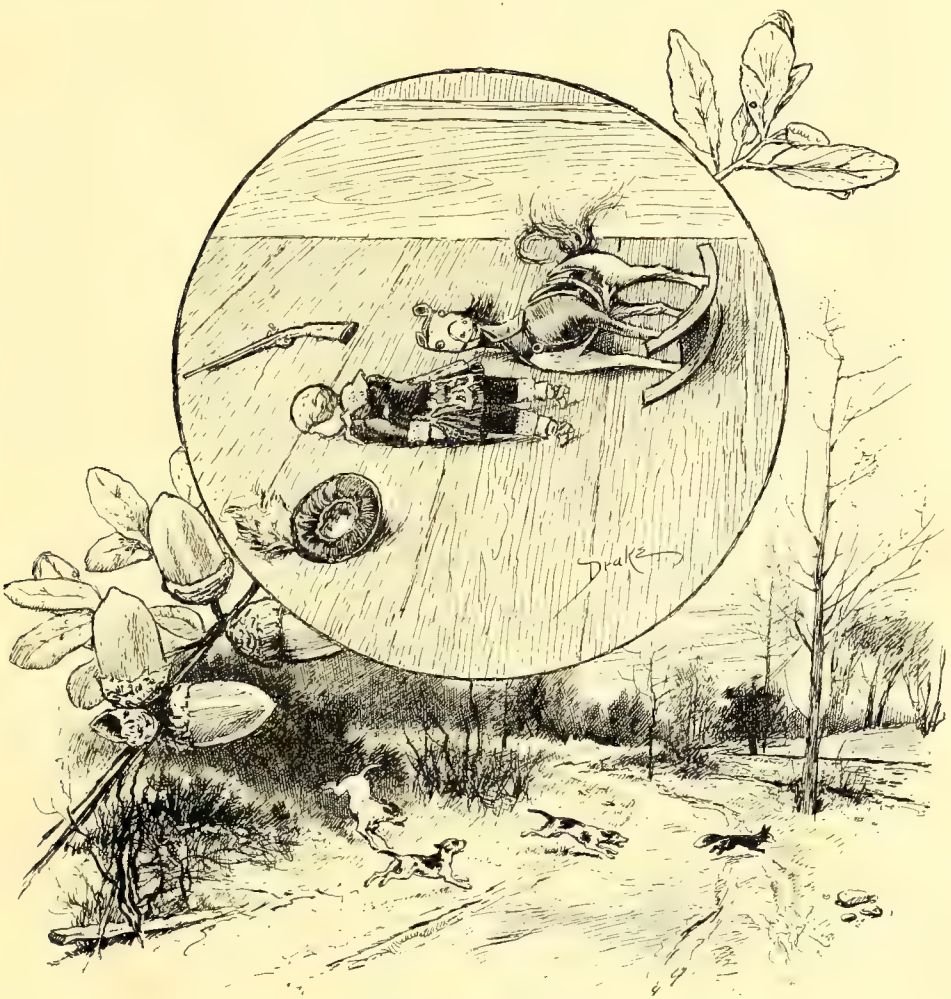
DANGERS OF THE RAIL.

But these very things — luxury and the excessive refinement of life — bring illness and suffering in their train, and thus I could understand how necessary were the wise provisions I had seen for their relief. I was, therefore, the more gratified when a day or two after passing the Invalid Dolls' Hospital I saw other like institutions of mercy, as I walked through Friedrichs Allée. This is a broad, unpaved street, which extends a long distance across the busy part of the town. Rows of fine trees line the walks. The houses stand about fifty feet from the street, and have in front pleasant yards inclosed by open fences. In the spring, summer, and autumn it is a charming locality, airy and attractive. Here one may walk shielded from the rays of the sun; and the situation is as healthful as one could wish, and eminently adapted to the comfort of the ill.

On the great gate-post of one of these houses I saw a sign bearing this legend, "Dolls' Retreat"; and near it another, "Dolls' Infirmary." I determined to investigate the workings of all these institutions and to make them known to my countrymen, or, more particularly, to my little

countrywomen, who naturally are more interested in woes of this special sort. I went first to the Invalid Dolls' Hospital, but found to my dismay that to none of these dolls' institutions was any one admitted, save the directors and the families of patients. I told the head surgeon, as I dubbed the proprietor, that my desire was to carry back to America some account of this noble work; and he very graciously gave me some information which I take pleasure in communicating to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

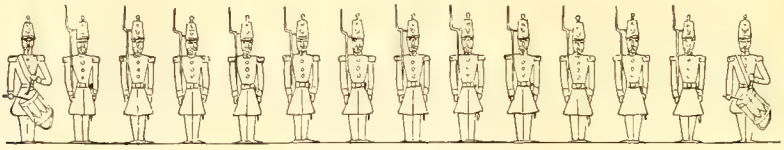
He informed me that as a rule doll-folk were less subject to internal maladies than to fractures and ailments which require surgical treatment. I shall not repeat all the afflictions of which he told me, lest I should distress you; but he related a few cases which may be of interest. One was a blonde young creature who had lost all her hair. The injury occurred in a railway accident, when toy railway cars had come into collision. She had been projected through a window by the shock, and her hair had been wound about the car wheel until it was fairly lifted from the crown of her head. By an application of a certain cereous preparation to the wound, and a kind of engrafting process, which, as he described it, seemed a perfect triumph of science, the parts had been restored; and it was expected that she would be discharged cured within the week.



DANGERS OF THE CHASE.

Another case in the male ward was that of a young doll gentleman who had been on a hunting party where all the horses were rockers; he had

been thrown under one of the steeds, which had passed over him, breaking the left leg and the right arm. These were in splinters at the time of which I write. I was pleased to hear the surgeon say that he would do as much to hasten the recovery of the poorest and most ungrateful of his patients as he would to restore this chivalrous hunter; thereby showing the purity of his professional character.



DISCHARGED—CURED.

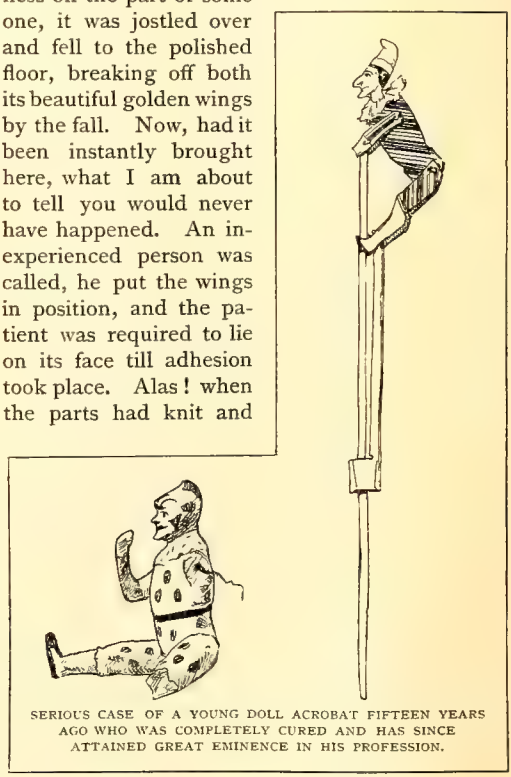


INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR RESTRAINING DOLL ANARCHISTS.

I was amazed at the supply of artificial legs, arms, eyes, noses, and ears which I saw in the office of the Hospital. When these have been adjusted to the maimed patients, and they have reached a state of convalescence, they are sent to the Dolls' Retreat, to remain till all scars of the surgeon's work are removed by time. But for the testimony of the surgeon himself, I could never have believed what losses had been sustained by those I saw discharged as cured.

The value of this institution and its efficient corps of workers may be illustrated by the following incident, related to me by the head surgeon. I give it in his own words.

"It is," said he, "a well known fact that there are different orders of beings among the doll people. Such are occasionally seen to appear, especially at the Christmas season — winged creatures, who alight upon the Christmas-tree, and are messengers of joy to all present. This very holiday season, one of these little beings, which had been going about gladdening all hearts for several days without a moment of rest, fell asleep from sheer weariness while resting upon the tip-top of a tree filled with all manner of good things. By carelessness on the part of some one, it was jostled over and fell to the polished floor, breaking off both its beautiful golden wings by the fall. Now, had it been instantly brought here, what I am about to tell you would never have happened. An inexperienced person was called, he put the wings in position, and the patient was required to lie on its face till adhesion took place. Alas! when the parts had knit and the bandages were removed, it was found that one of the wonderful wings was upside down!



SERIOUS CASE OF A YOUNG DOLL ACROBAT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO WHO WAS COMPLETELY CURED AND HAS SINCE ATTAINED GREAT EMINENCE IN HIS PROFESSION.

The various attendants were deeply grieved when I told them of our having absolutely nothing

in America corresponding to their merciful institutions; and the proprietor exclaimed, "What a pity!" when I related the woes I had there witnessed with no means of alleviation. I begged him to issue a circular of his establishment in the English language, and I promised that it should be given to many young and influential friends in England and America.

He kindly complied, and I now present his statement to you just as he wrote it, without attempting to alter the somewhat German idiom, hoping it may prove a real comfort to all doll mothers.

To the High-well-born Doll Mothers of America.

We would to your worthy Highnesses the throughout Germany much-famed Invalid Dolls' Hospital make known. This much by Royalty and Respectables patronized Institution has since before many years already for healing and curing of all injuries, accidents, as well as disorders of Dolls, founded been; and has the thanks of many weeping Doll mothers received, on account of the many cherished Dolls from destruction hereby saved.

This so-called Dolls' Invalid Hospital has best experience to the cure of all cases from Falls, Drowning, Fires, Knives, Mice, etc., and for supply of all parts, as Legs, Arms, Noses, Heads, etc., equal newness as at first.

Further, we can the fallen-off hair supply; the fresh Complexion put on; to the unspeaking Dolls voices give, and the crooked eyes straighten. Ordinations we have for the making of Doll gruel, and many medicinal preparations for the Weak and Feeble to strengthen. Also patent Doll Invalid Beds and Wagons for all sizes.

Doll mothers dare their precious Charges to our care, with sureness of Best Treatment at Reasonable Prices, entrust.

Professor Gashoffer, Hof Puppeninvalidenantstalts Wundarzt.

Patronized by the High and Mighty Little Princesses of Saxony.

Patronesses:

Princess Tuchen, of Tinklewasser.
Princess Lisa, of Steckenpferd.
Princess Gretchen, of Mantelkoppe.
Princess Lisbette, of Rollbetten.
Countess Dora Doodelsack.
Baroness Von Trumphen.

A RAINY MAY DAY IN CENTRAL PARK.

By Alice Wellington Rollins.

"Oh, Mattie!" exclaimed Jenny, running to the window as she sprang out of bed, "It *rains!*"

"*Rains?*" echoed Mattie. "Oh, Jenny, it *can't* rain on May Day!"

"But it does," said the pitiless little observer at the window.

Both children dressed as quickly as they could, with stopping every few minutes to look out at the sidewalk and the sky. Before many minutes they hurried into the breakfast-room to consult Papa; but in their eagerness they had come down long before Papa was ready for breakfast.

"Let 's look in the paper," said Tom, who had rushed down from the third story in quite as much of a hurry as his sisters. "Here it is; let 's see what 'Old Prob.' says: 'For New England and Middle States, slightly cooler with local rains.' Horrid old thing! Everybody says he 's always wrong."

"But we 're not New England and Middle States," said Mattie. "We 're the State of New York."

"Goosie!" said Tom with a superior smile. "Don't you know that New York is one of the Middle States? But see here, girls! here 's something more; out West it 's going to be awfully clear to-day."

"Where 's 'out West'?" inquired Mattie.

"Well," said Tom, with a comical glance at Jenny; "you know we live on the east side of the Park, and where we 're going for the May party is on the west side. I wonder if that is n't far enough 'out West' for it to be clear!"

Just at this moment Mr. Wilson came downstairs and there was a general rush.

"Oh, Papa, did you ever, *ever* hear of such a thing as its raining on May Day?"

Well, yes, Papa thought he had. But he did not think it need make much difference; they could go to the Park to-morrow.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Jenny, reproachfully. "Why, to-morrow will be nothing but a day in May: it won't be May Day."

"And, besides," added Tom, "we can't go to-morrow; our permit is for to-day."

Then Papa remembered that he had really had to apply for a permit for the children, because so many May parties want to go to the Park, that there would be hopeless confusion unless each had a separate place allotted it. The Wilson children had applied for a permit very early, and had been fortunate enough to have one given them for the

very, very day. Some children had to wait until one of the Saturdays at the very end of the month, because there were so many parties.

And how it was raining! Mamma did her best to comfort them; she said she would put on her



"FALLING TEMPERATURE."

water-proof and take her umbrella, and run around to their little cousins' house, and send Susie and Robert and Hattie, who were to have been of the party, to spend the day in the house with them; and they could have a nice dance in the parlor, and there should be some ice-cream.

Well, it might be all very nice, but of course it could n't compare with a party in the Park. It was a very doleful little group that stood at the window, watching Mamma as she turned the corner. Even the baby, who was quite too young to go to the Park, and who had n't the faintest idea what a May party was, or why they were all so miserable, rubbed his little fists into his eyes for sympathy, and murmured sorrowfully, "Wain! wain!" when anybody looked at him.

"It is n't raining very hard," said Susie and Robert and Hattie, when they came in a few minutes later. "Papa says perhaps it will clear off."

"Anyhow, we 'd better get our things on, so as to be ready," said Jenny; and for a while they were really quite happy while they dressed Mattie, who was to be the Queen, in her white dress, and put on her little white veil and the wreath of paper roses. And then in the midst of it came a ring at the door, and a box addressed to "Miss Mattie Wilson!" And inside of it was a perfectly lovely wreath of real pink roses that Mamma had sent home to make the dance in the parlor a little more festive. But their faces fell once more when they stole to the window again in all their finery and saw the big drops still falling.

"That 's what the newspaper means by 'falling temperature,' I suppose," said Mattie.

"But there 's luncheon to see to," said practical Jenny. "I will go and get the basket ready, and perhaps by that time it will be clear."

True enough, when she came back, Susie, who had been watching all the time at the window, announced:

"It is n't raining."

She did not say it with a great deal of enthusiasm; for she was conscious that although it did not actually rain at the moment, the sidewalk was very wet and the sky very gloomy, and the wind rather cold.

But, dear me, if it had only stopped raining, that was enough! Perhaps the sun would be shining "out West," where they were going. They could put on their water-proofs and rubbers. Of course Mattie could n't wear a water-proof; nobody ever heard of a queen in a water-proof; but they could take an umbrella to hold over Mattie in case it should rain again; and without a thought that Mamma could possibly object, now that it did not actually rain at the moment, they were soon trooping down the steps and walking rapidly "out West," where perhaps the sun would be shining.

From my window, overlooking the Park, I saw them going through one of the big gates: oh, so many Matties and Hatties and Susies and Jennies and Roberts and Toms, on that rainy day in May! And I wondered what in the world their mammas could be thinking of, to let them run in the damp



DAMPENED PATRIOTISM.

grass and under the dripping trees, with only their thin little wreaths of paper roses on their heads, and thin little veils of gauzy stuff over their white dresses. You see, I did not know about their mammas' having gone for the ice-cream that was to keep them happy in the house.

It was not very encouraging, as they went farther into the Park, and began to see other parties rather disconsolate in the cold, damp air. A small girl was blowing her fingers to keep them warm, and a boy was vainly trying to throw to the breeze a very damp American flag that had been caught in the last shower. And very soon — alas! alas! the big drops began to fall again.

"Is it a 'local shower,' do you think, Tom?" asked Mattie timidly.

"We ought to have brought two umbrellas," said Tom anxiously,—"one for Mattie and one for the lunch-basket."

They stopped to consult. It would never do to let the Queen's flowers be rained on; but then it would also never do to have the cake soaked through.

"We might eat the cake," suggested Mattie. "And then you would n't have to carry it."

This was considered a brilliant idea. They ate the cake as hurriedly as possible, and then organized their dance. Mattie was to stand still and hold the umbrella over her crown of roses, while the rest of them joined hands and danced about her.

"But nobody can see I am the Queen," said Mattie, "if I have an umbrella over me."

This was a dilemma, indeed. Then, fortunately, Susie remembered the wreath of paper roses.

"Mattie can wear the real roses," she suggested; "and we can put the paper roses on the outside of the umbrella. Then everybody will know where the Queen is."



"MATTIE WAS TO HOLD THE UMBRELLA OVER HER CROWN OF ROSES, WHILE THE REST JOINED HANDS AND DANCED."

They had just arranged it successfully, when who should come up — anxious, out of breath, and almost weeping — but Mamma and Aunt Sarah! They had known just where to find the children, for they knew the place for which they had the permit; and in another minute the little band was hurrying home, where they were made

to change all their clothes immediately, and then to dance and run and play games to keep themselves warm, and to drink hot lemonade to prevent their taking cold, until they declared that their rainy May Day had actually been the pleasantest of all.

And strange to say, not one of them did take cold. I have often noticed — have n't you? — that we are not nearly so likely to take cold when we are having a good time, as when we are having a "horrid" time.



CHILD-SKETCHES FROM GEORGE ELIOT.

("MIDDLEMARCH.")

By Julia Magruder.

In a certain famous story of English country-life, entitled "Middlemarch," Mr. Caleb Garth is represented as a Warwickshire land-agent and the father of Mary Garth, one of the heroines of the story. Mr. Garth had an office in the town of Middlemarch, but the house in which he and his family lived "was a little way outside the town — a homely place with an orchard in front of it." It was a "rambling, old-fashioned, half-timbered building, which before the town had spread had been a farm-house, but was now surrounded with the private gardens of the townsmen. The Garth family, which was rather a large one, . . . were very fond of their old house, . . . even to the attic, which smelled deliciously of apples and quinces."

Mrs. Garth "had sometimes taken pupils, in a peripatetic fashion, making them follow her about in the kitchen with their book or slate. She thought it good for them to see that she could make an excellent lather while she corrected their blunders 'without looking';—that a woman with her sleeves tucked up above her elbows might know all about the Subjunctive Mood or the Torrid Zone;—that, in short, she might possess 'education' and other good things ending in 'tion' and worthy to be pronounced emphatically, without being a useless doll.

"Mrs. Garth, at certain hours, was always in the kitchen, and this morning she was carrying on several occupations at once there, making her pies at the well-scoured deal table, on one side of that airy room, observing Sally's movements at the oven and dough-tub through an open door, and giving lessons to her youngest boy and girl, who were standing opposite to her at the table, with their books and slates before them. A tub and a clothes-horse at the other end of the kitchen indicated an intermittent wash of small things also going on. Mrs. Garth, with her sleeves turned above her elbows, deftly handling her pastry, applying her rolling-pin, and giving ornamental pinches while she expounded with grammatical fervor what were the right views about the concord of verbs and pronouns with 'nouns of multitude, or signifying many,' was a sight agreeably amusing.

"'Now let us go through that once more,' said Mrs. Garth, pinching an apple-puff, which seemed to distract Ben, an energetic young male with a heavy brow, from due attention to the lesson. '*Not without regard to the import of the word as conveying unity or plurality of idea* — tell me again what that means, Ben.'

"'Oh — it means — you must think — you mean,' said Ben rather peevishly. 'I hate grammar! What 's the use of it?'

"'To teach you to speak and write correctly, so that you can be understood,' said Mrs. Garth,

with severe precision. 'Should you like to speak as old Job does?'

"'Yes,' said Ben stoutly; 'it 's funnier. He says *Yo goo;*—that 's just as good as *You go.*'

"'But he says, *A ship 's in the garden*, instead of *a sheep*,' said Letty, with an air of superiority. 'You might think he meant a ship off the sea.'

"'No, you might n't, if you were n't silly,' said Ben. 'How could a ship off the sea come there?'

"'These things belong only to pronunciation, which is the least part of grammar,' said Mrs. Garth.—'That apple-peel is to be eaten by the pigs, Ben; if you eat it, I must give them your piece of pastry.—Job has only to speak about very plain things. How do you think you would write or speak about anything more difficult, if you knew no more of grammar than he does? You would use wrong words, and put words in the wrong places, and instead of making people understand you, they would turn away from you as a tiresome person. What would you do then?'

"'I should n't care, I should leave off,' said Ben, with a sense that this was an agreeable issue where grammar was concerned.

"'I see you are getting tired and stupid, Ben,' said Mrs. Garth. . . . Having finished her pies she moved toward the clothes-horse, and said to the lad, 'Come here and tell me the story I told you on Wednesday, about Cincinnatus.'

"'I know! he was a farmer,' said Ben.

"'Now, Ben, he was a Roman—let *me* tell,' said Letty, using her elbow contentiously.

"'You silly thing, he was a Roman farmer, and he was plowing.'

"'Yes, but before that—that did n't come first—people wanted him—' said Letty.

"'Well, but you must say what sort of a man he was first,' insisted Ben. 'He was a wise man, like my father, and that made the people want his advice. And he was a brave man, and could fight. And so could my father, could n't he, Mother?'

"'Now, Ben, let me tell the story straight on, as Mother told it to us,' said Letty, frowning. 'Please, Mother, tell Ben not to speak.'

"'Letty, I am ashamed of you,' said her mother, wringing out the caps from the tub. 'When your brother began, you ought to have waited to see if he could not tell the story. How rude you look, pushing and frowning, as if you wanted to conquer with your elbows! Cincinnatus, I am sure, would have been sorry to see his daughter behave so.

"'Now, Ben.'

"'Well—oh—well—why, there was a great deal of fighting, and they were all blockheads, and—I can't tell it just as you told it—but they wanted a man to be captain, and king, and everything ——'

"'Dictator, now,' said Letty, with injured looks, and not without a wish to make her mother repent.

"'Very well, dictator!' said Ben, contemptuously. 'But that is n't a good word; he did n't tell them to write on slates.'

"'Come, come, Ben; you are not so ignorant as that,' said Mrs. Garth, carefully serious, 'Hark, there is a knock at the door! Run, Letty, and open it.'"

The visitor proved to be Fred Vincy, a young man whom both mother and children knew well. He had come to see Mr. Garth, and came into the kitchen to wait for his return; Mrs. Garth saying, after she had greeted him:

"'Do you mind staying with me while I finish my matters here?'

"'But we need n't go on about Cincinnatus, need we?' said Ben, who had taken Fred's whip out of his hand and was trying its efficiency on the cat.

"'No; go out now. But put that whip down. How very mean of you to whip poor old Tortoise! Pray, take the whip from him, Fred.'

"'Come, old boy, give it me,' said Fred, putting out his hand.

"'Will you let me ride on your horse to-day?' said Ben, rendering up the whip with an air of not being obliged to do it.

"'Not to-day—another time,' said Fred." And the children ran off to play.

Ben and Letty had a grown sister named Mary, to whom they were very much devoted, not only because she was very kind to them, but also because she "played at forfeits and made fun" and was always ready to contribute to their amusement.

"'Oh, don't sew, Mary!' said Ben, one morning, pulling her arm down, as Mary took up her work which she had 'kept on her lap during breakfast.' 'Make me a peacock with this bread-crumb.' He had been kneading a small mass for the purpose.

"'No, no, Mischief!' said Mary, good-humoredly, while she pricked his hand lightly with her needle. 'Try and mold it yourself; you have seen me do it often enough. I must get this sewing done. It is for Rosamond Vincy; she is to be married next week, and she can't be married without this handkerchief,' Mary ended merrily, amused with the last notion.

"'Why can't she, Mary?' said Letty, seriously interested in this mystery, and pushing her head so close to her sister that Mary now turned the threatening needle towards Letty's nose.

"'Because this is one of a dozen, and without it there would only be eleven,' said Mary, with a

grave air of explanation, so that Letty sank back with a sense of knowledge."

Soon after this, Mary went to stay a while at Lowich Parsonage, not far off; and during her absence, Christy, her eldest brother, came home for a short holiday. Fred Vincy, coming over again to see the Garths, "found the entire family group, dogs and cats included, under the great apple-tree in the orchard. It was a festival with Mrs. Garth, for Christy was her peculiar pride and joy. . . . He was lying on the ground now, by his mother's chair, with his straw hat laid flat over his eyes, while Jim, on the other side, was reading aloud from that beloved writer who has made a chief part in the happiness of many young lives. The volume was 'Ivanhoe,' and Jim was in the great archery scene at the tournament, but suffered much interruption from Ben, who had fetched his own old bow and arrows, and was making himself dreadfully disagreeable, Letty thought, by begging all present to observe his random shots, which no one wished to do except Brownie, the active-minded, but probably shallow mongrel, while the grizzled Newfoundland, lying in the sun, looked on with the dull-eyed neutrality of extreme old age. Letty herself, showing as to her mouth and pinafore some slight signs that she had been assisting at the gathering of the cherries, which stood in a coral heap on the tea-table, was now seated on the grass, listening open-eyed to the reading.

"But the center of interest was changed for all by the arrival of Fred Vincy. When, seating himself on the garden-stool, he said he was on his way to Lowich Parsonage, Ben, who had thrown down his bow and snatched up a reluctant half-grown kitten instead, strode across Fred's outstretched legs and said, 'Take me!'

"'Oh, and me, too!' said Letty.

"'You can't keep up with Fred and me,' said Ben.

"'Yes, I can. Mother, please say I 'm to go,' urged Letty, whose life was much checkered by resistance to her depreciation as a girl.

"'*I* shall stay with Christy,' observed Jim; as much as to say that he had the advantage of those simpletons; whereupon Letty put her hand to her head and looked with jealous indecision from one to the other.

"'Let us all go and see Mary,' said Christy, opening his arms.

"'No, my dear child, we must not go in a swarm to the Parsonage,'" said Mrs. Garth. "'Besides, your father will come home. We must let Fred go alone. He can tell Mary that you are here, and she will come back to-morrow.'"

She turned away to talk with Fred, but before his interview was half ended, "there was a rush of unintended consequences under the apple-tree where the tea-things stood. Ben, bouncing across the grass with Brownie at his heels, and seeing the kitten dragging the knitting by a lengthening line of wool, shouted and clapped his hands; Brownie barked, the kitten, desperate, jumped on the tea-table and upset the milk, then jumped down again and swept half the cherries with it; and Ben, snatching up the half-knitted sock-top, fitted it over the kitten's head as a new source of madness; while Letty, arriving, cried out to her mother against this cruelty. It was a history as full of sensation as 'This is the house that Jack built.'"

So, in and out through this long and wonderful story these young folk go; loving each other dearly, but engaging in fierce though friendly argument over trifles, as brothers and sisters will do, all the world over.

And the last glimpse we have of them is quite at the end of the story, where they are found deep in an argument over the relative value of boys and girls. Then Ben, so says the story, "immediately appealed to his mother whether boys were not better than girls. Mrs. Garth pronounced that both were alike naughty, but that boys were undoubtedly stronger, could run faster, and throw with more precision to a greater distance. With this oracular sentence Ben was well satisfied, not minding the naughtiness; but Letty took it ill, her feeling of superiority being stronger than her muscles."

Do not we all know Ben and Letty — only perhaps under other names?

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

By General Adam Badeau.

THE first thing for a boy or a girl to remember in considering war is — that soldiers must eat. It is generally supposed that the most important duty of a soldier is to fight; but this is a mistake. He must eat before he can fight; and more battles have been lost because commanders could not feed their armies, than because they could not fight the enemy. This fact should be especially borne in mind by those who wish to understand the March to the Sea.

In 1864, when Grant took command of the armies of the United States, there were two great forces of the South to be beaten and destroyed if the Union was to be saved. One was the army under General Robert E. Lee, between Washington and Richmond; the other that in Northern Georgia, before Chattanooga, commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston. Grant remained in person at the East, and undertook to defeat Lee's army there; while he gave to General William T. Sherman the task of subduing Johnston's forces. Chattanooga is in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, on the borders of Tennessee and Georgia. It stands at the junction of the great railroad which runs east and west between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, and that other equally important one running north and south between the Ohio and the Gulf of Mexico. By these two railroads the Southern Confederacy, during the early part of the war, had sent supplies to its armies. But when Grant won Chattanooga in 1863, one line was broken; and the Southerners fell back for communication to other railroads which met at Atlanta, connecting that place with Mobile, Savannah, New Orleans, and Richmond.

The control of the railroads is the object of every great campaign in modern war. Whoever holds the railroads can move troops and ammunition and food to the important point more quickly than the enemy. And everything depends upon being stronger than your enemy at the important point. One man is nearly as good as another man, at least on the average. Ten thousand men of one nation are nearly sure to be worth ten thousand of another; and certainly in the great American war, where all of the men were of the same nation, there was little difference in the fighting quality of the opposing forces. One side had more dash, the other more endurance; one perhaps went into battle more furiously, the other I should say held out more stubbornly; but in the end the men on one side were about as good for fighting purposes as those on the other. Whoever had most men, therefore, was most likely to win. But they must be equipped and fed. To have more men than you can feed, is worse than not having enough.

When Grant won Chattanooga, he secured the great highway across the continent from Mississippi to the sea, as well as the gateway into Georgia. Then he ordered Sherman to advance southward to the next great crossing of railroads, at Atlanta. It took Sherman four months to carry out this order. He had to move through a mountainous region, by narrow defiles, across numerous streams, against an army of his own countrymen, as good soldiers as ever fought, and led by a general who had no superior in skill or courage on either side during the war, who knew how to fight and to fortify, to put every obstacle in the way of his antagonist, to hold him off as long as possible, and — quite as important as anything else — to fall back when he could hold out no longer. Johnston opposed Sherman in this way. But Sherman had more men and equal skill and courage. His military genius taught him, as a rule, not to attack the enemy in his strong defenses, but to move around him, to flank him as it is called, — to threaten his rear and his communications, to place the National army in such a position that it could interrupt Johnston's supplies of food, so that Johnston must either drive Sherman off by fighting, or lose his supplies, or fall back to another position. He could not, of course, afford to lose his supplies, for, as I have said, armies must first of all be fed; and he had not men enough to attack Sherman with much chance of success; so in each case, after awhile he had to fall back. But he delayed Sherman as long as he could, in the hope of wearing him out, or in the hope that some disaster might happen to the Union cause elsewhere, that would compel Grant to take Sherman away. But Grant held his own everywhere else, and Sherman did not get tired. So the succession of flank movements and retreats and occasional battles went on from May until July.

Then the Confederate President, with great unwisdom, removed the skillful and sagacious Johnston, because he fell back so constantly (when there was nothing else for him to do), and put General Hood, a headstrong sort of soldier, in his place. Hood at once attacked Sherman, and two

or three heavy battles occurred, in which many lives were lost and Hood was invariably beaten. As he had fewer men than Sherman, he was less able to bear the loss, and was comparatively weaker at the end of every fight than at the beginning. Finally, he was driven into Atlanta, and then Sherman made another flank movement, almost surrounding the town, and threatening to block every railroad leading into it. This compelled Hood to abandon the place precipitately, in order to save his only communication which he had wrested from the Confederates. Hood, therefore, flung his army around on this road at various points between Atlanta and Chattanooga, that is, between Sherman and his base; and Sherman soon discovered that he was in great danger. The enemy was highly elated, and declared that the Union army must either starve or retreat over the line it had won. Sherman, however, did not give up Atlanta; but he had to move a great part of his army back in order to drive off Hood and re-open the road. But Hood



SHERMAN'S ARMY LEAVING ATLANTA.

tions. Thereupon Sherman entered Atlanta, and the first part of his task was accomplished.

Soon, however, Hood thought he would try Sherman's game. The Union commander was now three hundred miles from Nashville, the point where his food was stored. Now, it is impossible to carry many days' provisions for sixty thousand men along with them; armies must therefore have a "base," that is, a point where their food is stored; and they must keep open the road to this base. Sherman was now in an enemy's country; he could get nothing from the people except by force, and all his supplies came along the one could keep up his attacks on the railroad indefinitely; he had his own country behind him, and the supplies of the South to draw from. Sherman, therefore, for all his victories, had won little more than the ground he stood on.

Grant's plan had been that Sherman, after entering Atlanta, should march on to Mobile, holding the line that he had gained. This would have cut the Confederacy in two. But Sherman found the achievement impossible; and after chasing Hood about in the rear for a month or two, and accomplishing nothing but to hold his own, he conceived another idea,—one of

the grandest and boldest that ever occurred to a man in war. This was nothing else than to give up Atlanta and the railroad to Chattanooga, to abandon all supplies from the North, and to dash into the enemy's country, depending upon the country itself for supplies, and then make a way to either the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico. He proposed to take his sixty thousand men into the interior of the Confederacy, where he could have no communication with any other Union army, no help from Grant or the Government, no news from them for at least a month; to risk meeting whatever force the Southerners might collect to obstruct him, and to depend upon what he could find to feed his army,—men and horses. No such enterprise had ever been attempted in modern war.

Sherman proposed this scheme to Grant, who saw the necessity of some change of plan at the West, but at first did not think favorably of Sherman's suggestion. Grant thought that Hood's army would be set free to go North and attack Kentucky and, possibly, Ohio. Sherman believed that Hood would follow him into the interior, where he thought he could take care of the impetuous Southerner. The Government, that is, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton,—the President and the Secretary of War,—were strongly opposed to Sherman's plan; but they left it to Grant to decide. Grant finally determined to collect another army under Thomas in Tennessee, which could withstand Hood if he should turn northward, and then the General-in-Chief consented that Sherman should attempt his venturesome campaign.

The first thing that Sherman did was to destroy the railroad in his rear, from Atlanta northward; lest what had been of so much importance to him should now become of use to the enemy. Then he burned everything valuable in Atlanta,—the machine-shops, foundries and storehouses which had supplied guns and clothing for the Confederacy. The population of the town he had previously expelled. For war is full of horrors, and peaceable citizens, women and children, in an invaded country, suffer almost as much as those engaged in battle. In the civil war of America, however, there were few peaceable male citizens. The war was a people's war, and almost every white man at the South was engaged either actually as a soldier, or in some occupation that contributed to support the army.

Generally speaking, there were no non-combatants visible except the blacks and the women and children. A stray old man or an invalid was sometimes found, but I have been weeks in a Union army marching through the South and never seen a man who did not bear arms. There never was a war in the world in which the population was more apparently unanimous than the Southerners were, in our great Civil War.

Sherman started from Atlanta on the 15th of November. He took 65 cannon, 2,500 wagons, food—rations, the soldiers call it—for twenty days, some beef cattle that were driven with the army, and 240 rounds of ammunition for every man; there was forage enough to supply the horses five days. With this stock in hand, the



ON THE WAY TO THE SEA.



A BIVOUAC AMONG THE PINES.



DESTROYING A RAILROAD.

army moved. It was uncertain what enemy the Northern soldiers might meet in front, or what might follow them; it was uncertain what supplies they would be able to collect,—and if there should be much fighting to do, there would be little time to collect supplies; it was uncertain what point they might be able to reach — Savannah or Mobile, the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico. It was uncertain how long they might be on the way, or when they could communicate again with their comrades. They were one hundred and fifty miles from any Northern force in the rear, and three hundred from the nearest friend in front.

On the 16th of November, Sherman himself rode out of Atlanta, his army having preceded him. When he reached a hill just without the town, he stood on one of his old battle-grounds and paused to look back at the smoldering ruins he had made. The smoke hung over the unfortunate city like a pall, but in front the men were marching to the tune of "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave." They took up the hymn as they bore their glistening muskets in the sun, and with swinging pace moved lightly forward, thinking little then of the thousand miles that lay between them and Richmond.

The army was divided into two columns, with the cavalry kept distinct, so as to move about quickly in every direction, and hide the Union operations, while detecting what the enemy might be doing,— in fact, to serve as a curtain for Sherman's movements, that could be withdrawn whenever he chose. The first march was to be to Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, and one hundred miles southeast of Atlanta. This point Sherman hoped to reach in seven days.

The two columns moved by different roads,

twenty or thirty miles apart, so as to give the appearance of intending to strike points on each side of those they were really aiming at. The troops started at the earliest dawn and marched till noon. Then there was a halt for the day, always, of course, near a stream; water was brought and the cooking began, and the pine-trees were cut, not only for fire, but for shelter and beds, for there were no tents taken with the army; everybody went into bivouac.

The pines grew far apart and without branches till near the top, and as the soldiers moved through the groves of fragrant evergreen, hewing the trunks, collecting the branches, and lighting the fires, they made a picture which those who saw it never forgot. At night the great fires blazed high for miles, and threw a red light over the landscape long after the blue-coated soldiers had sunk to slumber on their couches of leaves.

The fences along the road were destroyed for fire-wood, and all the rails of the railroads were taken up. Huge piles of the iron were laid across the fires till the metal was softened, and then the soldiers took it to the neighboring trees, and twisted it, red and hissing, around the juicy saplings, so that it might not be used to repair the road after the army had passed; for the destruction of the railroads was one of the principal objects of the campaign. All bridges were burned as soon as crossed, and the country was left as impassable as possible for an enemy.

The column moved at the rate of ten or fifteen miles a day. As early as three o'clock the bugles summoned the sleeping soldiers, and long before sunrise the army breakfast was over. The animals were fed, the wagons packed, the knapsacks strapped to the shoulders of the men, and the troops again fell into line. The column took the main road, with flankers on either hand to guard against surprise.

The orders were for the troops to forage liberally off the country. The region was rich and had never before been visited by an enemy. Meal, bacon, sweet potatoes, poultry, cows and oxen were abundant, as well as horses and mules. Parties were sent out afoot before daylight from every brigade, on each side of the line of march, to ransack every farm and plantation within range.



SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT A STOPPING-PLACE ON THE MARCH.*

Usually they procured a wagon or perhaps a family carriage, and loaded it with provisions,—meal, bacon, turkeys, chickens, ducks, hogs,—whatever could be useful for food or forage, and then returned to the roadside and waited till

* General Sherman's headquarters were four hospital "flies" stretched over poles and backed with brush.

their commands came up. The spectacle of these halting squads was very amusing as the column passed. The men were all mounted on horses, mules, or even cattle, sometimes with saddles but oftener without; the animals were packed with hams, live fowl, bags of grain or flour, and even articles of furniture or clothing; for war is often only organized robbery. The parties were surrounded by crowds of negroes, who everywhere left their masters to follow the Union army; men, women, and children, all knew they were emancipated. They swarmed around the column, clinging to the horses, kissing the hands and feet of the officers, frantic with joy at the arrival of those whom they looked upon as their deliverers.

As Grant had predicted, Hood at once turned northward when Sherman started South, so that no enemy followed the army. This, however, was not known to Sherman, and every precaution was taken against pursuit or surprise. In front the Southerners were full of alarm. No one of their great armies was within reach, but at various points detachments of troops had been stationed, and every effort was made to get these together to obstruct the Union advance. But nothing could be done against a force so large as Sherman's, and except at one point the army met no opposition whatever on its way to Milledgeville. Once a Southern force was found apparently willing to dispute the advance, but it was swept away with a fight that was hardly a skirmish. Sherman reached Milledgeville, as he had expected, in seven days. The Governor and other officers of the State had fled, but the inhabitants remained. Sherman burned the arsenal and the public buildings that might prove useful to an enemy, and the next day the second stage of the march began.

The same general plan was followed as before, the army moving in two columns, each apparently heading a different way, in order to confuse the enemy, who knew not which point to guard. The cavalry was now directed to move in advance to a place called Millen, where many thousand Union captives had been confined, and to attempt a rescue. By this time, ten thousand Southern cavalry had been got together in Sherman's front, but even these were insufficient to meet such a force as he commanded; and the two wings moved on, tearing up the railroads and feeding on the fatness of the land. They swept like a scythe across the State of Georgia, making a swath sixty miles broad, and leaving desolation and poverty where they had found peace and abundance.

At one point the population themselves set fire to stacks of fodder standing in the fields, preferring to burn it rather than furnish it to the invaders. But Sherman at once made known that any attempt to destroy food or fodder on the part of the citizens would insure a complete devastation of the country. Then the destruction by the Southerners ceased. It was better to lose something than all, better to be stripped bare than to be stripped and have their houses burned besides; for the population was absolutely at the mercy of the invader; they must submit to whatever he chose to impose.

The Southern cavalry, however, held back Sherman's horse long enough to remove the Union prisoners from Millen, and one object of the campaign was unaccomplished. The captives still languished in other prisons, and the advance of their friends only served to disappoint them and thus to aggravate their sufferings.

Meanwhile, the Southern authorities were vainly appealing to one another for help; and when these appeals were found to be in vain, they abandoned posts, and transferred garrisons, and destroyed machinery, while Sherman moved steadily on. He had no desire to fight a battle, for his command must then have been encumbered with wounded men and his march delayed. It was all-important to him to reach the sea as a base of supplies, for this living off the country could not last. Every day he exhausted a great region. Sixty thousand men are a population of themselves, and when they arrive at a point unexpectedly, it takes more than a market to feed them. What Sherman aimed at was to destroy the railroads that connected the Southern armies, and to annihilate the resources of the region. So, when he reached Millen, which lies southeast of Atlanta, he swung his army around as if on a pivot, and headed due south for Savannah, where Grant had promised to have supplies to meet him.

Grant, indeed, all this while, as General-in-Chief, was caring for Sherman in a double way. He was sending great store-ships to both Savannah and Mobile, with millions of rations and cartridges, and thousands of shoes and uniforms, so that wherever Sherman's command appeared it should find supplies of food and clothes and powder and ball. He was collecting an army to meet Hood, to prevent him from following Sherman, and he was keeping every other Southern force engaged so that none should be free to intercept the great march. This was a time of great anxiety with Grant. I was with him and know how earnestly he studied the maps, how he examined prisoners and scouts and Southern newspapers, for these were the only sources through which he got news of the lost army. The people of the North and the Government were more anxious still; especially the mothers and wives and children of the men who were with Sherman. But Grant was

calm and confident. He always said that Sherman would come out right; that he was strong enough or skillful enough to overcome or evade every danger or difficulty. He praised Sherman to everybody he met, and infused his own faith in him into the nation.

After leaving Millen, Sherman entered a different region. The lofty pine forests had disappeared and the country was now sandy and barren; corn and grass were scarce, but the rice fields furnished other food as well as forage. The weather of the Southern winter was fine, the roads were good, and the men marched easily their fifteen miles a day.

Still no enemy opposed them. A faint reverberation on the left or rear perhaps told that the cavalry was skirmishing, and once or twice a Confederate division appeared in front and then fell back, as if to show the way to Savannah; but this was all that looked like war. The flankers right and left found no enemy lurking in forest or swamp; and the soldiers said they were only making a great military picnic or promenade.



"CONTRABANDS" CHEERING SHERMAN'S ARMY.

Once the column turned out of the highway, where torpedoes had been discovered planted in the road, to explode when trodden on. Sherman immediately ordered a squad of Confederate pris-

oners to be armed with picks and spades, and made to march along the road, and either explode their own torpedoes or discover and dig them up. They begged hard, but he was inexorable, and they stepped gingerly on, and removed ten of the concealed torpedoes.

In the swamp region it was often necessary to build what the soldiers called "corduroy" roads because they resembled the ribs in corduroy cloth. The rail fences were pulled apart, the trees cut down, the branches stripped off, and the wood was laid closely, stick by stick, and side by side, till a solid footing was obtained across the marsh, or over the quicksands that abound in this treacherous soil. At one or two points, as they neared Savannah, the bridges had been burned, and the advance was delayed till new ones could be built or the pontoons brought up.



"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA"—CROSSING A RIVER ON A PONTOON-BRIDGE.

On the 10th of December the army came up with the defenses of Savannah. The city lies on the west bank of the Savannah River, about twenty miles from the sea. The Ogeechee River is twelve or fifteen miles west of the Savannah, and empties into Ossabaw Sound on the Atlantic. The country between was one great swamp, for the rice fields had been flooded, and the only approaches to the city were by five narrow causeways, each commanded by the enemy. The place was well fortified; it had a good garrison and an able commander, General Hardee, and it might hold out for weeks. But it was necessary for Sherman to communicate at once with the Union fleet at Ossabaw Sound. The Ogeechee River, as I have said, empties into the sound, and Sherman had struck that river, but between him and the sound there was a Confederate fort called McAllister. This must be carried before Sherman could reach the sea. He at once gave orders to surround Savannah on the land side, and directed General Hazen to take McAllister by storm. The work was strong, but its capture was indispensable to the safety of the army and the success of the campaign. Until the route which it commanded was uncovered, Sherman was still cut off from his supplies and from every other Union force.

He went himself to a rice mill, where a signal station had been established. A platform had been built on the roof of the mill, and from this spot he could see Fort McAllister, with the Southern flag flying, between his army and the sea.

While he was watching for Hazen's assault the sun was getting low, and Sherman became very impatient. He is not a patient man at the best, and now his eagerness became intense. At this moment one of the party perceived a faint cloud of smoke in the distance, and an object gliding apparently over the tops of the high grass down by the sea. Little by little it came nearer and nearer, and at last the watchers made out a steamer with the United States flag flying,—the first they had seen, except those they carried themselves, since they left Atlanta. The steamer was in reality beyond the fort, but by the turns in the river it was closer to Sherman than to Hazen. They could distinguish a group of officers on deck, who signaled that Hazen was about to attack and that the Union fleet was below.

The assault went on under Sherman's eyes. He could see Hazen place his troops and then advance in three lines, above, below, and in rear of the fort. The three parties reached the work at the same moment. There was a crash, a cloud of smoke, an explosion of torpedoes; then a hand to hand fight; and in less than half an hour McAllister was carried by storm.

The night was clear; there was a moon; and Sherman determined to go to the fleet at once. He found a small boat and was pulled down stream. About six miles below McAllister he saw a light, and was hailed by a vessel at anchor: it was the advance ship of the squadron. Sherman went aboard. The March to the Sea was over.

That night Sherman met General Foster, the Union officer in command at Port Royal, a station on the coast a few miles north of Savannah, which had been for three years held by Northern forces. Foster told that abundant supplies were waiting; and as Sherman was the superior, he gave Foster



SHERMAN'S TROOPS GETTING INTO FORT MCALLISTER.*

* During the storming of Fort McAllister, part of General Hazen's command began to forage for chickens while the others were completing the capture of the fort.

orders; for always in war the superior officer is entitled to command any troops or generals of his own side that he comes in contact with, whether they belong to his army or not. It was arranged that supplies should be brought from Port Royal on steamers, of which Foster had an abundance.

On the 16th of December Sherman summoned Hardee to surrender Savannah, but the Confederate commander refused. There was still one road out of the city, on the northern side, that was left unclosed; and Sherman went up to Port Royal to order Foster to close that road. While he was absent, on the night of the 21st, Hardee evacuated the city by the still open road, and when Sherman returned, on the 22d of December, he found his own troops in possession of Savannah. He telegraphed to the President: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." This message reached the President on Christmas Eve, and was published in the Northern newspapers on Christmas Day. Savannah was a big present to put into the nation's stocking.

Meanwhile a great battle had been fought between Thomas and Hood at Nashville, in which the Confederates were utterly routed; so that at both ends of the line there was victory for the Union.



GENERAL SHERMAN SENDING HIS LAST TELEGRAM BEFORE CUTTING THE WIRES AND ABANDONING ALL COMMUNICATION WITH THE NORTH.

It was thirty-one days after starting from Atlanta before Sherman re-opened communication with the North. In that time he had destroyed two hundred miles of railroad, and broken up every connection between the Confederate forces east and west of Georgia. He had done more than a hundred million dollars' worth of damage, consumed the corn and fodder, as well as the cattle, hogs,

sheep, and poultry of a region three hundred miles long and sixty broad, carried away ten thousand horses and mules, and liberated countless numbers of slaves. Sixty thousand men and thirty-five thousand animals had been abundantly fed, and when the troops reached the coast they needed no provisions but bread. They started with five thousand head of cattle and arrived with ten thousand. The teams were in splendid condition, and not a wagon was lost on the road. The army had captured so many horses that Sherman ordered them to be shot, because it demoralized the troops to ride.

In all the March Sherman had only once been forced to form line of battle. He lost 103 men killed, 408 wounded, and 278 missing. He had captured 1338 prisoners.

The army had never once been impeded, nor its commander compelled to change his plan. He had moved through the innermost part of the South, where war had never before penetrated, and brought home its horrors to a population up to that time as secure as if in New York. He had shown the Southerners that no part of their territory was safe against invasion; that they had no force left to guard their homes, or hold their slaves; and he carried his army to a point from which it could be moved so as to co-operate with Grant in the final events of the war.

The success of the campaign was equal to its daring, and although its dangers proved less in reality than in anticipation, the skill of the commander and the courage of the men are none the less to be admired. The romantic character of the march is unsurpassed. That an army should disappear from sight for a month, marching unharmed through hostile regions, its whereabouts unknown to its friends, and emerge at last as if out of a wilderness, with undiminished numbers and increased renown, is a circumstance that equals in interest any in history; and so long as American boys and girls read the account of the nation's achievements, they will find no chapter more fascinating than that which tells of Sherman's March to the Sea.

ST. NICHOLAS DOG STORIES.

XXXIV.—SOME POLITE DOGS.

By Celia Thaxter.

It was a lovely day in autumn. Little Lotty, the curly terrier, was asleep at my feet in the warm patch of September sunshine that lay on the floor. I had been sitting still a long time, so busy with my work that I had thought of nothing else. Looking up at last at the crimson hollyhock that stood, tall and splendid, outside the window, I caught a glimpse of the blue sea beyond, and the clear, warm sky, and realized how beautiful the afternoon had grown.

"Come, Lotty, wake up!" I cried to the little dog, "let 's go for a walk."

Lotty jumped up, wide awake in an instant, and barking like mad with delighted expectation, as all her kind are wont to do at such a prospect. I gathered my sketching paraphernalia together and calling the little maid to help me, I set out down the grassy slope to the sea's margin, which sparkled and flashed, edged with the flood-tide's lazy surf, hardly more than a stone's throw from the door. Lotty, in an ecstasy, frisked, barking wildly, before and behind me, like a small hurricane of joy. Down the field, through the bars, into the cart-path for a few steps—wild rose bushes bright with scarlet haws on either side—across the coarse sea-grass and rough pebbles at the top of the beach, out at last upon the beautiful level stretch of gray sand, smooth and hard as a floor, half a mile long, and curved like the crescent of the new moon. We traversed about one fourth of its distance, then I arranged my umbrella and my easel, and sat down ready for a good time. Lotty came to anchor likewise, and sitting bolt upright on the sand, eyed me curiously from under her comical, frowsy locks.

"Well, my dear," I said, "what do you think of it?"

With a shake of the head and a wag of the tail, she crept close to my feet and lay down as if she meant to make the best of it, at any rate. I proceeded to begin my sketch. But the place was so enchanting, on every side so beautiful, I found it hard to do any more than to look and love everything I saw, for a long time. The sea was the most delicious turquoise blue, and where it ran up over the shallows, the color melted into transparent emerald, the long, slow billows lifted themselves lazily and rolled in with soft rush and whisper, almost too lazy to roll at all. Where the foam sparkled at the edge of the sand, kelp and

weeds were scattered in broken lines of rich brown, dull purple, crimson, and olive green. Far away a few sails were dreaming; a group of snowy gulls rose and fell on the long swell of the ocean close at hand. On the left, tall marsh-grass came down to the top of the beach in streaks of yellow, red-brown, and ripe green, with patches of crimson samphire beginning to glow in the rockier places; all about me were the wild rose bushes with their scarlet berries. I turned away from the water and looked up to the house I had left; its red roofs and dull yellow-green walls steeped in the sunshine — rich and deep in color — the vines and flowers about it, and the huge old elm in front of it, the broad fields and mellowing woods seemed so peaceful and happy that I spoke aloud, "How heavenly it is!"

Lotty perked up her head and looked at me. Laughing at her funny expression, I turned to my sketch and began working in earnest. The crickets simmered pleasantly, the sweet sad cry of myriad goldfinches among the drying sunflower stalks and weeds sounded incessantly; a crow cawed now and then, a gull high aloft in the blue uttered a harsh cry which the distance softened; a little beach-bird flew piping along the sand. Lotty pricked up her ears.

"No, no, my dear!" I cried. "You are not to run after any little bird whatever. Stay here and behave yourself like a good dog," for she had jumped up and was already starting away to chase the feathered creature. With a very aggrieved and reproachful expression she returned and sat down a few feet from me. But I only continued to laugh at her, and went on with my painting, presently becoming so engrossed in it that I forgot she was there.

Some time passed. Suddenly a small paw was thrust into my paint-box, and there was poor Lotty standing on her hind feet looking at me, as much as to say:

"Oh, dear, I 'm bored to death. Why don't we take a walk? Why have you planted yourself here, where you are doing nothing at all? Why don't we go home if we can't go to walk? Oh dear, oh dear!"

And she actually began to cry.

"Well, go home! you little goose," I cried, greatly amused. "I don't want you to stay!"

She left me, went a little way toward the house, then turned back and looked at me, whining and coaxing. Suddenly she came running and cuddled down again affectionately, as if she thought, "Well, I 'm sorry you 're such an idiot, but I won't desert you, though you do behave in this extremely foolish and unreasonable manner."

So she lay patiently watching me from under her tangled shock of hair till I began to put up my brushes, and made ready to depart.

The sun was nearing the western horizon in a golden glory as I shouldered my easel and took my way toward home, Lotty dancing with delight. I could not call the little maid to help me back, so I arranged the things as well as I could. I had not a regular sketching outfit, and my long easel, though light, was rather difficult to carry. But I put my head through the V end, resting the two legs on my shoulders. I had also to carry a small chair, a large umbrella, my sketching-block, a tin pail in which I had brought fresh water, and over my left arm I hung a leather bag containing paint-boxes, brushes, etc. This was quite heavy, and the whole load was as much as one person could take, but I had not far to go, so trudged slowly along till I turned from the beach into the green field that sloped from the house to the sea; Lotty all the while capering and barking, rejoicing that I had regained my senses at last. Her noise was presently heard by the other dogs, which joined in the chorus afar off, and I saw appear at the upper edge of the field the two great St. Bernards, Champernowne, and Nita, looming large against the sky. They stopped, gazing at us from the distance, as if taking in the situation; then in a moment they began to rush down toward us with long, loping canter, and knowing their affectionate impetuosity I said to myself.

"Now I am lost! they will come full tilt against me and all these traps, and I shall be a total wreck."

Amused, and more than half dreading the onset, I stood still and waited, admiring the magnificent, tawny, lion-colored creatures as they swept toward me, their beautiful eyes beaming with intelligence, and all their motions full of grace.

Suddenly the great dog Champernowne, as he reached me, stopped perfectly still without touching me, and before I knew what he was going to do, stood upright on his hind feet, as tall as myself, quietly slipped his under jaw through the handles of the bag which swung on my arm, and with the grace and courtesy of a grand duke, nothing less, gently and firmly drew it off, and turning, proceeded decorously up the path that led to the house, bearing it with the utmost care.

Astonished and delighted, I cried, "Bravo, Champ! Good dog! fine fellow! You saw I needed help, and you gave it like a gentleman, did n't you? But who would have thought you had so much sense?" Then Nita, hearing all these praises lavished on her comrade, wished to have her share also; and joining Champ she too seized hold of the bag, and both together trotted

side by side all the way to the house, where they arrived some time before I reached it, and where I found them faithfully keeping guard over my property on the threshold.

"Well, you are certainly the very handsomest, best, and dearest dogs in the whole world!" I cried as I opened the door and allowed them to crowd into the pleasant room, Lotty and two or three of the smaller dogs accompanying them with much frisking and barking. But Champ and Nita, appreciating to the utmost the importance of the occasion and the magnitude of the favor extended to them, took their seats on the hearth before the open fireplace with the greatest dignity. This was the summit of delight to them, to be allowed to sit in the house before the fire and enjoy the society of their human friends—a favor not too often accorded them. A handful of driftwood had been kindled on the hearth to take off the chill of the evening fast closing in. Presently they spread their big bulks out on the rug before it in blissful satisfaction, while I patted their heads and stroked their long fur, and told them how I admired them, how proud I was of them, till their eyes shone with delight and they fairly laughed for joy!

XXV.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

RATTLETY-BANG! rattlety-bang — down the street clattered a tin can tied to the tail of a poor, friendless, and frightened dog! A crowd of boys followed at the runaway's heels, with cries and shouts, increasing alike his terror and his speed, until, at last, he had distanced his pursuers, but not, alas! that horrible, noisy thing that clattered and rattled at his heels.

Thoroughly tired, and quite as thoroughly terrified, the poor dog looked to right and left as he ran, for help or shelter. At length he spied, at the corner of a cross-street not far away, a large, friendly-looking, Newfoundland dog. With piteous cries and an imploring look, the exhausted dog dragged himself and his noisy appendage to the Newfoundland, and looked to him for help.

Nor was his appeal unheeded, for the Newfoundland seemed to appreciate the position and at once showed himself to be a generous dog. A patient gnawing at the string finally released the



A FRIEND IN NEED.

can; and then, lifting it in air, the Newfoundland flung it from him with a triumphant toss of the head, while the other dog joyously bounded up from his crouching position—thankful to be rid of the troublesome burden which his human tormentors had inflicted upon him.

XXVI.—TWINKLE.

(A true story.)

BY LOUIS SAJAT.

TWINKLE had a pleasant home and a kind mistress, but he was, nevertheless, a very unhappy little silver-haired doggie.

He lived in constant terror of Monday, for that was Twinkle's wash-day. Every Monday, he was put into a tub and washed and soaped and scoured and rubbed, and then wrapped, snarling and shivering, in a blanket to dry.

Twinkle had done everything that a dog could do to escape this terror. He had run away, only to be brought back again and scrubbed harder than ever. He had bitten his mistress, only to be cuffed and soused clear under the water; and once when they were getting his bath ready, he fled down cellar and crawled into the soot box of the furnace. It proved a good hiding-place, and it was a long time before they found him; but it was the terrible scrubbing that followed his discovery that Twinkle always dreamed about thereafter when his digestion was out of order.

One day a stray kitten came to the house. She was very thin and untidy-looking, not a pretty kitten at all; but Twinkle's mistress took her to the kitchen and gave her some milk. The kitten drank it greedily, and then curled herself into a little round ball under the stove. Twinkle sat and watched her while she slept; he had known from the first moment he had seen her just what he ought to do; the thing to be considered was how to do it,—for Twinkle meant to wash that small cat!

All the rest of the day Twinkle tried to be very kind and gentle; when the kitten tried to put up her weak little back and spit at him, Twinkle would only wag his tail good-naturedly; and his mistress praised him, calling him her own kind little doggie. But all the while Twinkle was thinking just what he should do to-morrow.

Early the next morning, he went into the garden. Kitty was there, curled up in a sunny spot, asleep. There was something else in the garden—a tub of water, out of which the chickens drank. Twinkle seized the poor little cat by the back of her neck, ran to the tub, and dashed her up and down in the water. Poor Kitty choked and struggled, but Twinkle soused her up and down until he thought she had been washed enough; then he put her down on the walk. Poor, poor pussy! she tried to put her wet little paws, one after the other, to her face, to clear away the strangling water; then she crawled away very feebly. Twinkle looked at the wet trail she made on the walk, and felt that he had done his duty. Then he ran away perfectly happy.

The next morning, he washed her again, and the next after that, too; while his mistress wondered why, with the best of food and care, that kitten remained so thin and weak.

One morning Madge, coming to sweep the steps, saw something that made her turn suddenly and run back into the house; and when Twinkle, having bathed his charge, laid her as usual on the walk, quite a row of people stood at the top of the steps looking at him. He tried to run away, but his mistress caught him, and, breaking off a switch from the lilac bush, she then and there, in spite of his struggling and crying, switched him soundly.

Twinkle was disgusted. He ran away after his whipping, and staid out all night. When he returned, he found that the tub had been taken away and that the cat was kept in the house; so for two days she did not get washed. On the third morning, however, Twinkle found her. He caught her up in an instant. There was no water anywhere in the yard, so he was obliged to drag her through a hole in the fence, and into the garden next door. There he found a pail; the water was not very clean, to be sure; it had bread-crusts and potato-parings in it, but it was the best that Twinkle could find, so into it went poor pussy.

She did not struggle much. To Twinkle's great surprise, she did not move when he put her down; she only gasped once or twice and then lay very, very still. Twinkle sat down and looked at her. Could it be possible that she was dead? He had not wanted her to die; he only wanted to wash her; but she would not move. And the neighbor, whose pail he had used, came out and handed the little dead kitty over the fence to Twinkle's mistress.

They cried about it at home; Twinkle heard them, and he saw great tears in his mistress's eyes, and she would not speak to him—would not even look at him. It was too much for one little dog to understand. Madge washed him on Monday, and why should he not wash the kitten?

About a week after this, Twinkle's mistress went out to make some calls.

Twinkle went, too; he liked to run about the gardens and pry into things while she visited. At the first place where they stopped, Twinkle dashed around the house in great haste, and almost ran over a big black cat. The cat was asleep by the side of a tub of water. As quick as a flash, Twinkle had that cat by the back of her neck. Then there was one swift flash of steel-like claws, one most astonishing yowl, and Twinkle's face was torn and bleeding, his eyes scratched severely, and his long

silvery hair pulled out in patches. And the worst of it was that his mistress said — "It served him right."

XXVII.—DANDIE.

By M. E. Bradley.

Fond of old Dan, sir? Indeed I am!
I reckon I *ought* to be — proud of him, too!
Brave as a lion, sir, mild as a lamb,
And the *wisest* fellow you ever knew!
Just wait till I tell you what he did,
Though it 's not to my credit, as you 'll see;
For it came from my doing a thing forbid
That Dandie showed what a dog can be.

We were in the potato-patch one day,
Dandie and Hal and I and Fred,
And to save my life I could n't say
Just how the mischief got into my head.
Father had said we were n't to do it,—
But roast potatoes are *very* good!
And Hal had matches. Before we knew it
We had a bonfire lit in the wood.

Fathers know best, on the whole, I guess;
At all events, I can safely say
'T would have kept us out of a jolly mess
If we had believed he did, that day.
For, not to spin out too long a story,
That youngster you see there — Fred 's his name —
Contrived to cover himself with glory
By getting his petticoats all aflame.

We never thought of his skirts, you see,
For he 's just as much of a boy as the rest;
And, to tell the truth, between you and me,
It 's a silly old way for a boy to be dressed.
Why can't he have trousers right from the first?
For, of all the "despisable" things to wear,
Those niminy-piminy frocks are the worst.
I know how it is, for I 've been there.

However, the poor little chap, as I said,
Was all of a blaze,— and how he did yell!
Hal began to pitch things at his head,
And I stood as if I was under a spell;
For both of us lost our wits completely,
And only for dear old Dan,— well, there,—
If you want to know, I 'll own up to it sweetly —
I am a-crying, and I don't care!

You 'd know how it was yourself, I think,
If you 'd been in my place, and seen old Dan;
He went for that boy, sir, quick as a wink,
Grabbed his frock in his teeth, and ran
Straight to the brook with him, bumpety-bump!
And there the two took a douse together.
By the time we followed him, on the jump,
I tell you what, it was squally weather!

Fire was put out, though? Well, I should smile
(I reckon I shouted then for joy);
Though, as for Fred, you might walk a mile
And not come up with a madder boy.
Mad as a hornet — and dripping wet!
Such a little scarecrow you never saw!
But here 's the dog, sir, we shan't forget —
Shall we, old fellow? Give us your paw!

XXVIII.—A DOG THAT HELD A GRUDGE.

By E. P. Roe.

An artist owned a little Scotch terrier that was endowed both with brains and with an uncertain temper. Usually it was playful and affectionate, but, like some people we know, it had bad moods. The artist made a great pet of Scotchy, as he called the dog, and taught it several tricks. He taught it to stand between its master's legs and leap over his clasped hands and then leap back again; to sit back on its haunches and shake hands; and to spring into the artist's lap, put its paws on each cheek and kiss him like an affectionate child.

When the artist went to the country in summer he took Scotchy with him, and the dog usually was his companion on sketching expeditions. As is generally the case with evil tendencies that are not overcome, the bad, snappy moods became more frequent, and the artist began to debate in his mind whether he ought to keep the dog, fearing lest in one of these irritable moments it might bite his little boy. One day, when out sketching, this question was settled. The dog lay beside him as he worked, and pausing a moment, he reached out his hand to give it a caress. The terrier's response was a snarl and a snap. Believing now that a well-deserved lesson was needed, the artist cut a switch, and, seizing the dog by the collar, gave it a sound whipping. The moment his grasp was relaxed, the enraged little beast turned upon him, and taking hold of the leg of his trousers, shook with all its might.

"Go home, you bad dog!" cried the master, giving it a cut with his whip. Yielding, Scotchy started off in the most leisurely, independent manner imaginable, venting his spleen by ill-tempered barking right and left. In manner the dog virtually said, "I 'll go, but I 'll take my own time, and you can't help it." A surly man could not have shown more temper than Scotchy, going slowly homeward, barking and growling all the way.

An apparent reconciliation took place when the artist returned, but he had decided that he would not take the dog back to the city. Soon after, he gave it to a friend in the village where he was sojourning. This slight was never forgiven, and it would seem that Scotchy brooded over it continually. A year later the artist went to call on the friend who had received the dog. The ladies of the household were on the piazza, and so was the terrier. As soon as it saw its old master coming up the walk, it seemed almost wild with rage. Every hair on its back stood upright, and its eyes became green with anger. Snarling and growling, it showed its teeth and looked as if determined to use them.

"Scotchy, come here!" said the artist sternly.

As if compelled against its will by the old voice of authority, the dog slowly obeyed, growling at every step.

"Position!" said the artist, in his severest tone, and Scotchy growled his way between his former master's legs. "Now, jump!" Fairly trembling and yelping with rage, the dog sprung over the artist's clasped hands as it had been taught long before. "Jump back!" Snarling its bitter protest, back it sprung. "Sit up!" Scotchy rose on his haunches, meanwhile gnashing his teeth. "Shake hands!" Out came the paw and a most portentous growl at the same instant.

"Oh!" cried the ladies, "do drive the dog away; he will surely bite you. Here, Scotchy, come here, come away!"

"Sit still!" said the artist.

"Ur-r-r-r," responded Scotchy, yet seeming unable to disobey.
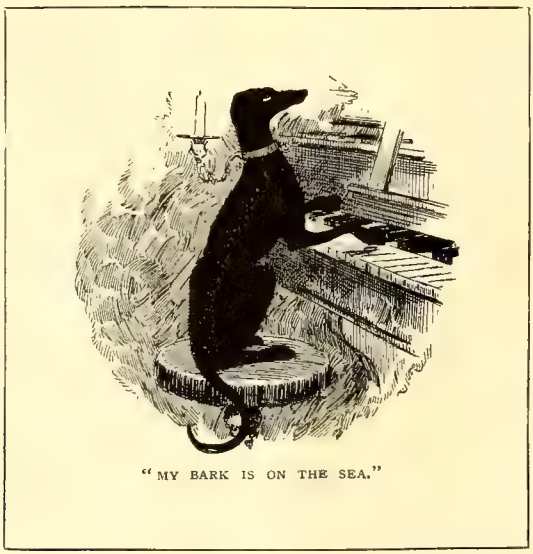
The artist now sat down and commanded, "Come and kiss me!"

"No, no!" cried the ladies; "he will bite your nose off."

So probably Scotchy would have done had the artist relaxed his stern, quiet demeanor, or shown the least fear. He only repeated the command more severely, keeping his eyes fixed on those of the dog. As if compelled by some mysterious, irresistible power, Scotchy sprung into the artist's lap with a terrific snarl, and with all his white teeth exposed.

"Kiss me!" thundered the artist. Scotchy could not resist. The spell of the stronger will kept the mastery, and the dog did as it had been wont to do in earlier days. "Now go lie down and keep still!"

Scotchy drew the line at keeping still. That he would not do, but growled and snarled at his old master throughout his entire call. The same scenes were enacted whenever the artist came to the house; and though Scotchy, in spite of all protest, was compelled to yield obedience, he never abated one jot of his deep-seated grudge.

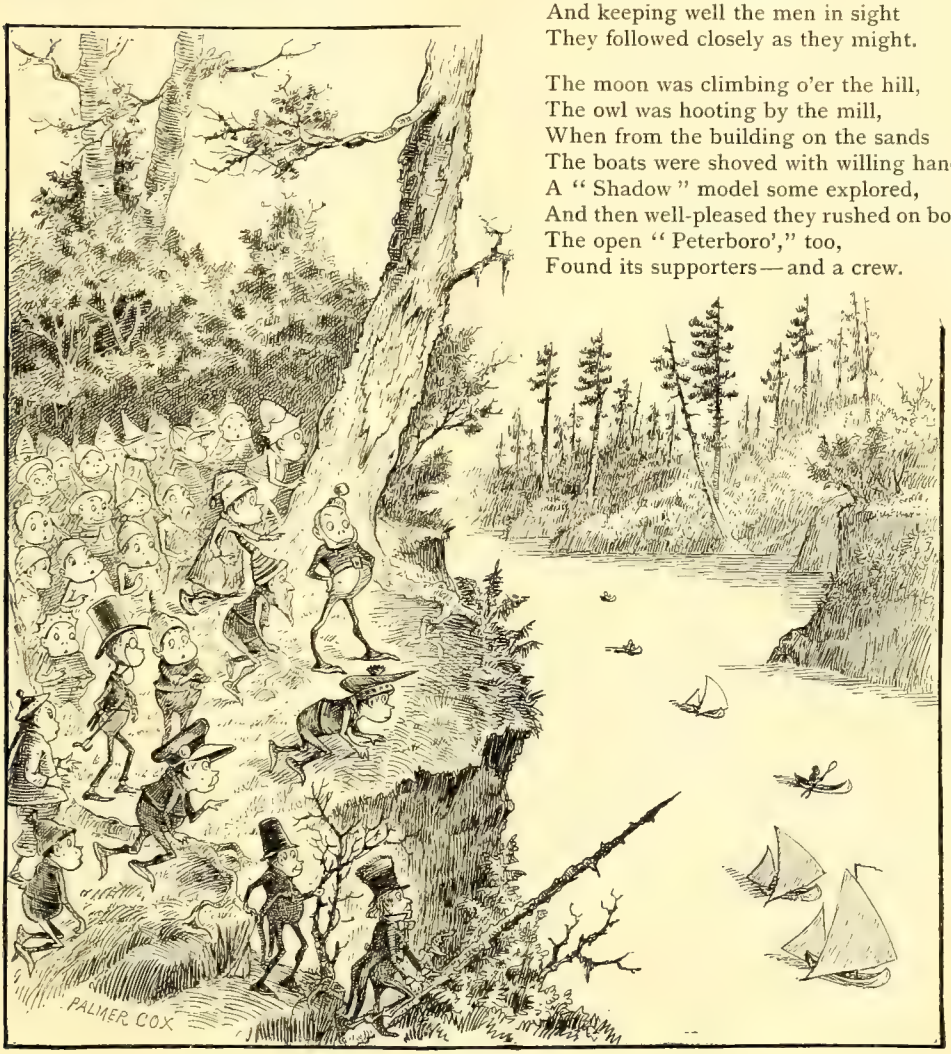


"MY BARK IS ON THE SEA."

THE BROWNIES CANOEING.

By Palmer Cox.

As DAY in shades of evening sank,
The Brownies reached a river bank;
And there awhile stood gazing down
At students from a neighboring town,



Whose light canoes charmed every eye,
As one by one they floated by.
Said one, "We 'll follow as they go,
Until they gain the point below.
There stands a house, but lately made,
Wherein the club's effects are laid;

We 'll take possession after dark,
And in these strange affairs embark."
They all declared, at any cost,
A chance like this should ne'er be lost;
And keeping well the men in sight
They followed closely as they might.

The moon was climbing o'er the hill,
The owl was hooting by the mill,
When from the building on the sands
The boats were shoved with willing hands.
A "Shadow" model some explored,
And then well-pleased they rushed on board;
The open "Peterboro'," too,
Found its supporters — and a crew.

The Indian "Birch-bark" seemed too frail
And lacked the adjunct of a sail,
Yet of a load it did not fail,—
For all the boats were in demand;
As well those which with skill were planned
By men of keenest judgment ripe,

As those of humbler, home-made type.
And soon away sailed all the fleet
With every Brownie in his seat.

The start was promising and grand,
But little skill was in demand.
They steered along as suited best,
And let the current do the rest.

So every river, great and small,
Must have its rapids and its fall;
And those who on its surface glide
O'er rough as well as smooth must ride.

The stream whereon had started out
The Brownie band in gleeful rout
Was wild enough to please a trout.

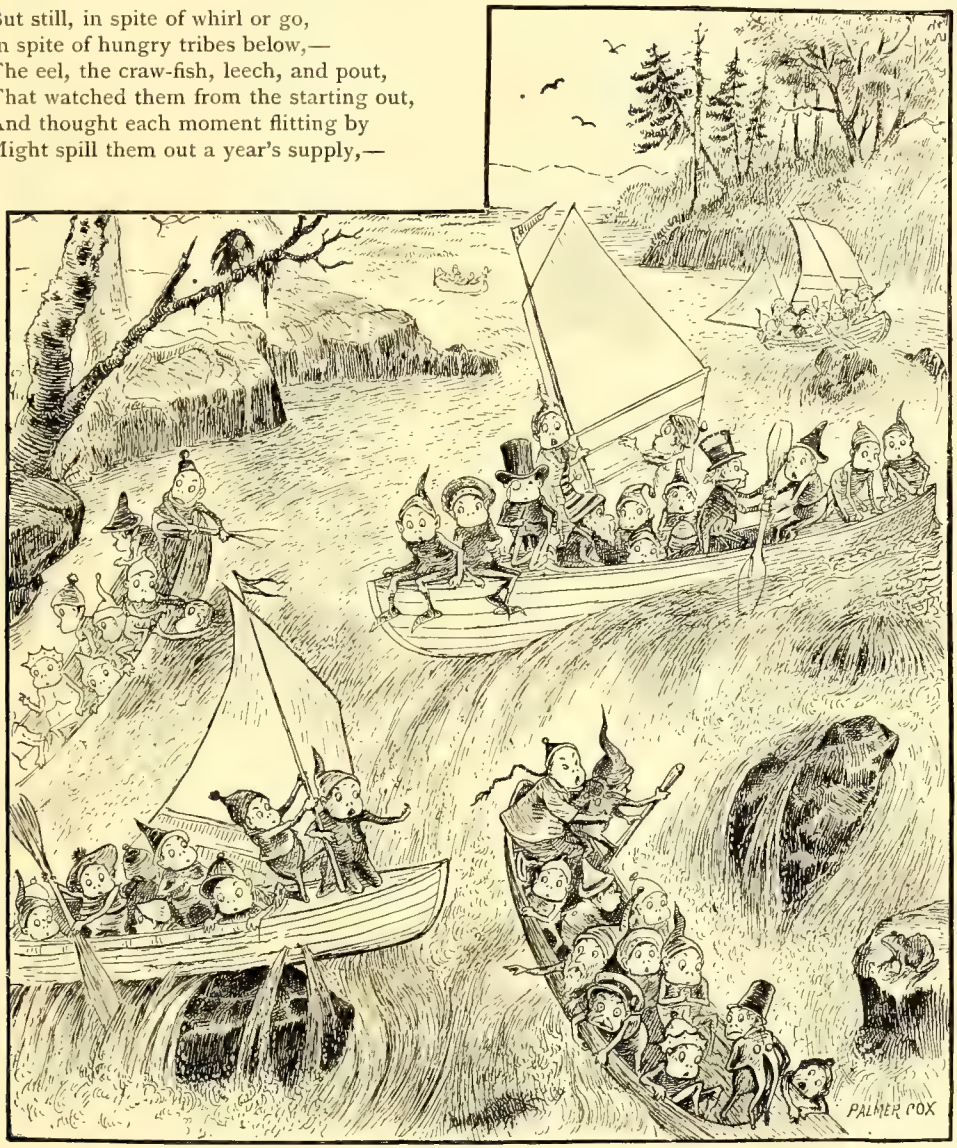


All nature seemed to be aware
That something strange was stirring there.
The owl to-whooed, the raven croaked;
The mink and rat with caution poked
Their heads above the wave, aghast;
While frogs a look of wonder cast
And held their breath till all had passed.
As every stream will show a bend,
If one explores from end to end,

At times it tumbled on its way
O'er shelving rocks and bowlders gray.
At times it formed from side to side
A brood of whirlpools deep and wide,
That with each other seemed to vie
As fated objects drifted nigh.
Ere long each watchful Brownie there,
Of all these facts grew well aware;
Some losing faith, as people will,

In their companions' care or skill,
Would seize the paddle for a time,
Until a disapproving chime
Of voices made them rest their hand,
And let still others take command.

But still, in spite of whirl or go,
In spite of hungry tribes below,—
The eel, the craw-fish, leech, and pout,
That watched them from the starting out,
And thought each moment flitting by
Might spill them out a year's supply,—



The Brownies drifted onward still;
And though confusion baffled skill,
Canoes throughout the trying race
Kept right side up in every case.
But sport that traveled hand in hand
With horrors hardly pleased the band,

As pallid cheek and popping eye
On every side could testify;
So all agreed that wisdom lay
In steering home without delay.

But morning light came on apace
Before they reached the starting-place;
So landing quick, the boats they tied
To roots or trees as chance supplied,
And plunging in the woods profound,
They soon were lost to sight and sound.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE dear Little School-ma'am was ill. It was early in March, and there was snow on the ground. The postman brought a little box, and, behold, there was spring in it, for it was filled with arbutus — from Virginia. After many days the snow melted and the warm air came in the window when the nurse opened it to air the room. And one morning, in came a bunch of arbutus — bought in market.

"The old colored woman who sold it gathered it in the Jersey woods this morning," said the pretty girl who brought it.

The very next week the scholars sent in a bowl full of the same flower — gathered in their own woods; and the School-ma'am said that she had never been so rich in arbutus. But, behold, in May, when the apples were in blossom and the violets were budding in the fresh green grass, there came a letter from northern New-York, and it said: "I send you a box of arbutus so that you may have a taste of spring in your room, you dear prisoner."

The dear Little School-ma'am laughed when she opened this box.

"Truly," she said, "never have I had so long a spring as this one!"

A QUEER BILL.

A GENTLEMAN traveling in England, not long ago, hired a saddle-horse for a ride in the neighborhood of the town where he was staying. When he returned and asked the stable-keeper for his bill, it was given him in this shape:

Anosaafada	2s
Afortheos	1s
Anagitinimomeagin	4s
	7s

He paid the seven shillings, and then spent his leisure moments for several days in trying to get a translation. Finally another stableman saw it, and read the riddle at once, thus:

An 'oss a 'alf a day	2s
'Ay for the 'oss	1s
An' a-gittin' 'im 'ome again	4s
	7s

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, who sends me this account, says,—"It 's a fact, dear Jack, I assure you."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

HERE 'S a jingling bit of true philosophy for you, my dears, sent to my pulpit by your very sensible friend, Mrs. W. S. Reed:

What 's the use of fretting?
What 's the use of crying?
What 's the use of dreading?
What 's the use of sighing?
What 's to come will come —
Now, that there 's no denying;
And what is past is past —
To that there 's no replying.
To make the present beautiful
Is what we should be trying,
In kindly words and noble deeds
With one another vying.
So let 's have smiles instead of sighs,
And all our tears be drying.

TIT-FOR-TAT.

THIS is what a boy of ten wrote after joining the Audubon Society:

There was a bird that lived in spring,
And he had a beauteous feathery wing,
And a beautiful voice to rejoice and sing;
He could fly up to the sky,
And see the moon with his little eye.

It happed one day that a cruel hunter came that way,
And he shot the bird with the feathery wing;
And he stood and laughed with scorn,
Because the Audubon Society was born.

Then down came a condor quick as light,
With his broad black wings as dark as night;
He took the cruel hunter in his beak
And flew to his nest in the rocky peak.

Then that awful condor, he
Made his breakfast and dinner and tea
Of the man who laughed with scorn
When the Audubon Society was born.

You know Audubon was the man who knew and wrote so much about birds, and loved them so well. It is very fitting that the Society for the Protection of Birds should take his name. If you want to know more about the society, and to get some of the pledges to sign, and, after you have signed, to receive the society's pretty certificates, you have only to send your address to the Audubon Society, No. 40 Park Row, New York.

It seems strange that any one needs to pledge

himself not to kill and torment the beautiful creatures that fill our woods and gardens with life and music. If it were snakes, now, or rats, or flies, one might be tempted to exterminate them. But birds — well, boys will call it sport to rob them of their homes, their young, and their joyous life. But after all, it is n't nesting or hunting that is killing off the birds. It is decking out the toilets of the boys' mammas and sisters that is costing the birds their existence, at the rate of millions yearly.

"Oh, you wicked, bad, cruel boy!" exclaimed a young lady sister one day last spring, when her brother Tom came in, a thrush's callow brood fluttering in his cap.

"I like that, Miss Feathertop," retorted the wicked, bad, cruel boy. "Look at your head,— fit for an Injun chief on the war-path. I 'm going to raise these fellows, if you or Mother don't wring their necks to trim your bonnets."

Look out, girls, or the boys will be making verses in which *you* will figure as the cruel hunter whom an awful condor teaches the lesson of tit-for-tat.

THE FIRST WATCH.

MARLBORO', N. H.

DEAR JACK: While reading the "Well-spring," I saw an item which I thought would interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

The title was, "The First Watch." At first the watch was about the size of a dessert-plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket-clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummets of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement — the substitution of springs for weights — was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had but one hand, and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than fifteen hundred dollars; and after one was ordered, it took a year to make it.

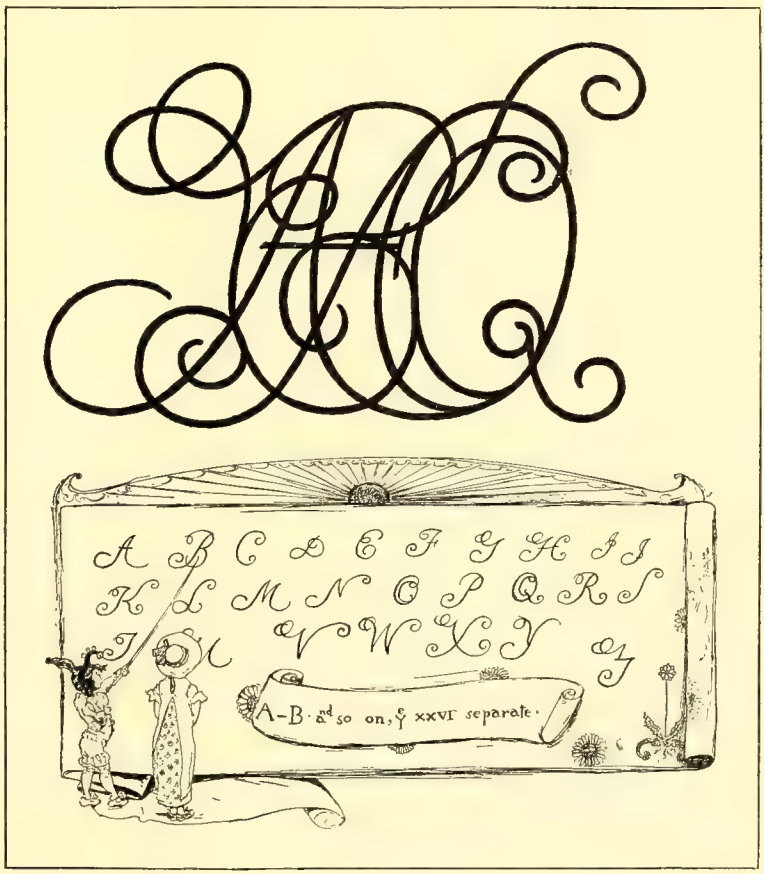
This is quite different from the present time, when watches are so plenty that even boys can have them.

CHARLIE H. PEASE.

A WONDERFUL MONOGRAM.

AN ingenious and artistic friend of yours, one Alfred Brennan, sends you this wonderful monogram, in which each one of you, my beloved thousands of hearers, can find all the initials of your own name. In other words, it contains every letter of the alphabet from A to Z.

In order to be perfectly fair, you see, Mr. Brennan shows you below the monogram a table



of the letters, which gives an outline of every one as it is to be found in his surprising group.

Young folk are becoming so knowing in these days, that the Deacon says it is barely possible that before many centuries the alphabet may be taught "at one clip," in some such way as this. Try it on your baby brothers and sisters. The poor little things must be tired of crying for nothing.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been going to write to you many times to thank you for all you have been to me. I am one of your older children, for my age is nearer thirty than twenty. In fact, when I was the latter age, I first made your acquaintance, and now eight volumes are on my shelves. I have read you carefully. I have recommended you far and wide, and have got you into some fifty houses or so.

When I first made your acquaintance, I was a layman in London, and went out frequently to tell your stories to Bands of Hope and Sunday-school festivals. Now I am ordained, I carry on the same work; and in the parish where I am curate, I have a children's meeting every week, which I call "The Children's Hour"; we play games, sing songs, have drill, and, last of all, I tell a story; and two-thirds of my stories I have to thank you for.

Your stories have done me an immense deal of good, for they have kept me in touch and sympathy with children, and I thank you heartily.

Now, I have to ask a favor: will you please put me in communication with the writer of "Ten Times One is Ten," or some one who has to do with "The King's Daughters" Society?

With all good wishes for many happy years to ST. NICHOLAS and its editor, I remain, yours sincerely, E. P. GONNER.

As we already have written to the Reverend Mr. Gonner, Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, of 230 W. 59th street, New York, of the Central Society of "The King's Daughters," has kindly offered to reply to any queries regarding the organization.

SHARON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read Mr. Frederick Wright's account of "Gas-wells." We have natural gas here; and, in fact, I am writing this letter before a natural-gas fire.

Papa is manager of the gas plant that is here. We are having much trouble with the gas here; every now and then there is a break on the pipe-line which is caused by frost. It is carried fifty miles from gas-wells near Franklin, Pa. The gas here has a strong smell of petroleum, and we can always tell when it is leaking. We have two iron-mills run by gas here. Sometimes the pressure rises to two hundred pounds and over.

Youngstown, a city west of us, in Ohio, received gas a few weeks after we did, and they lit it, and we saw the light distinctly, a distance of fourteen miles. I saw the gas lit, and it looked just the way it is in the picture. The noise made by it was deafening.

From your constant reader, OLIVER S——.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and have taken you four years, and like you very much. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was one of the loveliest stories I have ever read, and I like "Jenny's Boarding-house," too. I think the "Brownies" are very funny, and I see that in their "Friendly Turn" they got a Chinaman to help them. I have a camera, and take pictures of all sorts of things, dolls, paper dolls, cats, and all of my playmates; I think it is great fun.

My sister has a copy of "The Battle of the Monkey and the Crabs," that was printed in Japan. I play paper dolls a great deal and have dolls of all shapes and sizes, and have whole families; I guess that I have about twenty in all.

Last summer some bees in our neighborhood swarmed and lit on a tree. A man went up the tree and the bees lit all over his coat-sleeves and hands, but he did not get a sting. It is very pleasant here in summer but cold in winter; in winter we coast and have lots of fun, although it is cold; but in summer we play out-of-doors almost all the time. Your little friend, ELEANOR L——

LIHUE, KAUAI, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few months ago, I saw in your pages a letter from a little girl who lived in Wailuku, Maui, who spoke only of vegetable clothing, so I thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about the country and the people. In winter it is very rainy, but the rest of the year it is quite dry. There is no snow anywhere, except on the three high mountains — Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Haleakala. It will seem funny to the little children who read the ST. NICHOLAS, when I tell them that on Christmas or New Year's Day here, we run about in the warm sunshine, among the trees and flowers, while they (except those who live in the Southern States) are playing in the deep snow. There are twelve islands in the group, but only nine are inhabited. The country is full of beautiful little valleys and hills. This island (Kauai) is said to be the most beautiful of the group. It is sometimes called the Garden Island, because of its pure air and healthy climate.

Now I will tell you something about the natives. Their language is a very pretty one, for they have only twelve letters in their alphabet,— five vowels and seven consonants. The natives have black hair, large eyes, and dark skin. All the people, men and women, are called by their Christian names. Nearly all of their names have some meaning, such as Ripe Blossoms, Dark Eyes, Evergreen, and The Hot Day. There is nothing very different in their dress from other people, except that the women never wear tight dresses. They wear a loose Mother Hubbard wrapper, which is known as the "Holoku." The men all wear a bright-colored handkerchief around their necks. All of them go barefooted.

I am ten years old, and my auntie (who lives in New York) has taken your paper for me for nearly a year. I think it is one of the nicest papers I have ever read. I think both "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" are perfectly lovely. I am reading the latter to Mamma, and she likes it, too. I can hardly wait until I get your paper. I go barefooted most of the time. I ride horseback and enjoy riding our pony with only a blanket and a rope. I am nearly as brown as a native. I have lived in the islands three years, though I was born in New York City. Hoping my letter is not too long, as it is the first I have ever written to you, I will say, *Aloha Nui* (Good-bye).

Your affectionate reader, GRACE M. A——.

DAYTON, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little sick boy. I have been an invalid for almost a year, and am confined to my bed nearly all the time. My sister had to write this for me, as I am not able to write. The only thing I can do is to read. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS a long time. I can scarcely wait for it to come. My little baby brother thinks the "Brownies" is the nicest piece in the book, and we have to read it over and over again to him.

Your constant reader, CASPER N——.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little French boy, born and living in Paris, a famous grand city full of all sorts of beautiful things to see on holidays; and I have seen at the Invalides all the old-time arms and armor that you pictured in the October number.

I love all your stories, every one of them, and understand them well; but little Lord Fauntleroy is the grandest of all heroes.

I hope that Juan and Juanita will not fall again in the hands of the Comanches.

I hope they will find their poor mamma soon, and that she will know them right away, and love them again, even more than before, for all they have lost.

Your interested reader, LOUIS L——.

OAKLAND, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year, and have only written to you once, and I want to write to you again. I suppose most of your readers have not been to Utah, the land of the Mormons. Mamma and Papa and I were the only Gentiles there at one time. The little Mormon children are great curiosities. The Mormons did not know what a Christmas-tree was until the first Christmas we were there, when Mamma said, "Let us have a Christmas-tree," and they did not know what it was. But Mamma got three or four men to get a tree, and they went and cut down one, and a good many came to see it. I hope this is not an insult to the Mormons. Your affectionate reader, BIRDIE C——.

P. S.— I am deeply interested in "Jenny's Boarding-house" and "Juan and Juanita." I am nine years old.

CATLETTSBURG, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is storming so hard I can't go out. I am waiting for Mamma to get through her work so that she can read you to me. We live one mile out of town at a little place called Argo City.

I think "Juan and Juanita" is a splendid story, and the "Brownies" I like next, although "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was the best of all.

Your faithful reader, HARRY E. M——.

MONTPELLIER, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Nearly two years ago our grandmamma, in America, sent us your magazine for Mamma to teach us English, for our lessons have all been in French and German, although we are little Americans. I am nearly eleven years old, and my brother is nine. We do enjoy your book very much, and my brother wishes he was more like Lord Fauntleroy, he was so nice. We have just received the January number, and read "Prince Fairyfoot" all alone; so you see we have learned English, as Grandmamma wished. We are only eight miles from the sea, and we go there very often. We find beautiful shells.

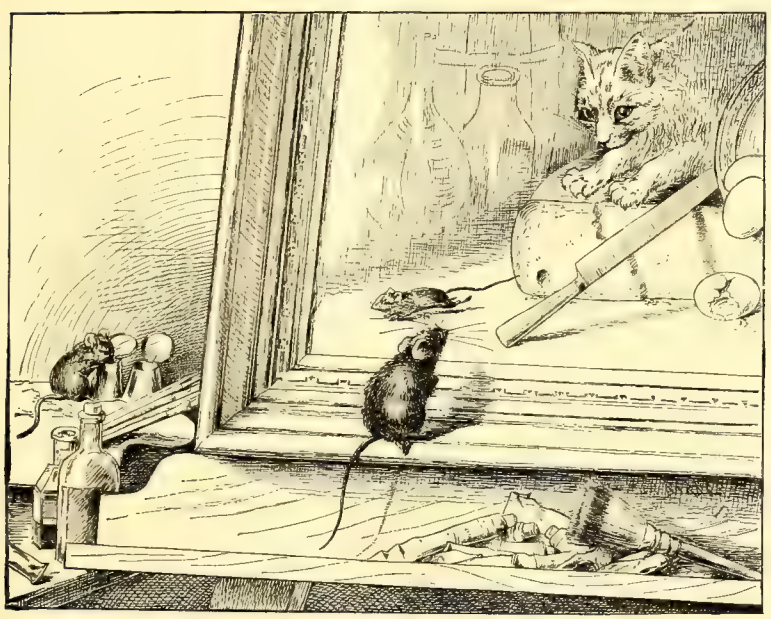
We are going to America this summer; it will be our seventh trip. One day we hope to live there, for we like it better than France. Your affectionate readers, WACIL R——
HARVEY R-

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad to hear of Little Lord Fauntleroy. I would like to have him for my brother. I have a little kitten, and it is so playful that it runs after our toes when we undress at night, and tries to bite them; we jump on the bed and chairs to get away from it. Its name is Selina. I am a little girl, five years old, and am just learning to read and count. I have three brothers and only one sister.

Your loving MARY B. V——.

This interesting little picture is sent to you by your friend Mr. Culmer Barnes.

A PRIVATE VIEW.



BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twins, and read you together. If you should print this, my! would n't we read it and laugh at Grace, who does n't believe you will, and is such a creature to laugh! Do you suppose you will?

We are — that is, our house is — higher than Trinity Church steeple, over in New York. Papa says so. We wonder what he means by saying some people are so tall that they go upstairs to put on their hats. We think a great deal, but some things are so hard to think about, all by yourself!

The postman brings our ST. NICHOLAS in a wrapper. One day, Grace slipped one of the old numbers in an old wrapper, for fun. When we took it out with a great rush, as we always do, we could hardly believe our eyes. We knew every picture, every story by heart already. We thought it was a very sad mistake till we happened to look into Grace's eyes.

Now, you will put this in, won't you, so we all can laugh?

FLORENCE AND GERTRUDE.

M. H. L. Many thanks for the cleverly rhymed version of the February puzzle.

FORT APACHE, ARIZONA TERRITORY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you. I have taken you since September, 1886. I liked little "Prince Fairyfoot" very much, and was sorry when it ended. I live for the present in Fort Apache, A. T., and I am ten years old. My papa is a cavalry officer in the U. S. A., and we change our place of residence as often as he is ordered to a new station. Last year, when General Miles ordered Colonel Wade, our post commander, to capture the Chiricahua Apache Indians, I climbed up on the top of the adjutant's office and watched the troops under the colonel advance to where the Indians were having a *court*, and saw them capture every Indian, disarming and placing them under guard as prisoners. There is no school that I can attend here, so my mamma and my sister have to be my teachers.

Apache is surrounded by rugged mountains, all covered with dark-green pine-trees that are very beautiful to look at. I am, with much love, your admiring reader, PAUL WARD B——.

NOROTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long been wishing to write to you. I am a boy twelve years of age. I have taken your delightful magazine for six years, and hope to take it several years longer. My favorite author is Mr. Stockton, although I like James Otis and Frances Burnett. I think the "Brownies" are very funny, and I was much interested in "Prince Fairyfoot" and "A Fortunate Opening." I hope Juan and Juanita got safely home to Mexico, and I am very much interested about the baby in "Jenny's Boarding-house." But I must stop now, so good-bye.

Your sincere friend,
ROBERT S. M——.

ALTON, SIOUX CO., IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa gave you to me for Christmas. I think the "Brownies" very funny indeed: they make me laugh every time I see them. I enjoyed "Victor Hugo's Tales to his Grandchildren" very much. I am very anxious to hear the rest of "Juan and Juanita," it is such an interesting story. Mamma paints a great deal and I read aloud out of ST. NICHOLAS to her.

Ever remaining, your loving reader, BESSIE S——.

NASSAU, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take your magazine in the schools and think it very nice. I see your paper has a story in it about a dog that does not eat when it rains. I thought I would write you a line about a lecture I heard one night a year ago.

The man said there was a little girl that went to a spring and picked up the cup and did not notice what was in it. It was a tree-toad, and it slipped down her throat, and she did not know it till it was down. Since that, she said it would often come up in her throat and make a little noise, and whenever it did so, it was sure to rain.

I remain, your true friend, BERTRAM A. B——.

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

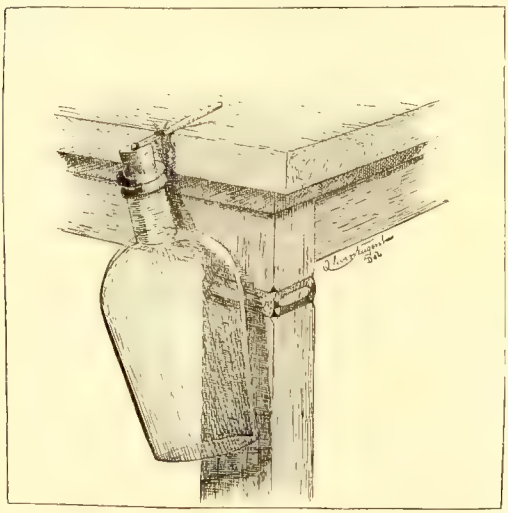
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, and have been in Europe three years, and am going to spend the winter in Dresden. I have taken you for five years, and appreciate you more every year.

I have been ill for two months, and my greatest comfort has been to read your lovely stories. We have the beautiful picture gallery and lovely opera quite near, and we go very often.

I like Louisa Alcott's stories very much, and hope she will write more. Your interested reader, NEVA MAY V——.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To suspend a bottle from a match laid on the edge of a table may seem an impossible feat; but the experiment will prove how easily it may be accomplished. Tie a piece of twine securely around the neck of the bottle; then lay a match on the cork, hold it firmly, bring the ends of the twine up over it, and tie a tight knot, forming a loop. You may remove the match to show that you have simply tied a loop. Then insert the match through



the loop, rest one end on the cork, and lay the other on the projecting edge of a table where the bottle will swing clear of any obstruction. If the match is but an inch in length, it will support the bottle quite as readily and make the feat appear all the more surprising.

S. E. BOGGS.

ARNSIDE ROAD, OXTON, BIRKENHEAD, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to any magazine. I have wanted to write to you for a long time, to tell you how I love your magazine; it is the nicest one I have ever seen.

We have only taken you for one year, but we all love you dearly; and we all thought "Little Lord Fauntleroy" a charming tale, and I like "Juan and Juanita," as far as it has gone.

I am eleven, my brother nine, and my sister seven.

My brother and I learned that pretty comedy, "Dicky Dot," and acted it at a children's Band of Hope.

My little sister is too young to understand many of your tales, but she is very fond of the "Brownies," and always looks out for the "little man with the top hat, eye-glass, and stick."

The only pets we have are pigeons and a bad-tempered cat.

Your interested reader, ETHEL.

MEXICO, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you. I write this because I have never seen any letters in the ST. NICHOLAS from Mexico. You may think it strange that I know English, but I have lived in New York seven years. There is a fine military school here in a castle on a high hill; it is called Chapultepec. When boys graduate, they get a salary for whatever they have studied for; a civil engineer, $100 a month.

Yours truly, ALFONSO I. R——.

P. S.—I am farther south than that girl in Savannah, and I assure you that the Southern friends love dear ST. NICHOLAS.

MERTHYR TYDVIL, SOUTH WALES.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for a long time; it is the best book I have had yet, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the prettiest tale I have ever read.

I was born in San Francisco; and when my mother died, my father brought me over to Wales. I live with my aunties now; they are very kind to me; they keep a school, and I am in it.

I don't know much about America, because I was only two years old when I was brought over. I have an uncle in Kansas, and I sometimes write to my cousin. I can play the piano, and I have begun to learn the violin, French, and Latin; if it is wet in the evenings, we have the trapeze, and I like that better than lessons.

My father lives in New Zealand, and I write to him very often. My birthday is on the 4th of July, and Auntie says it is a big day in America.

With much love, and wishing you a happy New Year, I am, dear ST. NICHOLAS, Your loving reader, LOUIS J——.

P. S.—I am nine years old.

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write to you to tell you how much I enjoy this beautiful magazine. I receive it at the end of the year, bound in two volumes, as a Christmas present, and have taken it since 1874. I was very much interested in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and could hardly lay it aside for anything else until I had finished it. I enjoy the Letter-Box, and think the "Brownies" very funny, as I see most of the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS do.

I am very anxious to go to school this winter, but as I have just recovered from a severe sickness, I think I shall have to wait awhile. I have only one bird for a pet. I do not seem to succeed very well with kittens and dogs, but I am very fond of all kinds of pets. I ride a very gentle pony named Topsey, and think there is nothing more pleasant. Your loving reader, ALLIE C——.

LEXINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls, and both of us are eight years old, so we are twins. We have n't many friends, because we don't go to school, but have dear Miss W. to teach us at home. We play with our pets. They are two Irish setter-dogs named Bob and Bess.

We ride on our Shetland ponies a great deal. On holidays we take our ponies, with Bob and Bess following after, and Timothy, one of our men, to show us the way, and take our lunch into the woods. Almost every night we ride down to the station to meet Papa, who goes to Boston every day to his business. To-day it rains, and we can not go out, so we thought we would write a letter to you. We took you last year for the first time, and liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" ever so much. We have it in a book now, and Miss W. reads it to us.

We like to read the letters in the Letter-Box. Miss W. corrected this for us, and Papa is going to take it to Boston and put it in the post-box. Yours, with love,

RACHEL AND GRETCHEN W——.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an Oppidan, and I wish to correct a few mistakes in the article published in the January number of your magazine. First of all, Eton claims the proud privilege, which it only shares with Winchester, of being a *college*, and not a school. Again, no boys under Middle Fifth can read in either school library. It would be termed "great side" of a lower boy. On the 4th of June the crews do not go to Henley, but to Surly, about four or five miles from Eton. Eton now never rows against Winchester, but occasionally encounters Radley at Henley Regatta. Hoping that you will publish this, Believe me, yours truly, AN ETONIAN.

MCKELLAR, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen very few letters in your columns from Ontario. I live away up in Parry Sound district, on the shores of the Georgian Bay. I have taken you since 1881, and I hope that I will not have to quit taking you for four or five years more. We have very few amusements up here. My favorite pastime is hunting. I have a shot-gun and a Winchester rifle. Game of all kinds abounds. From your admiring reader,

W. B. W. A——.

OPELOUSAS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must tell you how much I have learned to love you since our town reading circle, Rev. Mr. Lewis, President, first subscribed to you for my benefit, nearly two years ago, although the grown people enjoy reading you too. I am the only child in the reading circle. I love to read the letters, especially those from Russia, Australia, and all those far-away places. I have noticed that all the children tell you how many brothers and sisters they have, and how old they are. I suppose they think you take more interest in them, when you know something about them; if so, I must tell you I am twelve years old, and an only child; but I have so many to pet and love me, that I do not mind it much. I hope you will not get many letters before mine this year, so this will not be thrown in the waste basket. Hoping you will give me a welcome, I am, your loving reader, MAUDE DU R——.

AMELIA COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I was seven years of age (and I am now twelve) my mamma has always given me a very nice book for one of my Christmas presents; but to my great surprise this year, among my other gifts, I found a beautifully bound book, entitled "ST. NICHOLAS." I really love reading, and so you may imagine the delightful time I have had in reading "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and all about the "Brownies"; and I do hope next year Mamma will give me another volume. With best wishes, your great admirer, MABEL M——.

TOMALES, MARIN CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our school takes ST. NICHOLAS, and now, as it is vacation, I am the first one, generally, to get it. I think very much of it.

I have many pets. Among them are a little monkey and a parrot. They have great times together. They fight all the time. Anything he sees you do, the monkey will do the same. I had a cat, and he choked it nearly to death. After doing this bit of mischief, I chained him up for two days, and now he acts much better. My parrot's name is Fred, and my monkey's name is Harry.

Your true reader, MINNIE M. K——.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. I am spending the winter in Asheville, N. C. It is a very quaint old town. The people here ride on a horse, or a mule, or an ox. The scenery here is grand; there are high mountains rising all around. I have three sisters. We have a little pony: he will follow me anywhere.

I like "Juan and Juanita" very much, and hope it will turn out all right for the children. We have taken your magazine ever since I can remember, and like it very much.

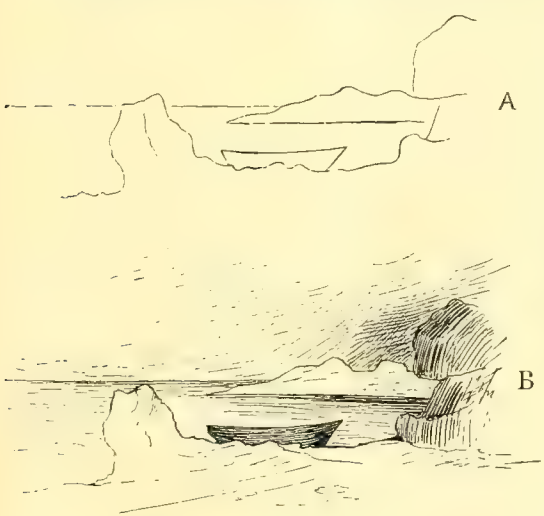
Yours truly, PERCY H. G——.

ANOTHER FROST-PICTURE.

BOSTON, MASS.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number of ST. NICHOLAS I saw a representation of a frost-picture on a pane of glass.

In January, 1882, on one of my windows, Jack Frost drew the outline of a picture as shown at A in the accompanying sketch.



It suggested to me (and required but little imagination) the picture at B, which I that morning placed in my note-book in order to preserve it. The frost-picture of Mr. Whiteley called it to remembrance. I send it only as a curiosity.

Yours respectfully, H. E. V——.

PLANKINTON, DAK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your paper comes to me through the news-agent here, and no magazine or paper is hailed with as much genuine pleasure as is yours. The stories are so pure, fresh, and so natural. I have often thought since I got my first copy, some three years ago, that I could not do without it, and I could not, I know. "Juan and Juanita" is a most excellent story, as is also "Lord Fauntleroy." I do not remember ever seeing a letter from Dakota. I suppose most of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS think Dakota out of the world,—a land of buffaloes and Indians. But they are mistaken. I live forty miles east of the Missouri River. We very rarely see Indians, and then they are civilized. We have very cold weather in winter. It has been as low as forty degrees below zero the past week. But in summer our country is quite pleasant. We have very beautiful flowers, and our two great pleasure resorts are Chamberlain on the Missouri River, and Wessington Springs. I spent a day and a half last summer at the latter place, and found it more beautiful than it had been pictured. The people are very energetic, and take great pride in beautifying their naturally beautiful place. Wessington Hills, though thirty or more miles from here, look to be hardly a mile at the times of the mirage, which is one of Dakota's greatest wonders. We once saw a windmill, which is five miles from town, plainly revolve. Such is Dakota. When she 's nice she 's very nice, and when she 's *not*, she 's *horrid*.

Believe me, your true friend and faithful reader,

BESSIE E. A——.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about a doll's Mayparty we had in the country one summer.

My doll Bella was the Queen, because she was fair. She wore blue shoes and socks, a white tarlatan dress, and a veil and a wreath on her head. The maids-of-honor were Jeannette and Laura, my little cousin's dollies. They wore pink cashmere dresses, and the guests wore dresses of a variety of colors. We made all the dolls dance and talk, eat fruit and cake, etc. When the party was over, I discovered that the poor Queen had danced so hard that she had danced off one of her china legs, and her crown and veil were gone too. I was obliged to give up looking for the lost articles, for they were nowhere to be found; and Bella was, of course, very lame; but Clara (my little cousin) begged me to give Bella to her so that she could have her for a sick dollie. I think we were silly, now that I look back at it all; but I think, if I remember correctly, that I enjoyed it very much at the time. Yours truly, JOSIE M——.

WE present our thanks, for pleasant letters received, to the young friends whose names here follow: Eleanor O., Millicent W., Anita B. C., Nellie J. P., "Adelaide" and "Penelope," G. Russell, "Holder Club," Eleanor H., Laura M. H., A. E. W., M. F., W. R., Ellen B. H., Mabelle S., Jessie B. W., John Gould R., Jack Bliss, Robert L. R., Fanny A. H., Jessamine B., A. L. H., S. Arthur Graves, Fanny E. McI., Agnes C., Theodore Simson, Roy Mc., Floy S., Allie M. L., Lillie C. F., Hattie S., Pauline L. D., Stewart M., Grace F. W., Louis Asher, Fullerton L. W., Ella B., Trudy, E. I. Brown, Katie R. S., Jay E. Carter, Elsea and Addie, Helen B., C. C. Stockton, Flora Frances S., Rebecca A. W., Roxy P., Maud Durrell, "Puss," Nan, Henry S. D., Ruth C., Myra V., Robert J. H., Louise T., Ethel M., Mabel T., David W., Vera Rowe, H. L. Moore, Alfred B. C., A. M. P., Libby D., H. M. H., Eleanor Sewell G., Arthur K. F., A. S., Edwin K. C., Daisy M. B., Kirk J. E., Arthur T., Charles Gray, Carrie L. Morse, Julia McC., Sybil M. C., "Rob Roy," Edwin N. N., Elinor S., M. and B. Scott, Etta B. R., Mary M. C., Maidie T., Daisy May A., Jacqueline and Muriel, Gussie G., Winnie C., Ethel G., Gerald B. W., Bessie G. H., J. Walter Best, Wallace L. D., Ellen G. B., M. N., E. M. L., Ethel, Julian C. V., Annie G., Bina H., Sidney V., Earl R. M., Isabel D., Alice O. S., Ira, May 1 and 2, Dora E. T., Richard R., Miles B., Charlie C., Edna S. R., Dorville L. Jr., Kate M. H., Jenny H., Lynde T., Edith W., Kittie T., Clarke L. J., Hunter R., Jennie D. H., Margaret G. T., H., Edith M. K., Gracie N. H., Inez S. H., Florence S. H., Elizabeth L. G., Edna A. D., Henry F., Fanny D. B., John U. B., Lolo K., Guy R. H., Carrie G. A., Beatrice S. H., Punch Millar, Stella A. G., Bessie B. W., Edith May C., Ralph F. B., Willie and Lyle, Adrian T., E. W. Bridgeman, Agnes J. A., M. A. J., Fanny R. M., Caro L. Du B., Ernestine D., J. L. R., May L. E. H., A Subscriber, Gretchen L., B. C. Cole, Gertrude G., Hattie S., Una R. J., Edith S., Helen L. M., Arthur C. M., Helena B. B., Two Mites' Band, Lucy L. C., "Yum Yum," Geo. W. S., Bessie De W. W., E. B., Laura L., May D., Wild Rose, Alta D. F., Carrie B., Edward S. G., Two Little Maids, Ida M. C., Hattie F., Bertha R., Kitty S. B., Louis P., Frank C., Bessie S., Richard S. S., Eva A. B., Minnie, Oswald L., Nannie L., Phebe V., Geo. A. M., Mildred S., Gertie E. Moore, Ned Evans, Laura P., Etta K., Ed. C. C., Alice C., Charles W. L., Polly B., Bessie M. B. and Grace L.

LIST OF THE NAMES OF SOLVERS OF "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."—(CONTINUED.)

(*See* ST. NICHOLAS *for April, page 478.*)

FROM 50 TO 60.—*(Concluded.)* "Tracy," C. B. Knight, G. P. K., F. A. Marvin, L. McK. Champlin, A. D. Hall, I. and E. McCready, A. M. Hammond, H. and B. Dawes, Daisy Dean, S. W. Jones, M. Hallett, I. Welch, H. R. Kellogg, C. P. F., E. Bendon, A. W. Makooski, M. Gray, M. M. and G. Hopkins, F. and W. Morrison, R. H. Vaile, C. R. F., R. E. Conger, M. D. R., A. C. Webster, "Sun, Moon, and Stars," R. S. Dana, M. A. Groff, R. N. Woodbridge, A. S. and C. M. Linney, B. H. Putnam and others, M. H. Sloo, M. D. Kirby, A. S. Donnally, C. A. B., C. H. Smith, "Palm Tree," R. Whitney, Parke R. D., "Ruby," R. G. Perkins, F. C., B. O. Runnells, Bertha C. P., "K. S. P.," B. S. Thompson, E. K. Martin, C. Jamp, "San Anselmo Valley," C. and G. Stratton, M. L. Merrill, "John Quil," M. G. Foster, C. N. B. C., S. and H. Bostwick, A. H. W., W. L. H., M. E. Nye, "Zyx," H. S. Dormitzer, W. M. Blinks, M. P. Hunter, A. Hervey, H. S. E., M. W. Dame, I. H. Hall, H. L. Bigelow, J. Homan, H. Griffith, C. J. D., W. C. Emerson, F. H. Searer, E. R. Woodruff, H. H. Meadows, "Mary," "Bert Ball," O. Smith, L. B. Justice, L. A. Hobbs, A. R. Thompson, G. G. Dennett, "Hilltop," "Budge," J. E. Sharp, N. and A. Kent, F. Hudson, H. Oustin, E. Hyde, E. Hill, A. Moore, J. M. Maynard, B. C. Wheeler, I. E. Cotton, F. Wardwell, T. P. Woodward, L. T. V., G. Vielie, Fox Bros., J. H. Browne, M. Smith, M. B. E., "Ouidus," A. S. Murphy, W. G. Libby, "Snip," N. Freeman, "Ben Zeene" and "Tom Ascat," G. F. De Wein, G. Schute, "Marchioness," I. A. Hackett, J. B. D. and M. F. D., G. T. Rowland, B. Stuart, R. C. Bean, F. E. Bonsteel, E. S. Parke, "Trudie, Lee, and Scotty," F. H. Hamilton, E. G. M., A. S. Read, J. B. Potter, M. L. Haines, J. L. P., "Cub," C. C. Hyatt, S. S. Posey, "The Jays," Dorothy, Helen, and Mabel, E. L. Mills, K. Nelson, J. M. Field, A. Love R., N. Barlow, C. Strickland, L. T. Crawford, E. Lee S., C. F. Potter, H. Greene, F. D. Stone, E. Cooper, "Gopht," C. Goodhue, Molly and Ted, "Mohawk Valley," E. C. Reifsnyder, "Aio," S. F. Spear, K. F. S., W. Davey, Ida, Alice, Jessie, and Lucy, G. D. McBirney, M. L. Eabes, B. Tucker, C. H. Royce, "Reader," A. R. Tredick, A. R. Barrow, J. R. P., H. B. MacKoy, Astoria, A. T. P., D. Jackson. I. and E. Swanwick, Mrs. A. F. Crole, J. G. R. Flemming, F. P. Price, M. Petsch, "Hyacinthe," L. C. Jones, F. H. Roberts, J. Tolson, N. Hovey, B. A. Mayhew, "Commune," D'A. A. Porter, J. R. De Witt, A. B. F., I. Parmelee, F. A. Bragdon, J. C. Coleman, Jr., L. E. Dains, M. M. Hewitt, H. L. and S. R. Swan, O. T. Crissey, S. Bassett, Carrie G. H., G. C. Brown, M. Leake, G. Maw, L. D. Cree, J. A. Taylor, C. S. Seaver, W. P. Smith, H. E. S., A. E. Paret. H. Blydenburgh, A. L. Brown, "The Spencers," L. F. Entwisle, "Lilu," A. W. S. and C. H. K., J. and B. Corbus, R. McA. Leland, F. G. Barlow, M. S. Betts, M. L. Radcliffe, A. Forster, A. Holliday, "Pansy," M. E. Smith, L. S. Love, S. M., B. S. Newhall, M. D. Emery, J. A. H. H., L. Harris, L. B. Stevens, M. Hempstead, W. H. Graves, "Jacques," Nellie and Tom V., Russ Wilkins, G. and G. Shoup, "Tate" J. and M. Bartlett, C. J. Downey, H. W. Warner, R. W. Bradlee, R. S. Hooker, M. M. Wolfe, C. N. B. C., W. C. Emerson, A. L. Liebmann, F. H. Vincil, H. O. Oakley, G. P. Paine, F. S. Fay, M. L. Cromwell, S. Packard, E. C. and E. F. Staples, W. P. Sullivan, A. Baker, S. M. Pollock, S. M. Spencer, Jr., L. E. Piper, I. M. G., M. H. Allen, S. Fleisher, A. Moore, H. W. Cowles, Bessie and Mabel R., N. F. Cary, Mrs. W. G. Robbins, I. Murray, C. C. Wright, M. Burton, F. B. Noonan, L. A. M., M. C. Davis, May B., A. M. Wickam, G. A. Ferguson, H. Saviar, L. M. Brownson, B. B. Holmes, M. A. Tilden, A. S. Fulton, C. and E. Bourland, M. Thompson, F. G. French, L. Giles, E. Conway, W. L. Grant, H. G. and W., E. R. Morgan, E. A. B., G. W. Emmerson, G. H. and M. B. G., "Pollux," L. B. K., S. Chester, E. Herbert, Mrs. C. H. Raynor, C. S. Parker, Mrs. J. H. Brewer, "Priscilla and G. Washington," C. W. Frederick, F. White, A. R. Vredenburgh, E. I. Brown, C. R. Osborne, O. B. Dilson, "Sotsy and Wotsy," E. Dean, R. C. Porter, F. W. M. and H. L. M., A. E. Linn, H. R. Holmes, "Peggotty," J. L. Nelson, R. M. McCloud, L. C. Norris, L. S. Johnson, P. L. Anderson, L. D. Case, K. J. Drumm, M. Marston and W. Kerr, E. Brooks, C. Cooley, M. F. Smith, "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," M. Reynolds, "Busy Bee," Connie and Annie, R. S. Sinclair, R. E. N. D., A. M. McK., Les deux Cousins, C. F. Doyle, Jr., L. F. Warren, B. E. Smith, E. W. Bartan, F. Warren, J. C. Burrell, "Miss Flint," B. E. K., Mrs. Wilson, J. M. Wile, Jule H., H. and B. Dawes, P. T. Burrows, G. F. R., W. B. Smith, E. F. De Witt, Mrs. C. M. Leete, L. Bell, E. Clark, V. B. Belnap, F. A. Cooke, H. M. Slade, V. Barrett, M. E. Ladd, B. Hunt, J. H. Bulnam, A. M. Grozelier, E. A. P., W. S. Greene, J. H. D., "Mess," "B. Mc.," M. L. Gerrish, "Jo and I," E. M. K., "Malice," C. Wettstein, "Puck," L. B. Kimball, L. Freeman, R. Wood and C. White, F. R. F., J. C. Breckinridge, Jr., M. Kennard, A. C. Willetts, "Ninepin," E. Rayner, J. Earle, "Francis," "Bootles' Baby," G. W. M. B. G. P. B., F. and M. Galloway, K. A. T. R., W. T. A., W. R. Parsons.

FROM 45 TO 50.—S. D., A. M. S. and H. A. M., E. Prescott, C. A. Lee, L. E. Henon, T. Jenks, R. K. M., W. J. Greanelle, A. N. Frink, A. Aldrich, L. V. K., J. C. Parsons, L. A. H., R. Wilkinson, A. B. Shaw, Bessie and Carrie, B. P. Hale, Lillie M. M., C. H. Strang, E. S. Fechheimer, F. F. Evans, H. H. Burdick, R. Strang, C. J. Brown, F. I. and G. W. Whittemore, J. Hirshinger, C. L. Hoffman, J. Moore, H. G. Walker, M. Taylor, "Lady Macbeth and Juliet," A. E. B., W. H. S., M. C. Wight, F. S. Henderson, L. H. Cole, E. Stockwell, Ruth H., E. Robins and M. R. Thouron, F. M. Hicok, "Two Lous," A. Travis, "Puzzler," A. Adams, M. D. Du Bois, M. Butler, S. Hubbell, M. L. Westgate, A. H. R. and M. G. R., S. O. Haven, B. Hamrick, J. Kaplan, M. C. Keene, N. S. Conover, L. Collins, M. Passano, J. L. March, L. J. Arrowsmith, "May-Lou," B. H. Smith, M. Boise, E. White, G. A. Hall, I. W. and A. P., Joe, Ella, and Emma, A. Fitch, J. P. Richardson, "Pansy and Lilac," L. Arder, L. J. Frankenthal, F. Adams, M. M. M., "Two Redheads," R. Eugene, C. M. Smith, G. L. S. Parker, G. A. Toffey, L. M. Keith, W. Chapman, C. and S. McLaren, E. Brookes, J. H. M. R., "Clifford and Coco," H. Lengel, R. C., Glen Ridge, C. S. Gore, "The McA's," C. D. H., S. L. Fox, J. Dobell, Vivian V. V., W. D. Keep, "Don Guzman," M. Carver, A. T. Day, E. MacElroy, H. C. Woodman, "Ohnja," B. Koehler, F. B. Morse, J. C. Howell, C. Mischka, A. Cadwell, J. F. Roberts, J. C. Newlin, J. J. Shuman, I. C. Dunkerson, G. A. Muns, M. Crosby, K. W. Nelson, W. A. Adriance, E. H. E., R. Babcock, A. F. Lewis, M. Bombay, Deerfoot, E. Haswell, F. Gibbs, R. R. B., F. Wood, H. Norwood, L. W. T. and M. S. E., C. E. Slocum, B. Suppiger, E. R. Jones, E. G. Davis, H. Biggeret, M. M., A. Travis, A. D. Pratt, H. Wagner, A. G. Baker, G. F. Koon, J. S. C., M. and H. Hall, "Castor and Pollux," M. A. Locke, S. Sax, L. Pinney, E. Reizenstein, C. B. Wiener, A. H. Woodward, H. Murray, Mrs. F. M. Tompkins, L. Ward, "Etc.," W. G. Peck, H. Rommel, Mrs. C. H. Emmons, M. Burns, E. M. Aiken, N. Hamilton, J. F. McBrien, E. A. Warren, S. G. B., S. G. T., Jr., F. W. Crosby, Ross Street, L. H. S., Clara and Robert, L. A. Logan, Ned and Abbie, C. Howe, F. A. Tooker, G. Capen, H. A. Whiting, N. E. Winer, G. C. and J., G. F. and M. Dashiell, J. M. Nye, E. T. C., V. and L., Chris, K. M. Mason, H. and J. Hamilton, E. E. Gisburne, M. B. Stabler, M. E. Bushnell, A. B. M., "Nemo," F. E. Stanton, Dora, C. M. Moore, S. H. Teall, Grace and Adda, M. Connolly, G. Daniels, N. Baur, Professor and Co., M. E. Mixter, E. Kirudson, A. T. Miner, L. Levan, A. R. Stevens, M. C. Jones, "O for Joe," Gip, M. Raymond, Blanche and Fred, O. P. Renning, F. W. Merrill, A. Oliver, F. M. Boyd, W. R. Dorr, F. W. Phelps, C. M. Hunter, A. Mason, B. Lake, F. M. Dodge, E. Cape, H. Kempe and N. Clark, "L. S. and Teetotaler," G. L. M., H. E. D., F. E. Barton, E. F. Knips, C. S. D. P., J. Sewell, C. Robinson, L. D. Buell, G. H. Sargeant, G. H. Pumphrey, B. and S., G. C. Gammon, P. Overlin, S. Yeates, L. J. Owen, M. Walton, M. R. Brown, P. Granbery, Alice S., S. Comstock, L. D. Hart, S. A. Franks, H. F. Shrimpton, Q. Wheeler, E. L. Nichols, M. McC., F. S. Church, C. Orcutt, P. Ferris, H. and I. Knechler, P. Allen, M. E. Locke, H. P. Gur, L. C. Baker, F. P. Ripley, A. Brooks, Isabel C. A., D. and B. Cumming, R. D. Spry, E. C. H., L. B. Cain, C. P. Reed, L. Maxon, A. E. Abernethy, I. E. M., H. T. Gould, A. V. Pierce, C. T. Wilder, J. L. Hildreth, J. J. Craig, P. Reese, "Nemo," Mollie, J. Lindsley, E. L. Umpleby, Tet, C. E., N. S. and E. E. Carey, S. Rutledge, I. Lebermann, Lorane, A. and E. Williamson. O. Smith, E. E. Carman, M. S. Tracy, B. F. and J. W. H. Porter, L. Sparks, A. McLenegan, E. Stanton, M. and R. Cole, "C. Blossom, R. and Le R. Opdyke, L. G. A., H. J. Woodworth, Mayo, F. G. Adams, F. Botsford, M. P. Hitchcock, R. M. P., G. C. Tyler, E. C. G., D. H. B., P. R. Coates, E. Stoy, W. R. Fisher, C. L. A., M. D. Seese, F. A. and C. P. Foster, N. Norris, L. G. Parkinson, F. Allen, B. Richards, M. C. Eames, G. H. Curtiss, "Gif," "Somebody," "Walnut," "Checkmate," S. E. Clapp, E. M. Poland, A. Hinman, E. Riffle, H. L. S. and W. F., A. Duryee, Grace E. K., E. Van Deusen, S. Pierce, E. S. Black, K. W. and L. A. Denson, B. Fudge, A. W. Booraeur, N. Oglevee, T. B. Robinson, E. D. Colwell, E. G. Fiss, "Pie," H. L. Eason, R. K. MacLea, A. Zagallo, M. F. Miller, L. Prior, O. Engelmann, W. S. F., G. W. Smith, E. C. Gardner, "Eureka," "Brightwood," F. Moss, F. C. Waller, W. G. Little, L. Wilson, E. Crocker, H. E. Deats, I. Erhardt, L. A. Hallock, C. E. Ruth, D. C. D., Nannie D., R. W. Meyers, A. G. Farwell, B. K. Marshall, E. Embros, M. S. Searls, C. F. Hoagland, J. de P. Watts, G. D. O., W. S. Gilles, "May and 79," M. L. Masters, G. E. M., Nina, A. F. Van Bibber, F. P. Loomis, S. J. Howe, A. C. Nelson, M. Prentis, A. W. Jamison, F. Eaton, H. H. Clark, A. D. F., Mignon, S. E. Martin, S. E. W., E. Pickings, E. Phillipps, M. E. A., E. G. W., Winnie and Rhoda, A. H. Withington, J. Chubb, H. C. F. McCreery, "The Doctor," A. B. C., W. L. Fenn, "Toboggan," H. A. Kuehn, M. Gimson, N. L. Howes, I. J. Fisher, R. Lyon, F. A. Bryant, S. Mulhull, E. L. Hanington, P. M. W., Willie and Kittie, S. F. Hall, E. S. Griffith, M. F. Paul, G. J. Graves, Jr., A. L. Pickett, L. Arnold, C. M. Gray, M. N. Stokes, J. D. Flandrau, J. A. Janney, E. L. Young, A. K. Brainerd, F. F. Campbell, C. L. Smith, A. and J. Brevoort, B. Hofford, E. E. Sprague, W. D. Van Blascom, S. Tollansbee, M. S., A. L. Schnecker, G. P. Hitchcock, W. L. Cochran, A. Taylor, E. C. Moreley, A. Johnson, "Nan," A. Eldridge, A. and F. Walmsley, M. Haney, Agnes J. B., A. E. Anderson, "Fire-fly," M. A. C., H. M. Jones, N. M. Bond, "Theo. Ther," C. Appel, "Ordie," J. Christian, E. H. Sackett, Albert and Grace, E. M. S., S. S. D., M. S., E. Dick, W. A. Payne, W. A. Preston, Jr., Sadie W., E. F. Howard, J. Tryon, E. M. Bennett, M. and E. Upton, Otis S., M. Higby, S. Collins, S. M. L., G. L. M., C. B. Pratt, G. D. Leach, Winnie B., A. and H. W., F. S. Salisbury, W. S. A., E. and K. Weld, M. C. N., S. C. W., B. Temby, F. H. Gregory, I. H. Peck, H. M. A., O. J. Healing. *(To be continued.)*

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

EASY GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Harp. 2. Area. 3. Reap. 4. Papa. II. 1. Hasp. 2. Anna. 3. Snip. 4. Papa. III. 1. Papa. 2. Arid. 3. Pine. 4. Aden. IV. 1. Aden. 2. Dire. 3. Eras. 4. Nest. V. 1. Aden. 2. Dove. 3. Even. 4. Nero.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Thermometer.

SOME EASTER EGGS. Cross-words: 1. Entrance. 2. Talisman. 3. Disgusts. 4. Scatters. 5. Speakers. 6. Armature. 7. Tractile. 8. Vicinage. 9. Madrigal. 10. Caressed. Zigzag, from 1 to 10, Easter-tide; from 11 to 20, Easter eggs.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Palanquin; finals, Cabriolet. Cross-words: 1. PacifiC. 2. ArenA. 3. LamB. 4. AmeeR. 5. NaomI. 6. QuartO. 7. UnequaL. 8. InvitE. 9. NuggeT.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. R. 2. Lot. 3. Royal. 4. Tan. 5. I.. II. 1. L. 2. Set. 3. Lemur. 4. Tun. 5. R. III. 1. L. 2. Net. 3. Lever. 4. Tea. 5. R. IV. 1. L. 2. Nut. 3. Lunar. 4. Tar. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Air. 3. Ripen. 4. Red. 5. N.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. Upper square: 1. Mead. 2. Ease. 3. Asia. 4. Dean. Lower square: 1. Slat. 2. Lane. 3. Anil. 4. Tell. Diagonals, Mainsail.

PI.

Come up, April, through the valley,
In your robes of beauty drest,
Come and wake your flowery children
From their wintry beds of rest.
Come and overblow them softly
With the sweet breath of the south;
Drop upon them, warm and loving,
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.

EASY CUBE. From 1 to 2, heaven; 2 to 4, nation; 3 to 4, redden; 1 to 3, hinder; 5 to 6, gander; 6 to 8, rodent; 7 to 8, sprout; 5 to 7, genius; 1 to 5, hang; 2 to 6, near; 4 to 8, neat; 3 to 7, rags.

CONNECTED PYRAMIDS. Reading across: 1. P. 2. All. 3. Green. 4. Rotator. 5. S. 6. Cub. 7. Aural. 8. Impetus. Centrals downward, Pleasure.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In consequence of advancing the date of issue, hereafter answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from E. Ripley — Clifford and Coco — Bessie Jackson — Mary Ludlow — R. B. Stone — Nellie and Reggie — San Anselmo Valley — Harry H. Meeder — Percy H. Thomas — Edward L. Lyon — K. G. S. — M. E. P. — Paul Reese — "Witches" — "Three Innocents" — Francis W. Islip — Tony Atkinson — "Blithedale."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Charlie and Herbert, 2 — Ramona, 1 — F. E. L., 1 — C. T. R., 11 — M. F. C., 1 — Maggie T. Turrill, 11 — Bea and Kit, 4 — H. M. Rochester, 1 — Buff and M, 1 — J. D. Mallory, 1 — F. N. K., 1 — Primary, 1 — Lotta, 3 — Uno and Ino, 2 — J. M. G., 7 — L. H. L. and R. D. S. M., 8 — Alice and Belle, 1 — Patience, 10 — H. W. G., 2 — Don, 2 — Bess, 1 — W. R. Moore, 11 — J. G. Vogt, 5 — Jamie and Mamma, 9 — Puffy, 2 — Bluebell, 1 — Sidney, 2 — "Wild Rose," 1 — Puss, 2 — Mab, 1 — Hildegarde and Eloise, 2 — "Mother Cary's Chickens," 1 — Yellow Kitten, 1 — Eva Smith, 3 — C. Griffith, 1 — Hyacinthe, 2 — "Tycoon," 1 — J. H. Batchelor, 2 — Somitodyeke, 1 — Lucy L. Brookes, 6 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Family Kid, 6 — B. D. P., 11 — L. H. L and D. M., 2 — Professor and Co., 8 — J. N. Carpenter, 1 — L. H. W., 3 — Puck, 2 — Fred W. Mile, 1 — "Friends," 9 — Martha Barrie, 11 — Murphy, 1 — Percy Varian, 8 — "Sally Lunn" and "Johnny Cake," 8 — Claude Still, 3 — Adonis and Rosetta, 1 — No Name, 2 — Marigold and Carnation, 4 — "May and 79," 9 — "Rotide," 2 — S. and B. Rhodes, 10 — W. G. U., 1 — Princess, 2 — Madeleine E. P., 1 — E. A. Baumann, 1 — L. C. B., 6 — Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, 4 — Lock and Key, 4 — H. D. H., 1 — Tad, 1 — Mamma and Jean, 1 — Elsie R. S., 1 — Gladys Delavie, 1 — "Le Brecht," 7 — R. H. and P. M., 11 — Belle Abbott, 2 — "Fanned," 9 — B. Z. G. 11 — "F. A. Mily," 8 — "Lehte," 5 — W. K. C., 3 — J. L. H. and E. B. H., 3 — "Electric Button," 11 — G. L. M., 8 — "Council of Three," 9 — N. L. Howes, 6 — A. G. L., 8 — "L. Rettop," 5 — L. L. B., 2 — Jones Children, 1 — "Two Cousins," 7.

TRIANGLE.

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6 13
7 14
8 15

READING ACROSS: 1. In familiar. 2. A verb. 3. A word which expresses assent. 4. A wharf. 5. To seize and hold possession of wrongfully. 6. An inhabitant of a certain northern country. 7. Endless. 8. To mention.

From 1 to 8, the name of a famous poem; from 9 to 15, an object which will soon be quite common. "KATASHA."

AN ANAGRAMMATICAL PUZZLE.

FROM one word of thirteen letters every word in the following sentence may be formed. No letter is used twice in any word unless it occurs as many or more times in the original word, which contains the five vowels of the English alphabet in their regular order. What is the word of thirteen letters?

"I can count one nose on a face, ten toes on feet; use an ounce of tea; sit at ease on a fence to cast a net; cut fustian into a fine coat; entice an acute cousin to factious action; tease ten cats in a season; cast an aunt's faction into aeons of fusion; cite facts to fasten sin on a saint." CHARLEY B.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD unfurnished and leave a verb. 2. Behead tart and leave a famous epic poem. 3. Behead a contest and leave a unit. 4. Behead a journey and leave a pronoun. 5. Behead injury and leave an inlet of water from the sea. 6. Behead a presage and leave mankind. 7. Behead wisdom and leave metal. 8. Behead obscure and leave a place of safety. 9. Behead an image and leave to study.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a man whom Americans should honor. "LITTLE TYCOON."

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To muse. 2. Benches. 3. Supported. 4. A tree whose leaves are used for decoration. 5. A kind of high shoe anciently worn.

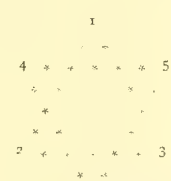
The central letters, reading downward, spell the surname of an American general.

When the letters forming this name have been removed, the remaining letters of the cross-words answer to the following definitions: 1. A small quantity. 2. Places. 3. A hard substance. 4. Sacred. 5. A small animal. E. COPPEE THURSTON.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. The center. 2. Impetuous. 3. To be in accord. 4. Pipes. 5. A ringlet. "ODD FISH."

STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 1 to 2, fault; from 1 to 3, sharply notched; from 2 to 3, capable of being touched; from 4 to 5, a souvenir; from 4 to 6, a species of parrot; from 5 to 6, an elaborate discourse.

"MYRTLE GREEN."



EACH of the twenty little pictures in the above illustration suggests the name of a bird. Name the birds in the order in which they are numbered. G. B.

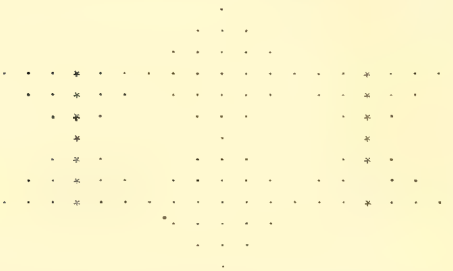
RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. To spin. 2. Frames for holding pictures. 3. To threaten. 4. Wheel-shaped. 5. A rent-roll. 6. Narrated.

DOWNWARD: 1. In digress. 2. A pronoun. 3. An engine of war. 4. A tribe mentioned in the Bible. 5. General meaning. 6. Puffs up. 7. Not plentiful. 8. A feminine name. 9. To consume. 10. An *article* much used by the French. 11. In digress.

"PICKWICK."

COMBINATION PUZZLE.



I. LEFT-HAND HOUR-GLASS. Across: 1. A large city. 2. Lineage. 3. A young animal. 4. In kindness. 5. Past. 6. A fish. 7. Warded off. Centrals, reading downward, more juvenile.

II. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In kindness. 2. To be ill. 3. To abrogate. 4. Related by birth or marriage. 5. Very pale. 6. Induced. 7. In kindness.

III. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In kindness. 2. Mankind. 3. A bird of the parrot family. 4. Determined. 5. An old word meaning a spot. 6. Very small. 7. In kindness.

IV. RIGHT-HAND HOUR-GLASS. Across: 1. In the form of a knot. 2. A dance. 3. Always. 4. In kindness. 5. To interrogate. 6. Nimble. 7. To differ in opinion. Centrals, reading downward, a famous hero.

"SOLOMON QUILL."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals spell the Christian name, and my finals the surname, of an English poet who was killed at the siege of Zutphen.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Seven stars of the constellation Taurus. 2. Sincerely. 3. Excited. 4. To make longer. 5. Rude. 6. A boastful display of knowledge.

FRANK S.

HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of nineteen letters, and am the name of a famous Egyptian king.

My 8–3–6–1–14–7 was a Roman general. My 13–5–4–1–9–10 was a small town which was the seat of a famous oracle. My 12–5–19–3–1 was a fabulist. My 13–10–13–3 was a celebrated queen of Carthage. My 6–14–6–8–17–10–19 was an ancient Egyptian city. My 8–15–12–2–3 was an Athenian philosopher. My 2–10–2–18–19 was an emperor of the Romans. My 4–7–13–10–12 was a country of Asia Minor. My 6–10–19–2–15–5–2–3–14 was an object of superstitious veneration by the Druids. My 18–4–7–19–19–5–19 was a famous Greek hero. My 12–2–2–10–4–12 was a famous king of the Huns. My 2–9–12–4–14–19 was the most celebrated of the seven Grecian sages. My 19–7–4–15–12 was a noted Roman tyrant.

"EPAMINONDAS."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in cotton, but not in silk;
My second in coffee, but not in milk;
My third is in wet, but not in dry;
My fourth is in scream, but not in cry;
My fifth is in lark, but not in sparrow;
My sixth is in wide, but not in narrow;
My seventh in pain, but not in sting;
My whole is a flower that blooms in spring.

JAMES.


A Lady Fleur
Frank Russell Green

ST. NICHOLAS.

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JUNE.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

O JUNE! delicious month of June!
When winds and birds all sing in tune;
When in the meadows swarm the bees
And hum their drowsy melodies
While pillaging the buttercup,
To store the golden honey up;
O June! the month of bluest skies,
Dear to the pilgrim butterflies,
Who seem gay-colored leaves astray,
Blown down the tides of amber day;
O June! the month of merry song,
Of shadow brief, of sunshine long;
All things on earth love you the best,—
The bird who carols near his nest;
The wind that wakes and, singing, blows
The spicy perfume of the rose;
And bee, who sounds his muffled horn
To celebrate the dewy morn;
And even all the stars above
At night are happier for love,
As if the mellow notes of mirth
Were wafted to them from the earth.
O June! such music haunts your name;
With you the summer's chorus came!

KING LONDON.

"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" SERIES—NINTH PAPER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IN the visit which we are about to make to the largest and richest civilized city in the world, I will mention at the outset that if any one were to undertake to walk one way only through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through its streets, we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way, and eight miles the other, and contains a population of nearly four million people, which is greater, indeed, than that of Switzerland or the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London, that one is not likely to notice the presence of these people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens, some so rich that they never can count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count, eat every year four hundred thousand oxen, one and a half million sheep, eight million chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs, and different kinds of fish. They consume five hundred million oysters, which, although it seems like a large number, would only give, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are three hundred thousand servants in London, enough people to make a large city; but as this gives only one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the people must wait on themselves. Things are very unequally divided in London; and I have no doubt that instead of there being one servant to twelve persons, some of the rich lords and ladies have twelve servants apiece.

There are many other things of this kind which I might tell you, and which would help to give you an idea of the vastness and wealth of this great center of the world's commerce, into whose port twenty thousand vessels enter annually; while land is so valuable that a single acre of it has been sold for four and a half million dollars. But we must now proceed to see London for ourselves; and we shall begin at the great church of St. Paul's, which is in one of the most busy and crowded portions of the city.

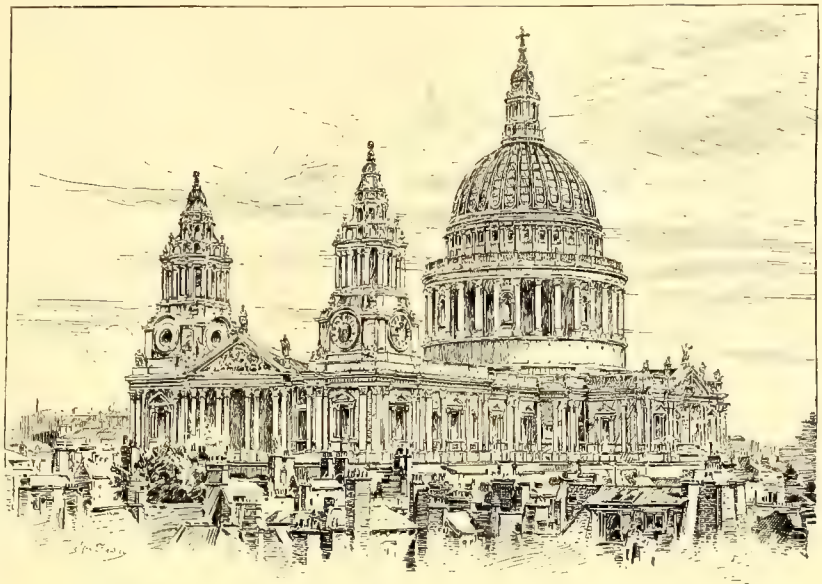
I must say here that a particular portion of London is known as "the City." Although it is comparatively but a small part of the metropolis, it is the center of business, and contains the great mercantile houses, the Bank of England, the Exchange, the General Post-Office, the courts of justice, the great newspaper offices, and the famous London Docks. "The City" is presided over by the Lord Mayor, that personage of whom you have read so much, and who has nothing at all to do with the rest of London.

In the midst of this busy, noisy, and crowded section stands St. Paul's, with its dome high above everything. When it was new and its marble was white, this church must have been very handsome, viewed from the outside; but now it is a dingy gray, and in some places quite black, on account of the coal-smoke which is continually settling down upon London, making it the grimiest, dingiest city in the world. It is everywhere the same. The splendid white marble buildings are now gray and black; the bricks of which most of the houses are built are generally the color of an old ham; and if you see a bright or fresh-looking house in London, you may be sure that it has very recently been painted or built. If you want to know the reason of this, we will go up to the top of the dome of St. Paul's, from which we can look down upon a great part of London.

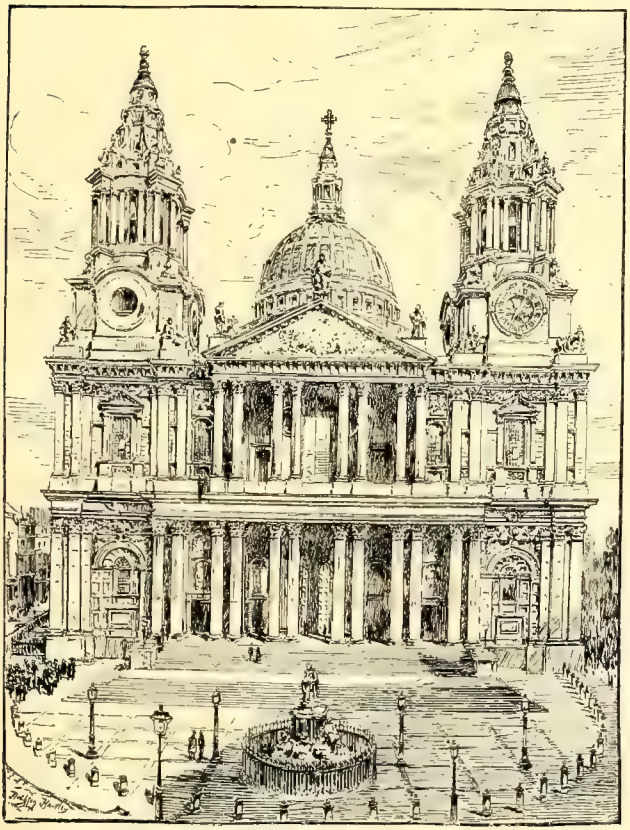
As we gaze upon the vast city stretching out far on every side, one of the first things which will attract our attention will be the amazing number of chimney-pots which stand up from the roof of every building, large and small. There seem to be millions of them, some earthenware and some iron, some of one shape and some of another, some twisted, and some straight; but three or four, and often more, on every chimney. From all these chimney-pots, during cold or cool weather, and from a great many of them during the whole of the year, rise up little curls or big curls of the dark

heavy smoke which comes from the soft coal generally burned in London. This smoke, which is often filled with little specks of soot, rises a short distance into the air and then gently settles down to blacken and begrime the city.

At certain seasons, when the air is heavy with moisture, this smoke helps to form a fog quite different from those to which people in other cities are accustomed. It is so thick and dark that the day seems like night. People can not find their way in the streets; vehicles must stand still or run into one another; the street lamps shed a sickly light for only a yard or two around; windows are closed and houses are lighted at midday as if it were midnight; and until the fog rises, the out-door life of London comes very nearly to a full stop. To see one of these fogs may do very well for a novelty, but we shall try not to be in London at the season when they generally occur, which is late autumn and winter.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, SEEN OVER THE ROOFS OF NEIGHBORING HOUSES.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON. (FRONT VIEW.)

St. Paul's is the largest Protestant church in the world; and when we get inside of it and stand under the great dome, we shall be apt to think that it is a bare-looking place, and rather too big. It is adorned with a great many fine groups of statuary in memory of English soldiers and heroes; but these do not help much to brighten up its cold and dull interior. St. Peter's at Rome is twice as large, but is a much more cheerful place.

It seems rather odd to come to a churchyard to buy things, but St. Paul's Churchyard is one of the great resorts of London shoppers. It is not now really a churchyard, but is a street which runs entirely around the great church, and is filled with shops. Here we can stroll among the crowds of people on the sidewalk, and on one side look upon windows

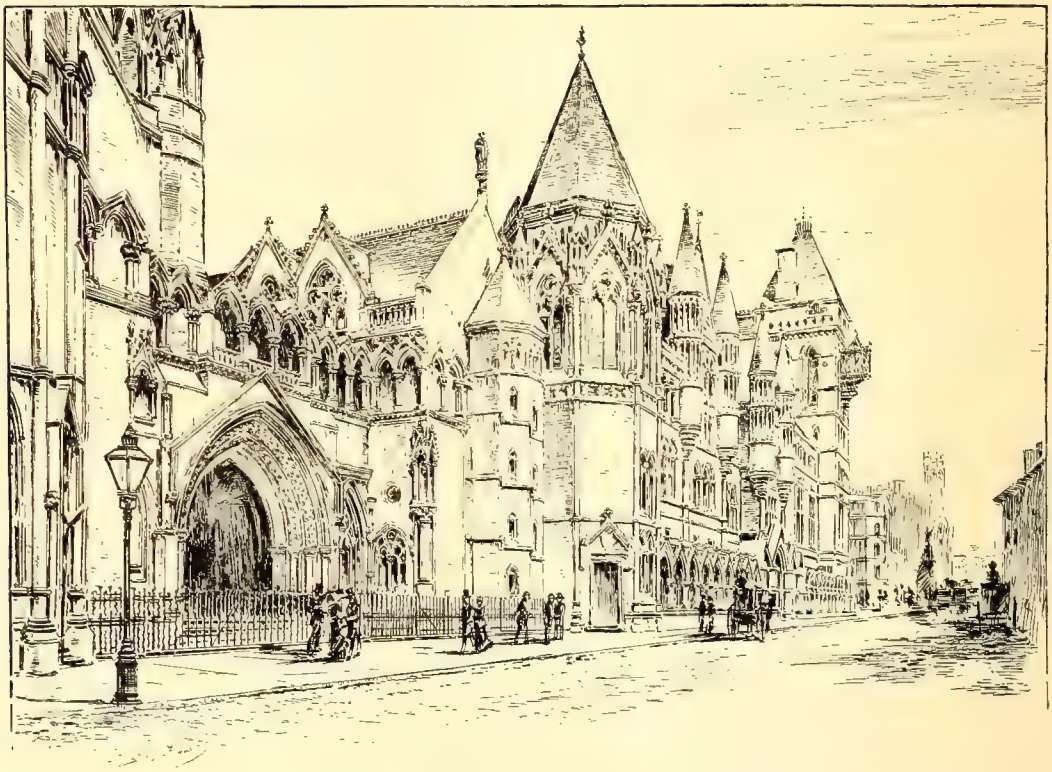
filled with everything that any one would want to buy, and on the other side gaze up at the magnificent cathedral which is the pride of London.

It will interest us very much in going about London to meet with many streets and places which, although we now see them for the first time, seem to us like old acquaintances. From one corner of St. Paul's Churchyard is the lively street called Cheapside, from which John Gilpin started on his famous ride.

From the front of St. Paul's runs the street called Ludgate Hill, just as busy as it can be, and crowded with omnibuses, cabs, wagons, and people. A little farther on, this same street becomes Fleet Street, where we find many book shops and printing establishments, which always make us think of Dr. Johnson, because he was so fond of this street. Near it he wrote his great dictionary, and lived and died. At the end of Fleet Street used to stand Temple Bar, which was an archway across the street, ornamented with iron spikes on which the heads of executed traitors used to be stuck. This celebrated gateway was one of the entrances to the city, and the King of England had no right to go through it unless he had permission of the Lord Mayor. Even now, Queen Victoria does not pass the monument which stands in the place of the old Temple Bar without the formal consent of the Lord Mayor.

Near this place rises the magnificent building recently erected for the London Law Courts. It covers a whole block, and, with its towers and turrets and peaked roofs, resembles a vast Norman castle.

We now find ourselves in that street, well known to readers of English books, called the Strand, where the shops, the people, and the



THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE LONDON LAW COURTS.

omnibuses seem to increase in number. Here we shall see in the windows all manner of useful things; and, indeed, in our rambles through London we shall discover that, although there are many shop-windows filled with ornamental objects, the commodities offered for sale are generally things of real use,— to wear, to travel with, to eat, to read, or to make of some manner of use. In Paris there are many more beautiful objects, but they do not so much seem to be the things we really need. The Strand ends at Charing Cross, where we may see a model of an old-time cross which used to stand here. Charing Cross is one

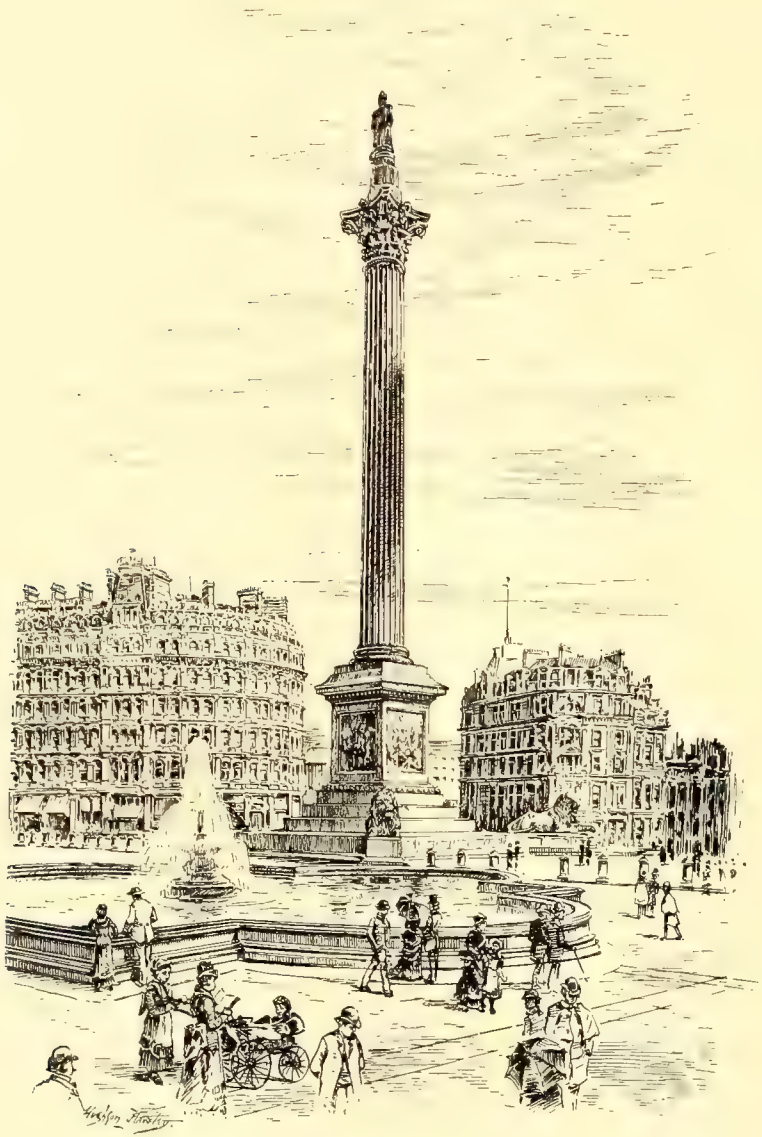
of the great centers of London life. It seems as if most of the citizens make it their business to come here at least once a day. Several lines of omnibuses start from this point; here are a great railway station and an immense hotel; little streets and big streets run off in every direction; cabs, men, boys, women, and wagons do the same thing; and it would be almost impossible to cross from one side to the other, were it not for a little curbed space like an island in the middle of the street, on which we can rest when we get half way over, and wait for a chance to cross the other half of the street. Nearly all the crowded streets of London, as well as those of Paris, are provided with these little central refuges for foot-passengers. All the vehicles going up the street pass on one side of these islands, while those going down pass on the other; so that we only have to look in one direction for horses' heads when we are actually in the street. But we must remember that in England the law obliges vehicles to keep to the left, while in France they turn to the right, as with us.

Close to Charing Cross is Trafalgar Square, a fine open space with a fountain, and a column to Lord Nelson; and facing this square we see the pillars and the portico of the National Gallery. The admirable collection of paintings in this building is not nearly so large as those we have seen in Paris and Italy; but it will greatly interest us in two ways. It will not only be refreshing to see pictures by English painters on English subjects, as well as many very fine paintings by Continental masters, but we shall be surprised, and very much pleased, continually to meet with the originals of engravings on steel and wood with which we have been familiar all our lives. Here are Landseer's dogs and horses, the children of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie's village scenes, and many other paintings which we shall recognize the moment our eyes fall upon them.

Returning across Trafalgar Square, we continue our walk, and find that the Strand is now changed into a broad street, called Whitehall, in which are situated many of the governmental and public offices, such as the Treasury, the War Office, and so on. One of these buildings belongs to the Horse Guards, a very fine body of English cavalry, and here we shall see something interesting. On each side of a broad gateway is a little house, or shed, with its front entirely open to the sidewalk; and in each of these houses is a soldier on horseback. This soldier is dressed in a splendid scarlet coat, a steel helmet with a long plume, and high-topped boots. The horse is coal-black, which is the regulation color of the Horse Guards' horses. The peculiarity of this pair of men and horses is that, while they are stationed here on guard, they never move; the man sits as if he were carved in stone; and although I have no doubt he winks, he does it so that nobody notices it, while the horse is almost as motionless as one of the bronze horses of St. Mark's in Venice. He neither switches his tail, nods his head, nor stamps his feet. He has been trained to do nothing but think while he stands in this little house, and that is all he does. Nearly all visitors to London come to see these two statue-like men and horses at the entrance to the Horse Guards. At certain hours these soldiers are relieved and their places supplied by others, and there is generally a little crowd assembled to witness this maneuver. A tall sergeant comes out into the street, turns around, and faces the two horsemen. At his word of command, each soldier rides out of his little house, then they turn around squarely and ride toward each other, then they turn again, and side by side ride through the gate into the courtyard. It now appears as if they have works inside of them and are moved by machinery, so exactly do they keep time with each other in every motion. At the word of command they stop, each man lifts up his right leg, throws it over the back of his horse, and drops it to the ground so that the two boots tap the pavement at the same instant. Then each left foot is drawn from the stirrup, and each man stands up and leads away his horse, while two other guardsmen come out to take their places in the little houses, and stand motionless for a time.

Continuing on our course, we find that Whitehall is changed to Parliament street, and leads us to Westminster Abbey and the splendid Houses of Parliament, on the river bank. We all have heard so much of Westminster Abbey, that grand old burial-place of Englishmen of fame, that it will scarcely strike us as entirely novel; but I doubt if any of us have formed an idea of the lofty beauty of its pillars and arched ceiling, and the extent and number of its recesses and chapels crowded with monuments and relics of the past.

Of course, we shall go first to the Poets' Corner, where so many literary men lie buried, and where there are so many monuments to those who are buried elsewhere. Among these we shall be glad to see the bust of our own Longfellow, the only person not an Englishman who has a monument here. We shall spend hours in Westminster Abbey and in its chapels, where there are so many interesting memorials and tombs of old-time kings and queens, knights and crusaders; and then, having made up our minds that on the very next Sunday we will come here to church, we shall go out of a side door into a queer little street, where, in a secluded corner, are some quaint little houses



THE NELSON COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

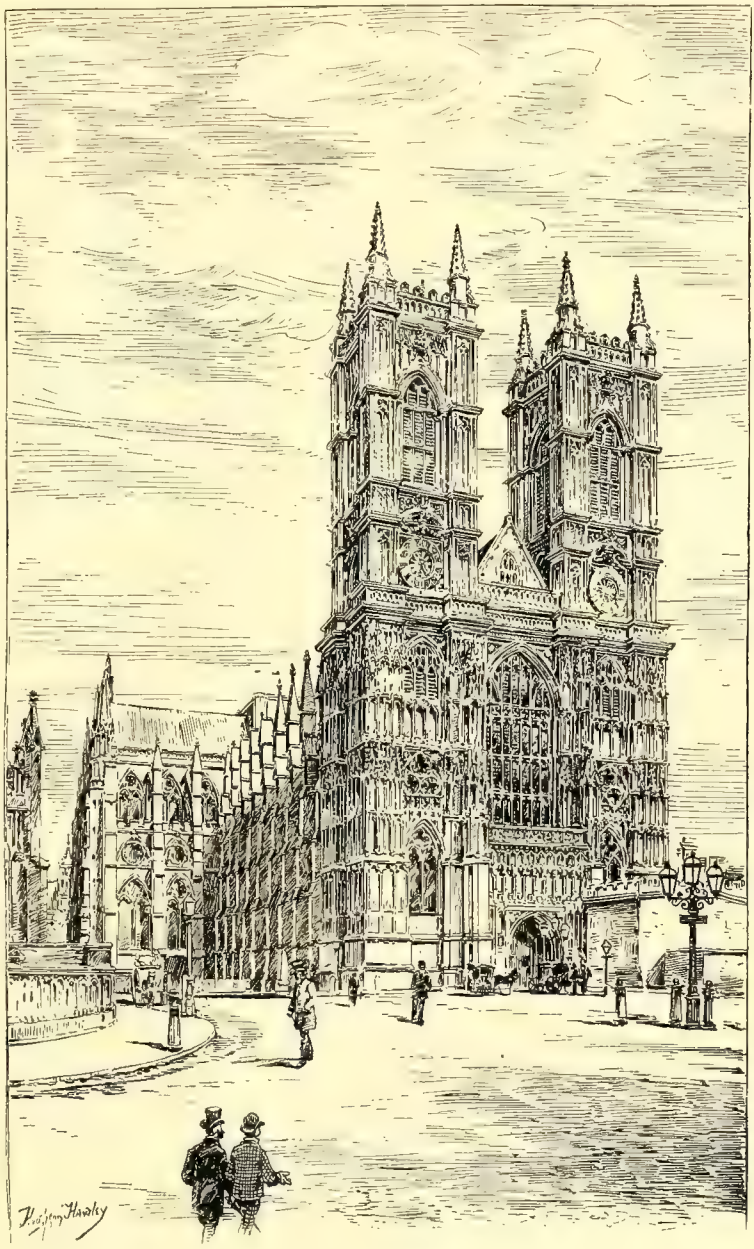
with the names of "Mr. John This," and "Mr. Thomas That," and "Mr. George The-other-thing" on their front gates; and, after walking a short distance, we shall find ourselves at the entrance to the Houses of Parliament.

It is only on Saturdays that these great buildings can be visited, and then we must have permits from the Lord Chamberlain, whose office is around a corner of the edifice. We can wander as we please through all the public parts of the building, for Parliament is never in session on Saturdays, and we shall see splendid and handsome halls and corridors, including the Queen's robing-room, with her throne on one side of it, although she seldom or never sits there, and the magnificent House of Lords, with three thrones at one end of it, which were originally intended for the Queen, her husband, Prince Albert, and her oldest son, the Prince of Wales. There are many more halls and apartments, all magnificently fitted up and adorned with rich carvings and paintings, making this a wonderfully grand and imposing building. We shall be surprised, however, when we see the room intended for the House of Commons, the real governing power of England. In these immense Houses of Parliament, covering eight acres, and containing eleven hundred rooms and apartments, there is for the House of Commons only a room so small that, when all the members are present, there is not accommodation for them on the main floor, and many of them have to stow themselves away in the gallery or wherever they can find room. Adjoining this magnificent building, and now really a part of it, is the famous old Westminster Hall, a vast chamber capable of holding a dozen Houses of Commons. This great hall was built in its present form by Richard II.

Here the English Parliament used to meet, and here state trials were held. Among the persons condemned to death in this room were Charles I., William Wallace, the Scotch hero, and Guy Fawkes. The lofty roof, formed of dark oaken beams, is very peculiar, and in construction is one of the finest roofs of its kind in the world

When we leave here, we shall go out on one of the bridges across the Thames, and get a view of the river front of the Houses of Parliament, with the great Victoria Tower at one end, and at the other the Clock Tower, with four clock faces, each of which is twenty-three feet in diameter; so that people do not have to go very close to see what time it is. The large bell in this tower weighs thirteen tons; and it requires five hours to wind up the striking part of the clock.

We are now in the western part of London, which is the fashionable quarter, where the lords and ladies, and the rich and grand people live, and where the shops are finer, the people better dressed, and where there are more private carriages than business wagons. Among the fine streets here are Pall Mall (pronounced *Pell Mell*), where we see on either side of the street large and handsome buildings belonging to the London clubs; and Piccadilly, full of grand shops, leading to the famous Hyde Park. London gentlemen consider a walk down Piccadilly one of the pleasantest things they can do, and there are people who think that there is not in the world a street so attractive as this. It is certainly a pleasant promenade; and for a great part of its length we have on one side the beautiful trees and grass of Green Park, at the farther side of which stands Buckingham Palace, the Queen's London residence.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Hyde Park, with the adjoining Kensington Gardens, is a very large inclosure with drives, grassy lawns, and fine trees, and with a pretty river running through it. Near Hyde Park Corner, where we enter, are some magnificent residences, among which is Apsley House, belonging to the Duke of Wellington. One of the roads in Hyde Park is called Rotten Row, and is devoted entirely to horseback riding. There is nothing decayed about this Row, and it is said that the place used to be called *Route du Roi*, the Road of the King, and it has gradually been corrupted into Rotten Row.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

There are many proper names which the English people pronounce very differently from the way in which they are spelled: St. John, for instance, is pronounced Singe-on, Beauchamp is Beecham; and when they wish to mention the name Cholmondeley, they say Chumley, while Sevenoaks has become Snooks.

From twelve to two o'clock we may see Rotten Row filled with lady and gentlemen riders, trotting or galloping up and down. But the finest sight of Hyde Park begins about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the carriages of the nobility and gentry fill the long drive on the south side of the Park. There is no place in the world where we can see so many fine horses and carriages, so much fashion, so much wealth, and so much aristocracy, in a comparatively small space, as in Hyde Park, between five and seven o'clock in the afternoon, during what is called the "London season." The carriages, which are generally open, with spirited horses, and liveried coachmen, some of whom wear powdered wigs, drive up one side of the roadway and down the other, keeping as close to one another as they can get, and forming a great moving mass, which it is very pleasant to gaze upon. Along the sidewalks are long rows of chairs which can be hired, those with arms for four cents, and those without arms for two; and on these it is the delight of the London people to sit and watch the show of handsome equipages, beautiful dresses, and high-born faces. No cabs or public vehicles are allowed on this drive, which is entirely devoted to private carriages.

When we go out of Hyde Park at its northeast corner, we enter Oxford street, a wide and busy thoroughfare, crowded with every kind of vehicle and all sorts of foot-passengers. Crossing this is Regent street, the most fashionable shopping-street in London, where we find the finest stores, and the handsomest displays in the windows. This street is very wide, and the houses on each side are nearly all of the same color, a pale yellow, and are probably painted every year to keep them fresh.

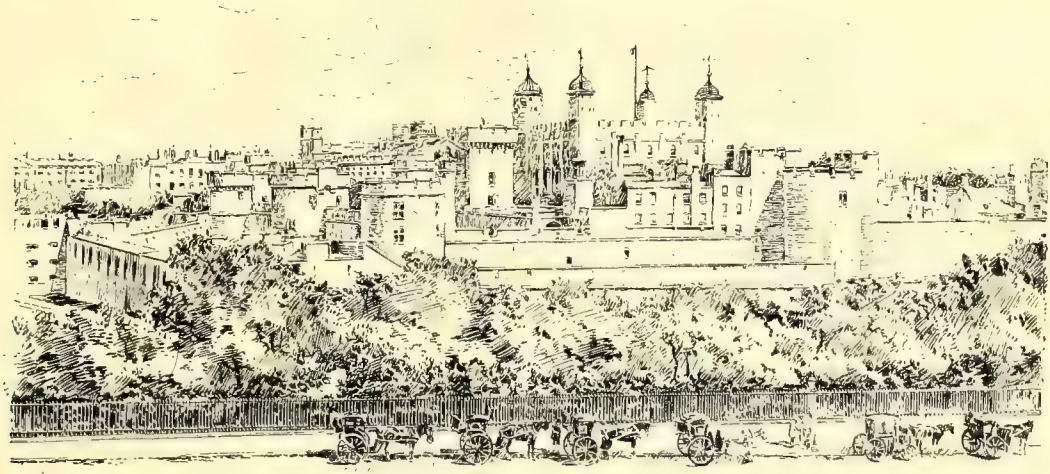
We are now going back toward the city, and, continuing through the lively scenes of Oxford street, we perceive that after a time this great thoroughfare changes into High Holborn; and

we may remember what Thomas Hood had to say about a lost child in this street, when he wrote:

> "One day, as I was going by
> That part of Holborn christened High,
> I heard a loud and sudden cry
> That chilled my very blood."

Then the street becomes Holborn Viaduct, where, for about a quarter of a mile, it is built up high across a deep depression in the city, making a level line of street where there used to be two steep hills. At one point there is a bridge where we can look over the railing and see portions of the city spread out below us. At one end of this viaduct is the old church of St. Sepulchre, where lies buried Captain John Smith, who, we will remember, would probably have been buried in Virginia, had it not been for the kindly intervention of Pocahontas. And at the other end is the famous prison of Newgate. Daniel Defoe,—author of Robinson Crusoe,— Jack Sheppard, and William Penn were imprisoned in Newgate; but the building has been a great deal altered since their times. The street here is called Newgate Street, and before very long it merges into Cheapside, and we find ourselves at the point from which we started. Not far from Newgate is a much more cheerful place, of which you all have read in ST. NICHOLAS. This is Christ's Hospital, the home of the Blue Coat Boys, who, with their long coats, knee-breeches, and yellow stockings, and never wearing any hats, winter or summer, are frequently to be met with in the picture-galleries and other public places in London. It is now the intention of the managers of this school to move it into the country.

In the very heart of the city, where we now are, stands the great Bank of England. This building, with one of its sides on Threadneedle street, covers about four acres, but is only one story high. It has no windows on the outside, through which thieves might get in from the street, and light and air are supplied by windows opening on inside courts. This is one of the richest banks in the world; its vaults often contain as much as a hundred million dollars in gold, and every night a small detachment of soldiers from some regiment stationed in the city is quartered here to protect its treasures. Each of the men receives a small sum from the bank, and the officer in command is provided with a dinner for himself and any two friends he may choose to invite. But at a certain hour the head-watchman of the bank comes around with the great keys, to lock up the outer door with ceremonies that have been observed for generations, and the two friends must leave, whether they are ready to go or not.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Opposite the Bank is the Mansion House, the

stately edifice in which the Lord Mayor lives. Near by is the Royal Exchange, with a grand portico, and a tall tower, on the top of which is a great golden grasshopper, which some people may think is intended to mean that the money made by the hundreds and thousands of business-men who crowd here during certain hours will skip away from them if they are not careful; in reality it is the crest of the original builder of the Exchange. In this neighborhood also is the General Post-Office, and the great Telegraph Building.



THE HEADSMAN, TOWER OF LONDON.

A good deal farther eastward than these, and on the bank of the River Thames, which runs through London as the Seine does through Paris, stands the ancient and far-famed Tower of London. This is not by any means a single tower, but is a collection of strongly fortified buildings surrounded by a high and massive wall, and is a veritable castle, or fortress, of the olden time, standing here in the crowded and busy London of to-day. We shall wander for a long time through this gloomy old fortress and prison, now used as an arsenal and barracks for soldiers. Most of the ancient buildings, towers, and walls are still just as they used to be. Here we shall see the Bloody Tower, in which the two princes were murdered by Richard III.; the great central White Tower, built by William the Conqueror, and now containing a museum of old-time armor and weapons, where we may also see many wooden figures of mounted men clad in the very armor worn long ago by knights and kings. In another tower, the Beauchamp Tower, we shall enter the prison-chamber in which many of the great people of England were confined, and we can read the inscriptions written by them on the walls. In the corner of the inclosure is a little chapel, which differs from every other church, in containing the graves of so many famous beheaded people. Among these are Queen Anne Boleyn; Lady Jane Grey, and her husband; Queen Elizabeth's friend, the Earl of Essex; and others with whose names we are very familiar in English history. If there had been no way of cutting off people's heads, or of otherwise putting an end to them, a great deal of the history of the world would never have been written. In another tower, where it is said Henry VI. was murdered, we shall see the crown jewels, or regalia, of England, which are here for safe-keeping. They are in a great glass case surrounded by a strong iron-barred cage, through which a thief, even if he could get over the Tower walls and through its guards, would find it hard

to break. In this case we see golden crowns, scepters, swords, and crosses, covered with magnificent jewels of every kind, besides many other dazzling and costly objects. On Queen Victoria's state crown are no less than two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds, and in front is the great ruby, said to have belonged to the Black Prince, which Henry V., who liked to make a gorgeous appearance on great occasions, wore on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

Standing about in various places in the Tower grounds we shall meet with some of the warders, called "beef-eaters," which is an English corruption of the French *buffetiers*, or royal waiters. These men are dressed in mediæval costume, and carry tall halberds, or spears. In olden times, one of these was the headsman and bore a great axe.

Not far from the Tower are the great London Docks, which are not upon the river, but are inland water-inclosures of more than a hundred acres in extent, surrounded by great warehouses. In these docks three hundred large vessels can lie; and in the warehouses, and in the immense vaults beneath them, are stored so vast quantities of goods,—tea, silks, tobacco, coffee, sugar, wine, and everything that can be brought from foreign lands,—that there seems to be no end or limit to them. A visit to these docks as well as to the West India Docks, which are still larger, and to several others in this quarter of London, will help to give us an idea of the enormous commerce and wealth of the great metropolis.

Among the sights of London is the British Museum, which is one of the most extensive and valuable libraries and museums in the world. There are more than a million books here; as well as collections of Grecian, Assyrian, and Egyptian marbles, statuary, and inscriptions; with curiosities, antique and modern; and scientific and other interesting objects, in number like the leaves upon a tree. If any of my companions wish to examine every object there is in the British Museum, they must give up the rest of London.

Another collection, almost as large, and more interesting to many persons, is the South Kensington Museum.

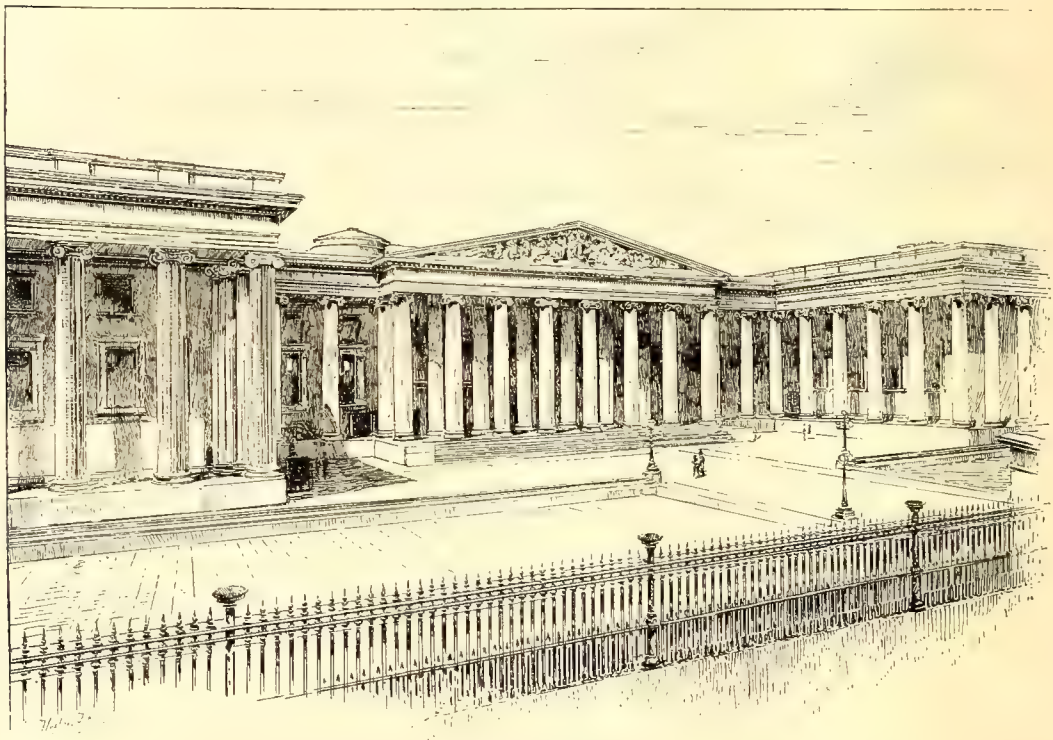
This museum is mostly devoted to objects of art, and contains both ancient and modern specimens of architecture, paintings, statues, beautiful pottery of every kind, and enough things worth looking at and studying to tire out the legs and brains of any human being who should try to see them all at one time.



"BEEF-EATERS," OR WARDERS, OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

In Regent's Park, a large inclosure to the north

of Hyde Park, are the Zoölogical Gardens, which are in many respects more interesting than those of Paris, and are very admirably arranged for the convenience both of the visitors and of the animals. Here the animals have more room to move about than is usual in menageries. There are elephants and camels which carry ladies and children up and down the grounds; and we shall see some fine of him, dressed in the same kind of clothes he wears, is set up in this gallery, among the crowd of kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, and criminals already here. Here is a figure of Cobbett, the English politician, sitting upon one of the long benches placed for the accommodation of visitors. By means of machinery inside of him, his head every now and then moves quickly to one side, as



PART OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Bengal tigers, belonging to the Prince of Wales, in a great open-air inclosure so large that they almost seem to be at liberty, and they walk about and bound over trunks of trees as if they were in their Indian homes. At feeding-time, which is in the afternoon, this whole place is in a state of rampage, the animals requiring no dinner-bell to let them know what time it is.

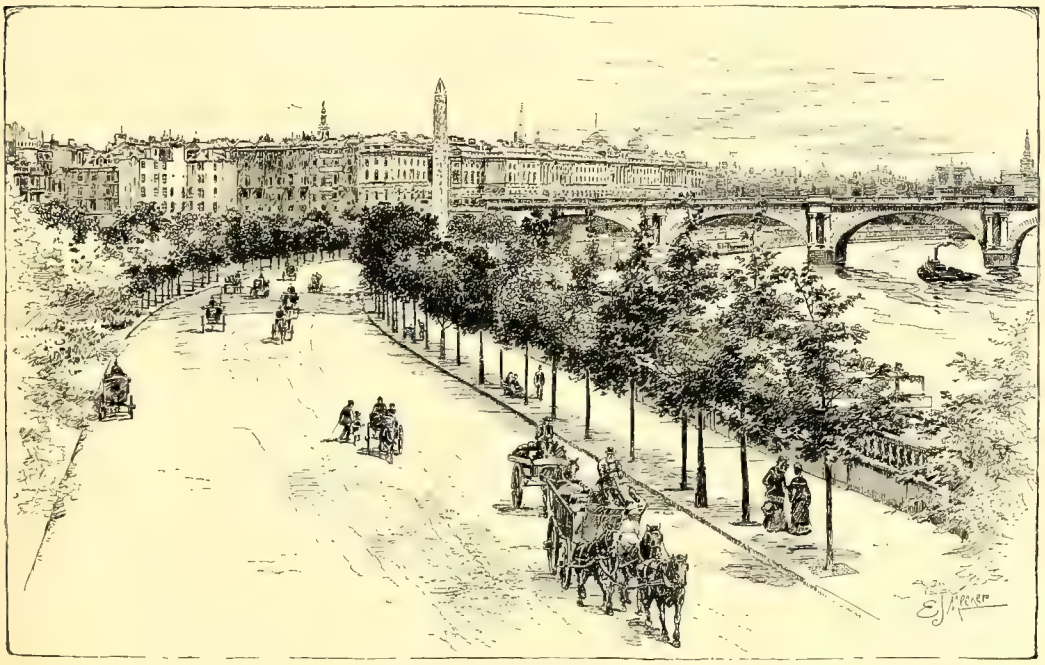
Another interesting place, where the creatures require no food and are not at all dangerous, is Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Show. Here we shall see life-size figures of famous men and women from all parts of the world,—Richard the Lion-hearted, President Lincoln, Queen Elizabeth, Cetawayo, Gladstone, and Guiteau, and many other well-known people. Whenever a person does anything that makes him famous, a wax-portrait figure if he were looking around to see who is there. He is a large man, of benevolent appearance, wearing a broad-brimmed hat like a Quaker's, and it is considered a very good joke when some visitor, thinking him a real man, sits down by him, and is startled at the sudden turn of his head. This is a great London resort, for nearly everybody wants to know how eminent people look, and what kind of clothes they wear.

We must also visit the great London markets, one of which, called Covent Garden, is devoted to vegetables, fruit, and flowers; and these are brought in so vast numbers, and there are so lively scenes among the crowds of purchasers, that many strangers, who have no idea of buying, come here in the early mornings simply to witness the spectacle. There is also Smithfield Market, a build-



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ing covering three and a half acres, with a garden and fountain in the center, where we see exposed for sale the meat of oxen, calves, hogs, and sheep. In the Billingsgate Market we see fish in such quantities that we can scarcely imagine how a city which eats so much fish can possibly want any meat. Leadenhall Market is given up entirely to poultry and game; while another of the many London markets is devoted in great part to the sale of water-cresses. Near Smithfield



THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

Market is the old market-place where many famous persons were burned at the stake.

While we are in this part of the town, we must stop for a time at the Guildhall, the ancient Town Hall of London, where there is a museum of curious things connected with old London, and where we may still see the queer wooden giants, Gog and Magog.

Leaving the noisy city, and the crowded business portions of London, it is a great relief to take a hansom cab, open in front, with a driver sitting out of our sight behind, and to roll swiftly over the smooth streets of the West End, as it is called, where the rich and fashionable people live. Here we find a great many "squares," which are little inclosed parks with streets and dwelling-houses all around them; and farther to the west we come to long streets and avenues, where the houses have front gardens, and often back gardens, and where everything is as quiet, and almost as rural, as in a country village. Here, if we do not know London, we may think that we are in the suburbs, and that we need not go far to get into the country; but, if we turn up a side street, and go a block or two, we shall come upon a long, noisy business street, crowded with people, vehicles, and shops, and find ourselves in another of the great business quarters of London. To get out of London and London life is not easy, and after strolling for hours we still see London stretching out before us, as if it would say, "Here I am, and if you want to see the end of me, you must walk a long, long way yet."

There are many places outside of London to which we must certainly go, and one of these is the Crystal Palace. In this great glass building we may see miles of interesting things connected with architecture, art, and nature. Theatrical performances also are given here, and concerts, and sometimes grand shows of fireworks.

Then there is Hampton Court, an old palace built by Cardinal Wolsey, with very beautiful grounds and garden, laid out in the old-fashioned style. There we may wander in the walks and under the trees where "bluff King Hal" and, later, Charles I. wandered with their courtiers.

At Windsor Castle, the residence of Queen Victoria, we shall spend a day; and, although the Queen may not be likely to ask us in, we shall see a great deal of the magnificent building in which the sovereigns of England, from as far back as Edward III., have lived. Those who have read in ST. NICHOLAS Mrs. Oliphant's account of Windsor will be particularly interested here.

Then we must go to Richmond, a charming village on the Thames, where all London people go, and where there is a beautiful park and view.

We may also visit Greenwich, at longitude nothing, of which we have also read in our magazine, and go to the celebrated Kew Gardens, full of rare and beautiful trees and plants and flowers.

The Victoria Embankment is a magnificent roadway extending along the banks of the Thames, from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, more than a mile. It is built over a low shore which used to be covered by water twice every day at high tide. This great work consists of a wide roadway with handsome walks on either side, and is shaded by trees and embellished with statues. In some places there are gardens on it, and here stands a handsome obelisk which was brought from Egypt. The Embankment cost ten millions of dollars, and under it are tunnels, through one of which runs one of the underground railways of London.

On the other side of the river is another roadway of the same kind, not so long, called the Albert Embankment. The first of these is often called the Thames Embankment.

And now, my dear boys and girls, do you suppose that we have seen all London? You may have an idea of it, but I could take you about for a week or two more and show you interesting places and things which we have not yet seen. But we have done as much as we can at present; and, strapping our valises and locking our trunks, we shall bid good-bye to great King London.

SHORTENING THE BABY.

BY J. R. EASTWOOD.

OUR baby now is four months old,
A bonnie boy, with hair like gold;
And his long clothes are put away—
For Mother shortened him to-day.

He has the loveliest of frocks,
All trimmed with lace, and two pink socks
That Father bought, the best by far
And prettiest in the whole bazar.

And now the rogue can kick about;
His little feet go in and out
As though they could not rest, and he
Is just as happy as can be.

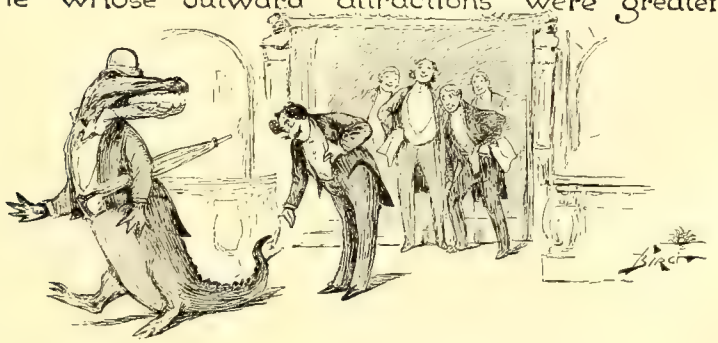
Besides, he feels quite proud to-day
With all his long clothes put away,
And dressed so fine! And then, you know,
We praise the boy, and love him so!

His grandmamma must see him soon;
We all will go this afternoon,
And take the pet, and stay for tea,—
And what a riot there will be!

At first, perhaps, she may not know
The baby, he has dwindled so;
But let her guess, and do not say
That Mother shortened him to-day!



There was once an Absurd Alligator,
Who wanted to serve as head-waiter,
And was greatly enraged
When they said they'd engaged
One whose outward attractions were greater.





ELIZABETH'S CONCERT.

By Robina S. Smith.

Chapter I.



"ARE you going to use those yellow pieces of paper Papa just gave to you, Mamma? May I have one for my doll's dress?"

"Not for your dollie, Flora; but you may look at them. They are tickets to a concert. Papa and I are going to Brunswick to-night."

Flora turned the yellow tickets over and over. She thought of the one beautiful concert she had listened to the year before, when her father took her to town in the afternoon. She remembered the big drum, the men with red cheeks blowing the trumpets, and the man who rang the tiny bells.

Flora was a very enthusiastic little girl over music. Many an evening, when the cool western breeze wafted the strains of music from the village band up to their little cottage on the hill-top, Flora would leave the circle of frolicking brothers and sisters, and climb upon the large stuffed box under the western window. Resting both elbows on the sill and her chin in her hands, she would listen with delight to the gay tunes.

At the word "concert," a great many thoughts went through Flora's excited little brain. With bright eyes, and an earnest spot deepening on her forehead, she returned the tickets to her mother, and cried out:

"Oh, may I go, too? I will take a nap this afternoon, so as not to be sleepy!"

"Oh, no, Flora dear! This will be in the night, and little eyes must be shut up tight then. Wait until you are older, then you may go. We must leave before supper; but remember, this is sister Elizabeth's night to come home. You can help Lily set the table to welcome her."

Just then, little Ben came running in from the lawn with his hands full of buttercups. He pulled at Flora's apron, and, holding a bunch of yellow blossoms under his rosy little chin, cried:

"See me like butter! Now you like butter!"

"Oh, what a yellow chin, Benny! And is blue-eyed grass open, too? Where did you find them?"

"Come and see!" answered Ben, scampering off out the door.

Flora, forgetful of her disappointment, ran after him; and the two waded through the green field after the flowers, the tall grass reaching to Flora's belt, while the daisies and buttercups kissed little Ben's forehead, as, with arms stretched upward and stumbling little feet, he plowed through the grass in front of his sister.

Elizabeth, who came home from the academy on Friday afternoons, arrived just at supper time. She was greeted with shouts of welcome, and the information that Papa and Mamma had gone to a concert.

After supper, the children gathered around their sister on the doorstep. Friday evening was always a grand time with them. They followed Elizabeth about, wherever she went, to make up for lost time during the week.

"Now, who will get me some buttercups and daisies?" said Elizabeth. "Bring a whole bunch of them, and some of that fine, long grass, and I will make some pretty wreaths."

The flowers were soon piled in her lap, and her ready fingers were weaving crowns for each little head. With eager eyes following the pretty work, the children were quiet for a while, till Flora spoke of the concert again.

"Mamma says I can go when I get older."

"So can I," chirped Ben.

Fred and Lily said they did n't care for the concert. When they were older they were "going on a shipwreck," and "land on a desert island."

"We have been playing it this afternoon, Elizabeth, and it 's splendid. We did n't have anything to eat on the island except a fish chowder."

"You were very fortunate to get a fish chowder!" said Elizabeth, laughing. "Well, children, I don't want to wait till we are older, before we go to a concert. None of you are too young, except Ben."

The children began to look pleased, yet mingled with their pleasure came a troubled look that Elizabeth should differ from Mamma.

"Let 's go!" cried Elizabeth.

"Why, Elizabeth!" they cried.

"Oh, I don't mean Mamma's concert. Mine comes off in the morning."

"Then we can go," shouted Flora.

"Fred and I can't go," said Lily, "because we shall be in school then."

"That will not make any difference. My concert comes early, before school begins."

"But just see my old boots, Elizabeth! They are all out at the toes, and Papa is n't going to bring my new copper-toed ones till Monday," said Flora.

"That will not make any difference, either. You have to wear old boots at my concert. 'T would n't do at all to wear new boots in the hall."

"'Cause they 'd squeak?" piped Ben, who was sitting down in the path, making a gravel "garden."

"No, Ben," said his sister, placing one of her crowns upon his head. "But the boots would be all spoiled after going to one concert, and would never be new boots again."

"That 's funny!" said Flora. "How would they get spoiled?"

"The floor of the hall will be so very wet."

"The floor wet!"

"Yes, and you must wear old dresses, too. Nobody will see you."

"Why, the people that sing — they will see us."

"I hope not. They would be afraid and would not sing if they did," mysteriously answered Elizabeth.

"Oh, sister Elizabeth, what kind of a concert are you going to take us to!" cried astonished Fred. "What a dirty hall it must be! A concert in the morning, too, and such frightened singers! I don't believe I shall like it. Do you think I will?"

"Yes, indeed! You 'll think it the greatest fun you ever had. It is the most beautiful hall you ever saw, Fred, if it is wet. The ceiling is a faint sky-blue, with a rosy yellow border at the eastern side. There will be a shining lantern to-morrow morning, hung low from the ceiling. The walls are trimmed with fresh, budding evergreen boughs, and the air of the hall is scented with the perfume of flowers!"

"Just as our schoolroom was last year on the last day, when we all brought bunches of flowers to the teacher! The whole room smelled of rose-petals and lilacs. Oh, how pretty it was!" said Lily.

"Where are the tickets, Elizabeth?" asked Flora.

"Tickets? Oh, tickets! Well, I have not bought them yet. In fact, it is a free concert. Anybody may go who will get up early enough. I think the only tickets required are a fresh face, bright eyes, sharp ears, and a quiet step!"

"I think there is something queer about it, but I think it is going to be nice, don't you, Fred?" said Lily.

"May be so," said Fred, not quite ready to commit himself. "What time must we get up?"

"We must get up from this doorstep now," said Elizabeth, rising and catching up Ben. "The dew has begun to fall, and Papa says that is the time to come in. As to the concert, you will have to be up at half-past two. I will go around and wake you up, because we must be out of the house at three, as the concert begins then."

"It must be mosquitoes!" shouted Fred. He had been brooding in silence for the last five minutes over the mystery of his sister's concert. "That will not be any fun at all!"

"Why, Fred, how you frightened me!" said Flora, with a laugh.

"Hush, Fred! Don't say any more," whispered Elizabeth. "You are wrong. But don't guess again. Wait, and we will surprise the others."

"I know!" said Lily. "When you said it began at three, that reminded me. It is better than mosquitoes, Fred."

"Children, let 's clear the dining-room and have a game of blindman's-buff before bed-time," said Elizabeth, to divert the children's attention from guessing her secret.

Away they flew to the dining-room, dragged the chairs, one after another, into the hall, pushed the table up between the windows, and had

a grand scramble. When they all had taken their turns at being blindman, Elizabeth said, "Come, children, you must scamper to bed now. Benny, you come first."

"Sing my song to me, Lily, and then I will go," said a sleepy little voice.

"What song does Benny mean, Lily?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh," explained Flora, eagerly, "it 's a song that Lily made up all herself, while you were at school this week. She made it up one night when she was rocking Ben to sleep, when Mamma had a headache."

So, taking Ben into her lap, Lily sang the good-night song. The others gathered around the rocking-chair in a circle, and enjoyed the simple words as much as Benny did, while Lily sang:

"Pretty baby, little darling,
Would you like to go to sleep,
When the day is fading, fading,
And the stars begin to peep?

"When the little birds so pretty,
In their nests shut up their eyes,
When the bee has stopped his humming,
And the moon is in the skies?

"When the fire-fly has lighted
In the dark her cunning lamp,
When the dew is softly falling,
And the ground is cold and damp?

"Pretty darling, little precious,
Would you like to go to sleep,
When all things are resting, resting,
And the stars begin to peep?"

A half hour later the house was wrapped in quiet. A soft breeze stirred the leaves of the white birches. The roar of the distant falls murmured a deep undertone. The silvery moonlight was shining through the windows, and Elizabeth was quietly moving about, trying to mate the children's rubbers in the back entry.

Later still, when the father and mother returned from the concert and walked up the path in the moonlight, they saw the old spoon in the gravel where Ben had been "gardening," and the bunches of withered flowers on the doorstep. Elizabeth greeted them with her plan for the morning, and received the merry rejoinder:

"Remember, we have had our concert, and shall wish our morning nap undisturbed."

—Now let us see what preparations are being made for the concert in the queer, damp hall of which Elizabeth had spoken.

The members of the chorus are fast asleep among the green trees, with their heads tucked under their wings. There are our famous singers, the robins, with their coats of scarlet and brown; there the flocks of little blackbirds, with their white aprons; there are the sparrows, each the owner of an exquisite solo, expressly its own; and somewhere in the most hidden recesses of the woods reposes the thrush, who sings as no Jenny Lind can sing. We can not even think of the thrush as sleeping like other birds, so distant and individual does it seem. Even the black crow is preparing himself for the morning chorus; while countless tiny wood-warblers, who have no need to rehearse their parts, are concealing, each in a soft little ball of feathers, the mystery of song.

In a very silent way, other great preparations are going on. First of all, the dust and heat of the preceding day must be wafted away. For, when the new day comes, never seen before, no trace must be left in the air of any yesterday. Does a cool, calm breeze come up to cleanse and inspire the air? How does it take place? None can tell. Enough that there has been accomplished the great work of wiping out the past and beginning all over again.

Fresh perfumes, too, are prepared to greet the new day; while, poised in the eastern sky, the morning star hails the dawn. And what fairy has been around to every single tree, bush, leaf, and grass-blade, freshened it with water, and adorned it with precious jewels? Every strawberry vine has a pearl for each point on its leaves. The morning-glory, too, that flower which can never have seen a yesterday, is unfolding. Surely the new day is here!

CHAPTER II.

AT about a quarter of three, the house by the woods was full of suppressed excitement. The children, in their endeavor not to wake their father, mother and Ben, and at the same time to be sure to make one another hear, talked in loud, rasping whispers that made Elizabeth nervous. Fred's old boots made such a racket that his sister told him to go about in stocking-feet till they were out of the house. Lily and Flora got into such a gale of laughter trying not to make a noise and walking on tiptoes, that they finally adjourned to the kitchen and shut the door after them.

Fred looked like a scarecrow, and Lily, who always tried to be like Fred, said she looked entirely too neat, and wished she had some more ragged things to put on. As they rushed out of the door, glad to be able to talk "out

loud," Lily caught her apron on the latch and tore a great rent in it.

"Now, Lily, you ought to be satisfied," they cried with a merry laugh.

From Lily's and Fred's hints, Flora had now found out what sort of a concert they were going to.

"Oh, that must be the lantern!" cried Flora, as they stepped out of doors and faced the morning planet.

A few minutes' walk brought them across the fields and to the entrance of the woods. Seated on a moss-covered log, Elizabeth told the children that they must keep perfectly still for a while, so as not to miss the first notes. To their listening ears came up from the village a faint "cuck, cuck, cuck-a-row-w." Still fainter from a distant farm-house came the answer, "cuck, cuck, cuck-a-row-w," and from outlying farms, one cock after another took up the cry.

"Must we call that part of our concert?" whispered Flora.

"Certainly, Flora, that is a part of the concert. I like to hear it. We can call it the prelude. Now, hark! Over there in the marshes, what do you hear?"

"Frogs!" cried the children. "Oh, they sing, too!"

"Dong, dong, dong," sounded the village clock.

"There; it 's three o'clock," said Fred. "You said the concert would begin promptly. Where is it?"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a sleepy voice came up from the hedge:

"See, seé, see; violets, violets, violets."

At the first notes of the "violet-bird," as the children called it (because it always came with the earliest violets), Elizabeth put out a warning hand to keep the children still, as they all involuntarily began to jump up with excitement.

"Why, how do they know the time?" said Flora, in astonishment.

"That 's the chief solo-singer of the concert, children," said Elizabeth; "our yellow-headed sparrow."

"There 's the robin waking up, too," whispered the voices, as the robin's "rain-song" filled the air. Then followed a quick, troubled note from another robin, as if waked too early from its slumber.

And now, another sparrow from the grove calls out, "See, seé—oh, see, seé!" and leaves the refrain unfinished, while from the hedge comes the response in full, "See, seé, see; violets, violets, violets!"

Just above their heads a little blackbird, with its white breast and bright little eye, woke up and shook its sleepy feathers. Then, flying to the top of the tree, it poured forth a melodious trill. It was carried through unbroken to the end. No woman on the stage can ever hope to attain to such richness and perfection.

One tiny warbler, elate with happiness, could only sing, "Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!" the syllables running over each other in rapid succession.

"The crow does not seem to join in the chorus, does he, Elizabeth?" said Lily. "He does not get up so early as the rest of us."

By way of answer, Lily heard a sleepy, hoarse "What! what! what!" from the spruce-trees, and then an indignant chorus of "Hark! hark! hark! caw! caw!"

Lily laughed heartily.

"Oh, that woke the crow up! He did n't like to be thought a lazy bird."

In a short time, the different songs were all mingled into one grand chorus. Each bird had its own peculiar melody; each sang as if unconscious of any other member of the chorus; yet the whole was in perfect harmony. There was no discordant note. Even the hoarse caw, caw, of the crow only added a rich bass to the soprano and the tenor singers. Robin-redbreast's part was the most prominent. Yet, always strong and clear from the grove, one sparrow gave the watch-cry, "See, seé, see," and from the hedge came the news of "violets, violets, violets!"

"Listen very carefully," said Elizabeth, "and when robin pauses a minute to take breath, you will hear our sweet thrush."

"Oh, there it is! How far off it sounds!" said Flora. "And there are our swallows," she added, pointing to the familiar birds as they flew in low, waving circles, uttering their peculiar twitter.

"Oh, what birds are these?" cried Lily. "They flew right by my head, two of them! What are they?"

"Those are bats," said Elizabeth. "See, they are getting ready to go to sleep. They have had their day, and now are ready to say good-night."

A short while before four, the grand chorus broke up. The birds were seen flying down to the ground and picking up their breakfast. One gay little chorister flew to a branch just beside the children, and, not noticing them, flew down on the grass and found a breakfast ready for the taking.

The bright yellow-birds with their somber mates were exulting over their treasure of dandelion seeds. With a quick flutter the little birds would fly upon the stems of the dandelion and bring the airy head of seeds within reach. Gayly flitting from tree to tree, they would call out with a bewitching little intonation, "Phoe-bé-e, Phoe-

bé-e," with a rising inflection on the last syllable. Just the turn in the accent and pitch of the notes gives a whole world of difference between this cry to "Phoebe" and the plaintive "Phoe-bee, Phoe-bee" of our chickadee. The one seems like the playful chuckle of a little child, calling merrily, "Phoe-bé-e, oh, come seé-e;" the other a solemn, sweet call, so full of pathos that we wonder how it can come from the chickadee, whose most familiar note seems full of good cheer and happiness.

The distant song of the thrush was still heard in the woods. Elizabeth proposed that they scatter quietly to see who could find the thrush and watch her as she sang.

Flora wandered off among the pine-trees. The soft, brown needles underfoot muffled her light tread. Nearer and still nearer she approached that hidden fountain of song, till she could fix its position on the top of a dark tree, the crest of which alone was bathed with the rosy dawn.

Stopping at a short distance from the foot of the tree, where she could easily look up to the thrush, Flora soon forgot everything and everybody else. Poised on the tapering point of the tree, the bird raised its head, and from its quivering throat poured forth its morning song. The three variations followed one another after the required intervals. Again and again the rich cadences fell on Flora's ear. Never before had she been so near the heart of the bird! How differently it sang from the other songsters! There was no hasty flitting from branch to branch during the silent intervals. The thrush seemed to have banished all other thoughts, and with gaze fixed on the morning blue, with nothing between itself and the over-arching heavens, opened its soul in sad, sweet melody.

Flora almost held her breath when, a few moments later, the bird ceased to sing, and flew softly downward among the low trees and then lit on the pine-needles at her feet. With so much grace and quiet it came to the ground, that it seemed more like the wafting of a feather to the earth than the descent of a bird.

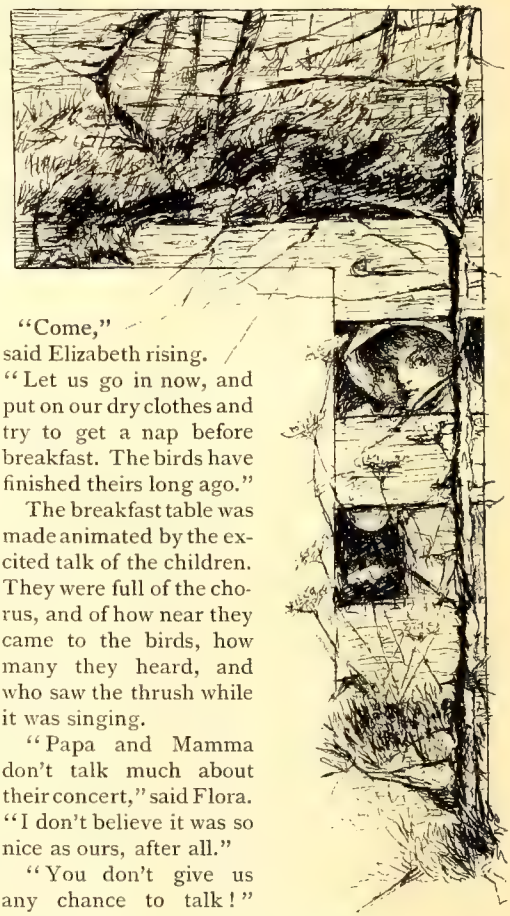
Everything seemed to respect the thrush's love of concealment. The very pine-leaves just matched its brown back, and the gray mosses made inconspicuous its spotted breast. The bright eyes scanned Flora carefully, but, hidden behind a protecting fence, she passed for a shadow.

"You dear little bird! What were you saying up there against the sky?" whispered Flora, half to herself and half to the bird. "Oh, if the others could only see!"

A rustle in the bushes and a sharp "oh!" caused the thrush to flit quietly away as Lily made her appearance. The two girls, after relating their success to each other, went off and joined the others.

"Just see my boots!" said Lily, looking down at her wet feet.

"And mine, too," echoed Flora. "And my dress! It is wet two inches deep with dew!"



"Come," said Elizabeth rising. "Let us go in now, and put on our dry clothes and try to get a nap before breakfast. The birds have finished theirs long ago."

The breakfast table was made animated by the excited talk of the children. They were full of the chorus, and of how near they came to the birds, how many they heard, and who saw the thrush while it was singing.

"Papa and Mamma don't talk much about their concert," said Flora. "I don't believe it was so nice as ours, after all."

"You don't give us any chance to talk!" laughed Papa.

"I 'm not sure," said Mamma, "but you children did get the best of it; because Papa and I came home last night full of criticisms on what we heard, but you have not been critics at all."

"No, indeed! How could we criticise, Mamma? Every song was perfect."

"I can criticise one singer," said Lily, laughing. "He was very disagreeable because he came so near when he sang. He went almost into my ear just as I was finding the thrush! I was walking along, gazing up at the trees and following the song, when a mosquito flew at me and bit me so hard

that I screamed right out, and the thrush flew away."

"Yes," said Flora, "that was my thrush."

"Well, does this happen every morning, Elizabeth, when we don't get up?" said Lily.

"Yes; every morning at this season of the year."

"But who go to the chorus when we don't?"

"Very few, I think, know anything about it, or care for it. I think the damp hall deters most people."

"Oh, Elizabeth, now we know what you meant by the damp hall!" said Fred. "When you first said it, I kept thinking of the way the floor looks on washing-day!"

"May n't we go to-morrow morning again? May n't Elizabeth wake us up?" asked Lily.

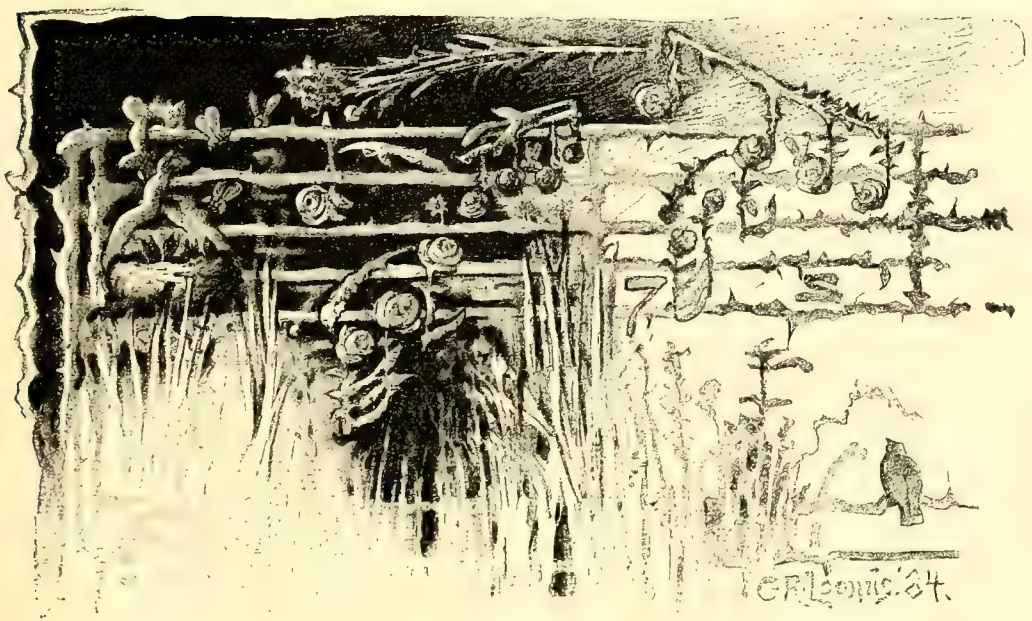
"No," said Papa. "The morning chorus is free to all, but hereafter it must be kept in reserve for those who 'shake drowsy sleep from off their eyes,' without being waked by anybody. If you wake of your own accord, you may go any morning."

As a natural consequence of waking up at half-past two, the children slept unusually late the next day. But the concert was as great a success as on the previous morning, although the feathered choristers sang not to the children's ears.

The children made out the following

ORDER OF MUSIC.

PRELUDE { Roosters crowing in the village.
Frogs in the marshes.
(Clock strikes three.)
FIRST SOLO, Violet-bird.
SECOND SOLO, Robin-redbreast.
THIRD SOLO, Wood-thrush.
FULL CHORUS { Robin-redbreast (leader).
Violet-bird.
Blackbird.
Yellow-bird.
Crow (bass).
Wood-thrush.
Purple finch.
Oriole.
(At intervals, the sad music of the Hermit-thrush is heard from the pine-woods.)
FOURTH SOLO, Swallow.
FIFTH SOLO, Chickadee. (Exit Robin-redbreast.)
FINALE. ALTERNATE SOLOS { Thrushes.
Violet-bird.
(Clock strikes four. Audience and singers disperse for breakfast.)



JUAN AND JUANITA.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MORE cool, lovely, fragrant spot than the Cañon of Roses in the dewy hush of early morning one could hardly find the world over; and a joyous awakening was that of the children. The river alone was full of attractions for both. They walked beside it for some distance; swam across it, wandered on the other side until they were tired, and then returned to that on which they had camped, at a shallow spot where some white light was imprisoned even at that early hour, although all the stream was clouded, overshadowed like a mountain-tarn, giving out only steely-bluish, blackish surfaces as it rippled musically, eddied gently, or rushed boldly away in the soft gloom of the cañon. It was the coolest, quietest river imaginable at its brightest and noisiest,—reflecting at midday, in a distant fashion, the strip of sky overhead, or, perhaps, some great white-cloud Alp, as a metal mirror might have done. When the children had finished dashing the water up into each other's faces, to their mutual delight, and had tired of juggling with the beautifully-colored pebbles that abounded, they threw themselves back on the grass and stared up at the sky, and went on laughing and talking gleefully, until a little rustle in the bushes near them attracted their attention and sent them up into a sitting posture at once. Juan was alarmed, for he had thoughtlessly left his bow at the camp; but he had no need to be frightened, for now came a plaintive bleat, bleat, bleat, and out came the little fawn they had spared the evening before. It was alone, and was still wandering about in an aimless, anxious way, trying to find out what had become of its family and friends. It had strayed down to the river to seek them, and coming upon the children, stopped and looked at them in a gentle, timid fashion, as if to say, "Could you, would you tell me, if you please, where my mother is? I am so tired, and I have looked everywhere. I don't know what to do or where to go,—I don't, indeed!"

"Oh! if I only had my bow!" said Juan. "We need another bag, and the skin of this fawn would make a splendid one, quite as big as the one Shaneco keeps bears' oil in. What was I thinking of to come away without my bow? I tell you what! Suppose we drive it very gently to our camp, and kill it there. You can do it, if you like. But you must take good aim, and shoot at the throat so as not to spoil the skin. I 'll dress it afterward and then make the bag."

"Oh, poor little thing! Let us not kill it, Juan," said Nita. "It looks so helpless and frightened! Let us keep it for a pet."

"Why, what nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Of course I shall kill it. But come on, I am hungry. I want my breakfast."

Together they managed to make the fawn take the direction of the camp. But the longer Nita saw it and watched its graceful movements, as it trotted or bounded before them, the more pleased she was with its slender legs, its comical apology for a tail, its pretty coat, and the soft brilliancy of its eyes. Every moment she grew more determined to keep it. "It is such a dear little thing! I must have it; but how can I prevent Juan from killing it?" she thought. When they came near the camp, he bade her run and fetch her bow or his; but she was ready with an excuse—the fawn would not stray; it would stay in the neighborhood; why not wait until after breakfast? This seemed reasonable enough, and Juan consented to postpone the shooting. A very hearty breakfast put him in a good humor; and, indisposed to exert himself at all, he sat down on the river bank with Nita and spent an hour there in idleness.

"By the bye, we will get that fawn now," he said at last. He strung his bow energetically, as he thought of the bag he coveted, and started off, Nita following; while Amigo stopped to finish gnawing at his breakfast of bones. When they neared the little creature, Nita mustered up her courage and began to plead for its life.

"Don't kill it, Juan, please! I like it. Let me have it. You can get another. There are plenty about here. I want it. Do let me keep it, won't you? I want to keep this one and tame it. May I not?"

Juan did not at all approve of such a course; but Nita was so eager and so much in earnest, that, to please her, he finally put his arrow back into the quiver. "It will die, anyhow," he said; "what is the use of——? Well, I will wait."

Somehow the fawn reminded Nita of her own feelings when she had been taken from her mother, and it appealed strongly to her heart. She had always been fond of pets, too; and had often wished vainly for a fawn. Dead deer of all ages had been plentiful enough in the Comanche camp, but here was a living fawn, so interesting and beautiful a little creature, stepping so daintily,

nibbling so prettily, gamboling so playfully — "No, no! It must not be killed!" she decided; and having constituted herself its protector, she thought about it a great deal, as she lay down for her nap, and loved it more and more.

Juan took a good look at the meat he was drying, shifted the pieces about briskly on the poles, made Amigo mount guard over the whole,—much against his dogship's will,—and then he, too, indulged in a nap. Nita woke first and went in search of her little fawn. It was not far away. Tired out by the wanderings and misfortunes of the night and day, it was fast asleep when she caught sight of it, and looked prettier than ever, curled up gracefully among some bushes near the river.



"JUAN FITTED AN ARROW AND LET IT DRIVE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

She sat down very near it, and then and there inaugurated her system of taming wild animals, which, simple as it was, could not have been surpassed by the celebrated Mr. Rarey. The animal before her was neither very wild nor very vicious, it is true, and her method may broadly be said to have consisted in doing nothing at all. Nita was quite half a wild little thing herself, and perhaps she knew instinctively how to woo other woodlings, and to teach them to trust her. Certain it is that she waited quietly until the fawn opened its eyes, looked at it quietly, paid no attention to its little snort of fear, watched it bound a few feet away, then slowly crept closer and closer until at last she actually managed to get her hands on the shy creature and give it a caress or two. After this she walked back to camp as pleased as possible, and told Juan that he should not touch her little "Estrella," as she called the new pet. She inspected the four hams hanging up in the tree, watched Juan give another turn to the strips on the scaffold, took a look at the hides, and then her brother announced that he was going hunting.

"What 's that for, when we have all this?" asked Nita, who was so accustomed to living from hand to mouth, that she felt as if they had a wealth of eatables already.

"Oh, I mean to keep the venison for our journey; yes, and kill more, and dry it, so it will take up as little space as possible. We won't touch that unless we are forced to," he replied.

The children supped heartily that evening on a fat fawn which Juan brought back as the result of his hunting trip. He had secured it just as night was falling, on the other side of the river. Nita looked on with bright interest while he

skillfully cut and stripped off the hide so as to make no holes in it, beginning at the throat. The fawn had previously been hung up by its neck so that Juan could get at it easily; and when he had placed the meat over the fire to dry, he carried the hide off, sought and found a hole in the rock, put the hide in it, filled it up with ashes and water, and came back to camp again. Nita was extremely curious to see and know what he was about.

"What have you done with it?" she said. "What do you want with ashes and water? You surely are n't going to pour those on the hide. You will ruin it."

To this Juan made no reply except to look very important, and put her off with, "You will see."

The first thing Juan did next morning was to have a look at the fawn-skin; and finding that it had not been in the ashes long enough for the hair to slip off, he determined to leave it where it was, in the tannery he had improvised overnight. At breakfast, Juanita said to him, "Don't forget that Amigo has to take his share of our load when we leave here. He can't be a lazy dog when there is so much to carry. You and I won't be able to take it all, and I know he can help."

"Yes; that was a splendid idea of yours, and I am going to shoot a wolf on purpose to make a pack-saddle of the skin," Juan replied.

He was very impatient to begin the work he had marked out for himself, but it could not be done that day; so he had to content himself with other employments and amusements, of which there was no lack. The most interesting one was shooting two more turkeys, which afforded them not only a great deal of fun, but a nice dinner. Anybody could have told that Juan's heart was in the work he had planned, for he was up at dawn next day, and was so full of energy that he paid no attention to Nita's sleepy remonstrance, "Don't go yet, Juan. It is not light enough to see."

"Oh, I can't wait for the sun to get here!" he answered impatiently, and ran off to the "tannery." He soon had the fawn-skin out, shook it thoroughly, and putting it on a tree that had grown in such a way as to present an inclined plane that exactly served his purpose, he went busily to work. When Nita joined him, he was rubbing away with intense vigor, singing as he bent over the skin, so absorbed in what he was doing that he started when she spoke to him. She offered to help, and looked on with vivid curiosity, as Juan swept up and down the skin with a deer-rib and skillfully removed the hair. She chattered to him all the while and plied him with questions; but he only continued to sing and to work.

"Now, then," he said, at last, when the skin was all clean and smooth, "you can run back to camp and bring me all the turkey-fat there is."

Full of admiration of Juan's talent and ingenuity, Nita cheerfully obeyed; and, as a reward, was allowed to take a turn at rubbing the fat into the skin when Juan's arms and muscles gave out. When it was thoroughly soaked with the fat, and had been rubbed until it seemed a wonder that there was anything left of it, they took it up between them and bore it proudly back to camp, and propped it up in front of the fire to dry. They then breakfasted on cold turkey; and, as they munched away, discussed their plans.

"As soon as I have time, I shall begin Amigo's pack-saddle, for we shall have to accustom him gradually to wearing it. Don't you interfere, Nita. I 'll bring him to terms!" said Juan. "You can just amuse yourself with your fawn. How tame it is already! It joins the deer that come in to water every night. I wonder it has n't gone off with them. What was the use of taking it for a pet, anyhow? We shall not be here longer than a week, and then you will have to leave it."

"But I won't leave it! I am not going to leave my little Estrella behind me!" replied Nita pettishly. "I like it better than any pet I ever had, and I mean to take it with me."

"All right; only I will kill it first," said Juan.

"You shan't kill it at all!" said Nita. "It is mine! I won't have it killed! And we are not going away in a week; we are going to stay a month! You said so yourself."

"Oh! that was when I first came and I was tired. I am going just as soon as I am ready," said Juan.

"But I am not going till *I* am ready!" retorted Nita.

"You are going whenever I see fit to take you," said Juan provokingly. "I am a warrior, and I know best, and you must do as I say. You are nothing but a child, and you will never be anything but a squaw. We are going in a week, and I shall kill your fawn whenever I choose."

Then followed a stormy moment, filled with "I shalls" and "I shan'ts," "I wills" and "I won'ts," which worked the quarrel up to its height. Never had they had such a disagreement, and their hearts were so full of angry and wicked feelings, that even the lovely Cañon of Roses became all at once an ugly and dreadful place.

"I will kill it now," said Juan passionately, starting up and seizing his bow.

"You shan't touch it!" shrieked Nita. Both children ran as fast as they could to where Estrella was peacefully grazing in ignorance of what was going on. Quick as thought, Nita rushed up to the fawn. Quicker still, Juan fitted an arrow and let

it drive—but not into the fawn. Nita had thrown her arms around her little pet's neck, and whiz went the arrow into the fleshy part of her left arm. She gave a shriek and tumbled down as if killed.

Juan was dreadfully frightened. His anger cooled at once and was replaced by alarm and regret. He ran forward, startling the fawn, which bounded away a short distance and looked back at the children, quite unconscious of its narrow escape. Passionately Juan assured Nita that he had not meant to hurt her. He whipped out his knife, cut off the point of the arrow, sacrificing it without a thought, drew it out with one swift motion, and in a twinkling had bound up the wound with

had wandered off a little way and seemed to be looking at them in mild rebuke.

The truth was that Juan had been growing more and more proud and overbearing of late. He had convinced himself that he was a very remarkable boy, indeed; infinitely superior not only to Nita but to everybody. And this conviction had led him to treat his sister with a certain contempt which she had felt, but not resented. He saw his mistake, now; and as they walked back to camp, he was so kind and tender, so humble, and so like his own old self, that Nita's love and confidence revived tenfold. Nor was this the only good result that flowed from the quarrel. The remembrance of the lengths to which his anger had carried him



TRYING TO TAME THE FAWN.—"JUANITA SAT DOWN VERY NEAR IT."

more skill and gentleness than could have been expected. So eager was he, so humble, so penitent, that Nita could not long remain estranged and unforgiving. Realizing, as they did, that they both had been in fault, no sooner did one begin to take all the blame for what had happened, than the other, too, assumed it; and never had their hearts been more united than when they finally embraced each other, after half an hour of sighs and tears, excuses, explanations, and confessions.

Juan's generous nature was especially moved, and he ardently longed to make every possible reparation. He could not sufficiently accuse himself; and as to Estrella, he conceded everything. He would catch and tame several fawns for Nita, if she liked; he would do anything, agree to anything, that would make her happy. Meanwhile, the innocent cause of the well-nigh tragic dispute kept Juan on his guard against giving way to his temper, and taught him to curb his passionate nature. As for Nita, she asked nothing better than to live in love and peace with Juan.

In this way another member was added to the party in the cañon, and for the remainder of their stay, Estrella was as much at home in the camp as was Amigo. There never was a prettier or gentler little creature. It became wonderfully tame, and would follow Nita about, as if it had been a pet lamb, up the valley, down the valley, across the river, wherever that active young mistress chose to rove; it would eat from her hand and rub against her, cat-fashion; it seemed to her to have every delightful quality that a pet could have, and she was never tired of caressing it. It is certain that she never would have given it up of her own accord.

Estrella finally settled it once for all. She took her future into her own hands, or, rather, hoofs; and one night, when the children were fast asleep, and the crescent moon was peering over the edge of the cliff with one horn well down to see if those could possibly be the two little Mexicans that had escaped from the Comanches, the little fawn trotted off down the river-bank, plashed into the water, and joined a certain benevolent doe that frequented the cañon. We have nothing to do with the interview between them. It was not their first; and Estrella's comical little tail wagged a great deal while it lasted, perhaps from satisfaction at finding herself an adopted child. An hour later she might have been seen leaping up a well-known trail, in the wake of her foster-mother and beautiful young foster-brother.

The party took their way to the plateau above, and so on out into the hills, where, all unmindful of the affection, sacrifices, and distress of the mistress she had abandoned, the happy, if ungrateful, fawn went back to that state of nature which for her and all her tribe is emphatically a state of grace as well.

(To be continued.)

THE REASON WHY.

By George Cooper.

O happy birds among the boughs,
And silver, tinkling brook below!
Why are you glad,
Though skies look sad?
"Ah, why? And would you know?"
A pleasant song to me replied;
"For some one else we sing,
And that is why the woodlands wide
With rapture 'round us ring!"

O daisies crowding all the fields,
And twinkling grass, and buds that grow!
Each glance you greet
With smiles, so sweet!
"And why—ah! would you know?"
Their beauty to my heart replied;
"For some one else we live;
And nothing in the world so wide
Is sweeter than to give!"



WINNING A COMMISSION.

By George I. Putnam.

Chapter IV.

LIFE IN BARRACKS,—AND EXAMINATIONS.

On the 28th of August, the second class, which had been on furlough all summer, returned; camp was broken, and barrack life began for the plebes. Tents were lowered, and the entire corps marched across the plain to barracks in a pouring rain. Rooms were chosen by classes; the first class having the first choice, and the fourth class contenting itself with rooms on the fourth floor—the "cockloft"—or else on the ground floor.

Fred and Craw chose a room in the second division; and they found it not a whit more comfortable than the barrack rooms in which they had lodged on their arrival. Nothing in the way of ornament was allowed in the room; but the whitewashed walls and the bare floor were with them constantly, and everything was required to be kept in perfect order and scrupulously clean. The bedding had to be kept piled in a certain manner, the different articles of apparel were required to be hung on certain hooks, and the articles on the shelves were laid and filed with mathematical precision. Each morning the rooms were inspected by the lieutenants in charge of companies, and any variation from regulations in the arrangement of the rooms and any litter or untidiness were promptly reported. Each occupant of a room was detailed as room-orderly for a week at a time, and during that week was responsible for the condition of the room; and all reports against the room were to the orderly's discredit.

It came to be a favorite habit with the lieutenant in command of "A" company to walk into Fred's room of a morning and run his finger along the mantel in a search of dust. His search was often successful, and remarking, "Dust on your mantel, Mr. Arden!" he would walk out again. And at the next publication of delinquencies would be heard:

"Arden, dust on mantel at A. M. inspection"; the penalty being two demerits.

—The demerit and punishment system is the means by which discipline is enforced. All violations of order which the cadet may have committed are reported against him, if noticed by the cadet officers whose duty compels them to take action upon it, or by officers of the army; and every evening, immediately after parade, the cadet adjutant reads from the delinquency book the list of those reports that have been made during the preceding twenty-four hours. Cadets have the privilege of submitting to the Commandant written explanations of all such reports; and if an explanation is satisfactory, the report is quashed. Otherwise, the report is registered against the delinquent, and a certain number of demerits, varying from one to ten, according to the magnitude of the offense, is placed against his name. Thus, for a serious offense, like sitting down while posted as a sentinel, or for disobedience of orders, the number of demerits would be eight or ten; while for being late at "formation," or for some such slight misdemeanor, one demerit would be given. The limit for the demerits is fixed at one hundred from January to June, and one hundred and twenty-five from June to January. If this limit is exceeded, dismissal follows as surely as though the offender had been declared deficient in mathematics or philosophy. But the limit is ample, and, by even slight attention to regulations, there is no necessity for exceeding it or even for approaching it.

In addition to the demerits, which affect the class standing of the cadet, other punishment is generally awarded, such as confinement to room or in light prison, or the walking of tours of extra duty on Saturday afternoons, equipped as a sentinel. For very grave offenses, cadets are liable to suspension for a year, or even to expulsion.—

The day after return to barracks, text-books were obtained from the commissary stores, the source of all cadet supplies, and on the 1st of September, which is the first day of the academic year, recitations began.

The 1st of September also witnessed the admission of a few more candidates, who, by coming at this time, avoided the discomforts of plebe camp. But they labored under the great disadvantage of having all their squad drill in connection with their studies; and with this against them, they nearly all soon gravitated to the foot of the class.

The studies now begun by Fred's class were mathematics and English grammar. For purposes of instruction the class was divided alphabetically into "sections" of ten or twelve members each, and each section was marched to and from its recitation-room by that one of its members who stood the highest alphabetically. In about three weeks, transfers began to be made weekly between the sections, the object being to grade the class according

to ability and merit; and thus the proficiency of a cadet in any study could soon be judged by knowing the section in which he was. Fred Arden had the advantage of starting in the first section in each study, and by close application he retained this high standing throughout the year.

The lowest section of the class, which is called by cadets the "Immortals," generally contains those cadets who have no hope of passing the examinations, or those who through laziness prefer to "chance it" by skimming over the lessons during the year, and at examination time studying hard, "boning" for a few days in the hope to learn enough to pass. From these latter has arisen the name of the section, for these *lazy mortals* become, in cadet French, *Les Immortelles*, which, by easy transition to English again, plainly makes them "Immortals."

In January came the first semi-annual examination, and all, both high and low, awaited it with some dread. For, while the immortals expected nothing but failure and dismissal, those directly above them were more in doubt as to the result, and no one wished to make a poor recitation—a "fess"—on examination before the whole Academic Board. But the ordeal came and went, and soon after, nearly a third of Fred's class went also, "found in January,"—their military career nipped in the bud.

After the examinations were finished, all the classes were re-arranged in each study according to the merit of their members; and study was resumed, not to be interrupted again until June.

Early in February the whole fourth class was summoned to the Headquarters Building, where they took the "iron-clad" oath of allegiance, and received their warrants of appointment as cadets at the Military Academy. This was a red-letter day, for it marked their transition from *conditional* cadets to cadets pure and simple. Fred felt his heart swell with pride and satisfaction as he read on his parchment:

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"KNOW YE, that the President has been pleased to appoint Frederick Arden, a cadet of the United States Military Academy, to rank as such from the first day of July, 1881.

"Given under my hand and seal at the War Department, this tenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and of the Independence of the United States, the 106th.

"(Signed), ROBT. T. LINCOLN, Secretary of War.

"R. C. DRUM, Adjutant-General."

As spring approached, it became a pleasure to Fred to watch the progress made in beautifying West Point after the long winter, and to dream of the glories of corporal's chevrons and the joys of yearling camp. Then June came, and the examinations were again held. More of the class fell victims and were discharged; the first class was graduated; the third class, now the second, went on furlough; and the new first and third classes went into camp together for the summer.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUMMER CAMP.

THE summer encampment, beginning about the middle of June and lasting until September, is the holiday season at West Point. The cadets lay aside their text-books for the whole period, and, living entirely in tents, grow brown by exposure to sun and rain and wind. From the beginning of camp to the Fourth of July no drill is required, the only duties being guard-duty and parade. But on July fifth, drills commence in good earnest and continue during the remainder of the encampment.

The advent of the plebes gave to Fred's class a feeling of great dignity, in that it now had a class below it; and the yearlings, accordingly, proceeded to treat the new-comers very much after the manner in which they themselves had been treated the year before, often putting their successors in very ridiculous plights. Still, their duties, which were by no means light, were performed with far more readiness than they had been the previous year; for the class not only led a far pleasanter life, but it had now learned the soldier's first lesson of cheerful and prompt obedience to orders.

Reveille comes at five o'clock in the summer camp. Just before this hour the corporal of the guard and one of the privates have rammed a cartridge down the throat of the reveille gun, and very likely have slipped a wad of paper, some grass, and a brickbat in after it, just to make a "thundering noise." The friction-primer is in the vent of the field-piece, and the private stands with the lanyard taut in his hand, ready at the word to pull the line and discharge the gun. The bell of the town clock sounds the first stroke of five. Bang! goes the gun, and the brickbat ricochets across the grassy plain. The drum-corps, which has been waiting on the color-line for this signal, strikes up a tremendous clatter with fifes and drums, and plays up and down the street of every company; then, halting again on the color-line, it plays the last notes of the reveille. Sleepy cadets hurriedly emerge from their tents, buttoning their coats as they go; and as the last notes sound, each company forms line.

"Left face!" commands the corporal who is acting as first sergeant of the company, in the absence of that officer with the rest of the second class on furlough, and the line faces toward him.

He calls the roll from memory, and it rattles along, — "Arden, Atkinson, Brown, Claymore, Craw, Dean, Dent;" and the replies come,—"Here," "he-e-r-e," "h-o-o-o," "hare," "erh," "ha-a-ar."

"All are present, sir," reports the first sergeant to his captain, and the captain transmits the report to the cadet officer of the day. "Break ranks, march!"—the line dissolves, and the cadets go to their tents to begin the morning policing.

During the next half hour, the bedding is neatly piled in one corner; then the tent floor is swept; all sticks, leaves, and scraps of paper are picked from around the tents; and the whole of the refuse is swept up in little piles in the middle of each company street, ready to be removed by the company policeman. If the morning is clear, every tent has its walls neatly looped up. Meanwhile, surgeon's call has sounded, and the sick have gone to the hospital. One of the lieutenants of the company inspects the policing, and then the drum beats the breakfast call. The companies are again formed in line, the rolls are called, and each first sergeant marches his company to its place in the line, which is formed on the camp parade-ground.

Now the first captain of the battalion, a tall, soldierly fellow with a deep bass voice, draws his sword and gives the command; the line breaks into column of companies and, headed by the drum-corps, marches lightly to the mess hall.

In the mess hall, each cadet goes directly to his seat; waiters rush to and fro; every one chatters away to his neighbor between mouthfuls, and as soon as his breakfast is finished, devotes himself to swelling the uproar and confusion. Presently, the first captain, having finished his breakfast, rises and makes the tour of the hall, inspecting the tables as he passes, and taking mental notes of "too much butter on plate," or "napkin not properly folded." Then, standing by the staff table, he commands, "'B' company, rise!" "B" company obediently rises, goes out, and forms in line. "C," "D," and "A" companies follow, and the battalion marches back as it came.

Arrived on the camp parade-ground, the companies wheel into line, halt, and the cadet adjutant reads from a paper just given him by his clerk, "In arrest, Brown. In confinement from 8 A. M. to-day until 8 A. M. to-morrow, Adams, Carroll, Dembell, Enderly, Gray, Smith"; and, having thus reminded these cadets that they are in durance vile, retires. The first captain commands, "Dismiss your companies!" the first sergeants yell, "Break ranks, march!" and the orderly battalion becomes a crowd of jolly, rollicking boys.

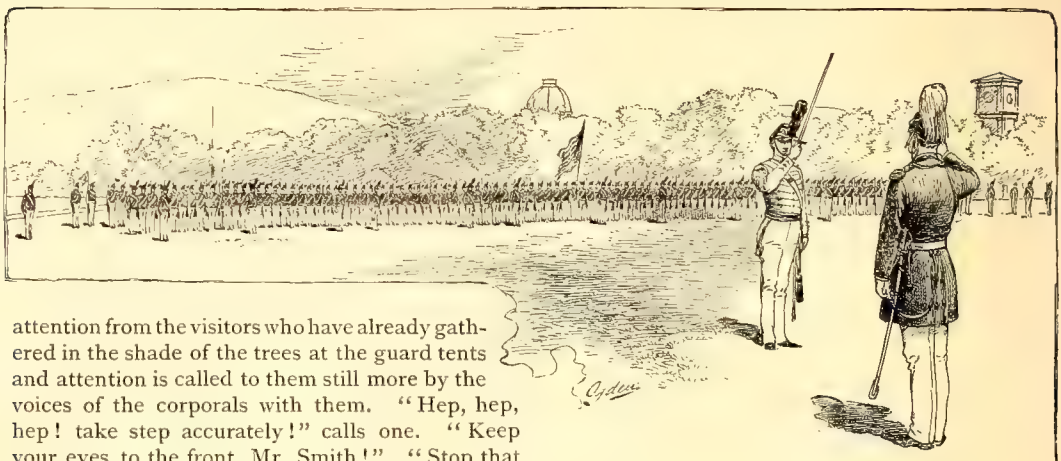
Soon the beating of a drum at the guard tent summons the plebes to an hour's squad drill at the hands of the yearling corporals. And while they laboriously practice "second exercise" and "balance," the older cadets disport themselves



OFF DUTY.

variously about camp. Many produce favorite novels from their lockers, and, sitting in camp chairs, lose themselves in the interesting pages. Others prepare at once for the parade and guard-mounting. Coats are brushed, and clean collars are "crimped" with tooth-brush handles and pinned on the coat-collars. Clean white trousers are selected and any needed buttons attached. Belts and gloves are inspected, the rifles are brushed and wiped, and all specks of dust and dirt removed. The ambitious "A" company yearling who goes on guard to-day and intends to "throw up for colors," appears in the company street and spends a quarter of an hour in putting the final touches to his rifle. It is our friend Craw who hopes to be a "first color man," and accordingly he gets himself up in what he calls "spooney style." His rifle is a beauty. The bronze he has rubbed with chamois-skin until it glistens as though oiled; the wooden stock looks like polished mahogany; and all the bright metal parts—the screw heads, the rammer tip, the muzzle—are as brilliant as mirrors. His cartridge-box and bayonet scabbard have been newly varnished and the brasses polished. If he does n't "get rattled and fess on the manual," he thinks he will "take colors sure." He has a double object in view: he both wishes his company to keep ahead of the others in the number of colors taken, and to evince his own superiority as a color man.

The hour of drill is now over, and the plebes come marching in. They attract considerable



DRESS PARADE. "SIR, THE PARADE IS FORMED."

attention from the visitors who have already gathered in the shade of the trees at the guard tents and attention is called to them still more by the voices of the corporals with them. "Hep, hep, hep! take step accurately!" calls one. "Keep your eyes to the front, Mr. Smith!" "Stop that swinging of arms, sir! carry the palm of your hand square to the front!" They are brought into line and dismissed; and as they break ranks, they start for their tents at "double time," for they do not have to carry their hands motionless by their sides when they run.

Again the drum beats, and the cadets begin to appear for parade, each one in his close-fitting, swallow-tailed gray coat with three rows of brass buttons down the front, a pair of immaculate white trousers, black dress hat with polished ornaments, white belts and gloves. The famous West Point band comes marching up from the barracks and takes its position on the right of the parade-ground. The little drummer sounds the "assembly"; the cadets "fall in"; the roll is called, and the result is reported to the captains, and by them to the officer of the day. Craw is in the line of file-closers as a special favor, so that he need not by any possibility mar the beauty of his gun by handling in the manual. His coat fits as though it had grown on him, his collar is put on with mathematical exactness, and his trousers, with their prominent creases down the front and back, are stiff with starch and as white as snow. He walks a little stiff-legged, perhaps; but he considers it necessary, to prevent his trousers from breaking at the knee and looking badly before the adjutant inspects him.

Now the drum-major waves his staff, the band strikes up a lively tune, and the companies march out to its inspiring music and form line on the parade. Each company, at its captain's command, comes to the position of "parade rest." There is a flourish of trumpets from the band; and then, under the guidance of the drum-major, who marches majestically in its front, it plays down the line and back to its original place.

The music ceases, and the clear voice of the cadet adjutant rings out, "Battalion, attent-i-o-n! Carry—arms!" His commands are executed by the cadets with the precision of automatons. He marches to the front until midway between the battalion and the officer in charge, who receives the parade; here he halts, faces the battalion, and commands, "Present arms!" Crash! the rifles fly to the position. He faces about again, and, addressing the officer in charge, says, "Sir, the parade is formed."

"Take your post, sir!" replies the officer, and with his swinging step the adjutant moves to the front and past the officer, to his designated place.

The officer in charge then exercises the battalion in the manual of arms, and as the words of command fall from his lips, the cadets execute the motions in unison, as though moved by machinery, such is the degree of perfection to which constant application and practice bring them.

The manual being finished, the adjutant receives the reports of the first sergeants, and publishes the orders of the day. Then he announces, "Parade is dismissed!" and sheathes his sword. All the cadet officers, who have been standing motionless in front of their companies, do the same, and march toward the center of the line and halt. The adjutant has meanwhile joined them, and now commands, "Forward, guide center, march!" The music strikes up, the line of officers steps off and marches to within a short distance of the officer in charge, where they halt and salute. He returns the salute, and parade is at an end. The companies march back to their company streets, where each is inspected by its captain; while each company's detail for guard duty for the day falls out of ranks, and forms again by itself, ready to march to its place in line for guard mounting when the

adjutant gives the signal. Soon the signal is given, and the details march to the parade-ground again, to the music of the band, and form line. Then comes the inspection. The officer of the guard, who is a first class cadet, faces about from his position in front of the guard and commands, "Order arms! Inspection arms!" Then, approaching the right of the line, he takes each rifle as it is thrown to the position of inspection, and inspects it carefully, and at the same time casts a critical eye over its possessor. It is seldom that a cadet presents himself at guard mounting in any but a fine condition; still it occasionally happens that dust is discovered in the bore of a gun, or a collar is found to be poorly put on.

Meanwhile the adjutant has passed along the line also, and, as he passes, those who intend to compete for the honor of colors signify it by bringing their pieces to inspection arms. The adjutant gravely salutes and goes on: the inspection of color-men will take place later. During the inspection of the guard, the cadet captains have finished the company inspections, and now march their companies out to a line in rear of the guard, where they stack arms. The colors of the battalion are placed on the center stacks, and thus the establishment of the color-line is completed. One of the color-men of the guard to be relieved is immediately posted as sentinel, and he walks up and down the line of stacks until relieved by the new color-man.



THE CANDIDATE FOR COLOR-MAN RECEIVING THE LAST TOUCHES FROM HIS CLASSMATES.

The guard marches in review, and to its place at the guard tents. The officer of the guard says, "Color-men, fall out!" and immediately half a dozen yearlings step out of ranks and are surrounded by classmates from their several companies, who, provided with brushes, give the last touch to each competitor. The excitement, though repressed, is intense; for but three will be chosen, and each feels his knees shake "just a little" as he takes his place in the line, ready for the adjutant's inspection. Each rifle is now inspected with the utmost care. No particle of dust, rust, or dirt can escape that rigid scrutiny. See! The adjutant has discovered something at fault with the very first piece! What is it? And the cadets looking on crane their necks eagerly to see. Oh, it is only a hair caught on the sight,— not enough for the cadet to be "cut" on. But the next gun fares worse. The adjutant runs his finger along the edge of the stock, and then holds his finger up for the poor cadet to see. A fine dark streak is visible on the glove, and his doom is sealed. "Yes, sir; your gun is too dirty; fall out!" says the adjutant. And the unfortunate, obedient to his fate,—"luck," he calls it,— leaves the line, "cut on colors," and returns to his guard.

Now the adjutant comes to one with whom he can find nothing wrong. It is Craw, and the "A" company lookers-on become jubilant at the pros-

pect of winning another first color. Having inspected all the men in front, the adjutant goes behind them, and looks them over. Little faults that a casual observer would never notice are evident to his critical eye, and he calls attention to each one. He comes in front again and takes a final look at the contestants. Finally he says, "Fall out, Craw; first colors!" and Craw, nothing loath, steps out of the line, and, holding up one finger to announce his good luck to his comrades, returns to his guard. The cadets from his company express their approbation in warm terms. "Hurrah for you, Craw!" "Another first color for 'A' company!"

The visitors gaze with admiration at the first colorman of the day. The sentinel whom Craw is to relieve sets up a shout of, "Relief! Corporal of the Gua-a-a-rd; the color-line!" And as Craw marches proudly across the parade, in answer to the call, the "A" company plebes gather at the end of their company street and applaud vociferously. The remaining contestants present an almost equally fine appearance, and are made to execute the manual of arms to determine the result. It is soon decided, for some slight movement at a purposely wrong command determines the fate of one after another, until but two are left; and they take second and third colors for the day.

Guard mounting is hardly finished when a roll of the drum summons all to artillery drill. The cadets come from the company streets, each wearing his short, gray fatigue jacket and gauntlet gloves, and cluster on the parade awaiting the assembly. But those five minutes of waiting are seldom wasted; as likely as not, a half dozen sturdy yearlings form a circle, each with his arms across his neighbor's shoulders; other smaller cadets spring to their shoulders, and form the second tier of a "pyramid"; the third tier goes up, and then a diminutive yearling is hoisted up and climbs on nimbly to the top, where he stands a moment. The next moment, the drummer beats the assembly, and the pyramid falls to the ground in collapse and is quickly incorporated in the line.

Each class now forms in line by itself, and the roll is called by the cadet present who is highest in class standing. The officer of the day receives the report of these roll-calls, and the classes are then marched up to the places of drill. The plebes go to the foot-battery, just outside the limits of camp, and there learn the names of the different parts of the pieces, and are taught how to aim and fire them. The yearling class marches down the hill to the siege-and-mortar battery, and there, for an hour, has target practice with the siege guns. How hot the battery is! The instructor realizes that it is little better than an oven this July day, and consequently fulfills the desire of each yearling heart by giving frequent "rests," wherein the cadets take the opportunity to lie in the shade of a neighboring bush and cool off.

"Battery, attention!" calls the instructor; and the cadets spring up and hasten to their positions around the guns, and stand there motionless. "From battery!" Six cadets at each piece seize the handspikes and push and pry the ponderous guns from the parapet until they are at a convenient distance for loading. The cartridge is rammed home, and a thirty-pound iron projectile carefully pushed down the bore of the gun after it. The guns are again run "in battery" and carefully trained on the target, twelve hundred yards away, on Target Hill, across the bend of the river.

"Ready!" commands the cadet gunner at each piece, as the aiming is completed; and as he pronounces the word, a cadet places a primer in the vent and holds the lanyard in his hands, ready to pull and discharge the piece.

And now the instructor gives the command, "Number one, *fire!*" And with a crash and a bang the first gun recoils from the parapet, while the projectile, with a prolonged "z-z-z-z," flies to the target. The instructor watches its flight with his field-glass, and announces the shot to the gunner: "A good line-shot, Mr. Arden, but a trifle high; correct your elevation for the next shot." And then, "Number two, *fire!*" and so on down the whole battery.

At the same hour the first class has marched to Fort Clinton, and there they practice tying knots, splicing ropes, mounting heavy artillery pieces on their carriages and then dismounting them, and drill in all "mechanical maneuvers." It is very pleasant to watch this drill, and groups of visitors, relatives and friends of the cadets, often pass the whole hour under the shade-trees of the old fort, watching the progress that Charlie or Frank or Ned is making.

The next duty of the morning is the dancing lesson. Each class has an hour a day allotted to it, during which it goes to the fencing academy, where the members perfect themselves also in dancing. Here the yearlings have "fun." The dancing-master calls the dance, the pianist strikes up a lively tune, and the cadets revolve and gyrate in couples about the room. Then comes a quadrille, a grand "walk around," or a "stag-dance." They can hardly fail to become good dancers when all enter into the spirit of it with so much heartiness. The dancing-master is the jolliest of short, fat Frenchmen.

"Attention, cavaliers!" he calls. "In ze valtz ze right foot es advance, *so;* zen ze left, and ze right brought up, *so!* Now,—*one,* two, tree;

one, two, tree!" and he sways his body and half closes his eyes as he chants the numbers, while the whole roomful of boys moves as he directs. Suddenly he sees a cadet leaning against the wall, and he darts across the room to him.

"Ah, Monsieur, vy do you not dance?"

"Can't get the step," is the reply.

"Oh, et is verry easy! I vill get you a partner." And away he goes to another, who also has difficulty with the step, and, panting and red in the face, brings him to the scene. "Now, Mees Fisher, allow me to introduce Monsieur Johnson; now you will dance." And "Johnson and 'Mees' Fisher" bow, and redden at the laughter around them, and then try again.



TARGET-PRACTICE WITH THE SIEGE GUNS.

The afternoon until parade is spent as holiday. The first class men generally take advantage of their privilege to leave camp, and go where they will on the post. Yearlings who have obtained permission also leave camp; and as the afternoon wears on, the little restaurant at the "Dutchwoman's" becomes filled with gray-coated youngsters, noisily enjoying the ice-cream and cake, purchased "on check-book!"

The beating of the drum calls all back to camp for the retreat parade, half an hour before sunset. This ceremony is a repetition of the morning's troop parade, and immediately after it, the corps goes to supper, which is eaten with all the more relish on account of the open air life.

On hop nights the camp is a scene of bustling activity after the return from supper; cadets are preparing for the hop, filling out the hop cards of their fair partners, and reporting their departures to the hop, or "on permit," to the first sergeants.

"Ah, Delange! going to the hop to-night?" asks Fred Arden, as he meets his friend coming from the adjutant's tent with a fresh hop card.

"Well, rather," replies Delange, waving his card.

"Take a dance on this card for me,—with a lovely girl," urges Fred.

"Can she dance?" cautiously inquires Delange.

"Um—ah, I don't know; I never danced with her; but she 's a niece of my Congressman, and I wish her to have a good time," says politic Fred.

"What 's her name?" asks wary Delange.

"Miss Limber."

"Whew! *She* ought to dance! give me the seventh, will you?" And so the cards are filled out.

And the hop itself, with its crush of lace and flowers, its fluttering fans and its fair faces, its music, and the delightful motion over the waxed floor, is a dream of delight too soon and too rudely dispelled by the arrival of the orderly with his drum at ten o'clock. "Recall" breaks harshly

in on the last waltz, and each one makes good time back to camp, to avoid being reported "late returning from hop."

Often, on other evenings, knots of cadets gather for a song; and then, with guitar accompaniment, roar out, "Benny Havens," and "Army Blue," at the tops of their voices. And as some impatient yearling catches the words of the first class man's favorite song,

> "We 've not much longer here to stay,
> Only a month or two,
> Before we doff the cadet gray
> And don the army blue,"

he is heard sarcastically to rejoin,

> "No, not *much* longer here to stay,
> *Only* a year or two!
> And so we sit around and howl
> That fiendish 'Army Blue'!"

With Fred, the camp passed quickly and pleasantly. He became an attendant at the hops and enjoyed them greatly. Bevies of pretty girls spent the summer at the Point, and by their bright presence added much to the season's delights.

But what rendered the camp especially pleasant to Fred was the presence of his parents, who made him a long visit. They admired his corporal's chevrons, they were glad to see that his status in the class had been such that his classmates had chosen him as one of the hop managers, and in all things they were proud of his success.

But the twenty-eighth of August rolled around again, bringing with it the return of the furlough class, and the return to barracks. So Fred once more commenced the round of study, this time with cadet furlough, a year ahead, held out as a constant incentive.

(To be continued.)

ANIMAL INVADERS.

By Charles Frederick Holder.

ONE of the most remarkable wars that ever occurred, a war in which thirty thousand soldiers met an opposing force numbering tens of millions, is not recorded in the military histories of the country in which it took place. The country was Russia, and in the year 1825 came the first call for troops.

The provinces lying between Odessa and Kiev sent forth the first alarm. Clouds, like gigantic whirlwinds, had appeared in the air, rising in vast columns and spreading out in strange forms above the earth. Nearer they came, and finally the terrified peasants found that the clouds were alive,—in fact, were vast armies of grasshoppers! The face of the earth was soon covered with them, and at midday the sun was darkened, the insects hovering over the earth like a pall. They covered the houses, crawled under doors and into cracks, piled themselves up in heaps, and spread devastation wherever they appeared.

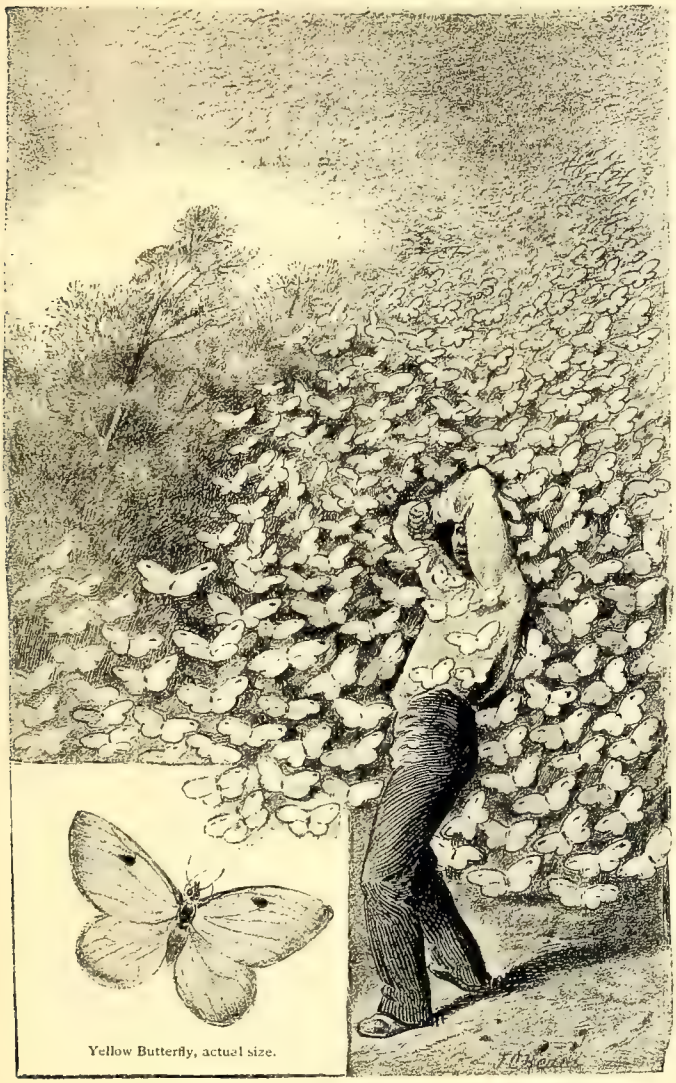
The poor farmers vainly fought them with fire, standing by their gardens to the last. The vast hordes settled upon the green crops, in some places to the depth of four or five feet, and when they rose, the barren ground alone was left to tell the tale. Borne along by the wind in waves and sheets, the noise of their wings sounded like the rushing of a gale through the rigging of a vessel. So great were their numbers that the peasants were crazed with fear. Some believed that the end of the world had come; while all saw starvation staring them in the face, for not only did the grasshoppers eat up every blade of green, but they devoured the stores of hay and every edible thing.

The news of the resistless advance of this vast invading army, bringing famine with its onward march, soon reached the Government of Moscow; and in response to an appeal from the people, the Emperor Alexander ordered out an army of thirty thousand soldiers to fight them. Instead of guns and cannon, the men were armed with spades, shovels, bags, and implements for making fires; and they advanced upon the enemy, stretching out in a line over two hundred miles long.

The horses could hardly drag the wagons through the living mass, often two and three feet deep. The grasshoppers clung to the horses and men, and leaped about their heads, adding to the confusion. They were shoveled up in mounds, collected in bags, raked together and burned, yet there was no perceptible effect upon their numbers; and through the governments of Ekaterinburg and Kherson, for hundreds of miles, to the Black Sea, they lay in a solid mass two feet thick.

Through May and June they rose in continuous clouds, carrying destruction everywhere. A dis-

tinguished naturalist, on his way to the Crimea. met the insects fifty miles from Kiev; they clung to the wagon wheels like thick mud, and the speed of his horses was reduced from eight miles an hour to one. For a long distance he passed thus through these invaders. Crossing the Black Sea, he found that on the island of Phanagoria the insects had left the ground. At a distance of five miles they resembled columns of black volcanic smoke hanging in the air at a height of six hundred feet, the upper portion assuming the appearance of dark clouds that cast weird shadows upon the earth and darkened the sun's rays.



MIGRATION OF THE YELLOW BUTTERFLIES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

In Africa the migrations of grasshoppers are equally dreaded, and they are often seen piled in massive heaps. And in Algeria some years ago, the French General de l'Admirault ordered out the army under his command to repel an invasion of grasshoppers. Their efforts had some effect in staying the impending disaster, the enemy being fewer in number than they had been in Russia.

In America also they are a scourge. Their invasions are made in search of food and are often continued for a thousand miles or more. The eggs are laid in holes in the ground. When the young larvæ hatch, they soon develop wings; a vast band of them sometimes rising simultaneously and flying away.

Specimens of a strange locust were observed in England in 1869, and it is supposed that they came direct from Africa by sea, as vessels twelve hundred miles from land met with hosts of them which covered the masts, sails, and rigging in crawling, flying hordes.

Yet, though their invasions are so disastrous to civilized men, some races, which do not cultivate crops, look upon their appearance as good fortune, and collect them for food.

Butterfly migrations have attracted much attention in all countries, but the cause of their flights is not definitely known. The sulphur, or yellow-colored, butterflies of South America are the most noted in this respect. Sir Robert Schomburgh, in ascending the river Essequibo, came upon an army of them so dense that the sunlight was dimmed, while they converted the trees, their leaves, and the ground all about into a living cloth of gold. For nine and a half hours, this wondrous procession moved along in rapid and silent flight. During this time the boat passed up the river nine miles, proving that the column was over nine miles wide; its length could only be conjectured,—while the numbers that composed its rank and file baffled all calculation.

Another sulphur-colored butterfly has a similar habit of traveling in vast numbers. The late Pro-

fessor Darwin met with a swarm of them ten miles at sea, off the Bay of San Blas, in Mexico. They covered the entire vessel, falling upon the deck in a continuous golden shower, until the sailors cried out that it was snowing butterflies. From the mast-



MIGRATION OF THE LEMMINGS.

head the end of this swarm was not discernible with a spy-glass.

Many of the larger animals move from place to place every season, changing their abode to suit the demands of their appetites. But the most marvelous invaders are the lemmings. They are near relatives of the short-tailed field-mouse, and are about five inches long, with round heads, brown fur, and bead-like eyes. Their home is in the highlands, or fells, of the great central mountain chain of Sweden and Norway, where they build nests of grass for their young. The lemmings are spiteful little creatures when aroused, sitting up on their hind legs and fighting with a will. Not only are they pugnacious, but extremely restless and migratory as well; and every five, ten, or twenty years they seem possessed by a desire to see foreign lands.

Thereupon, they one and all leave their settlements and start out in tens of thousands, overrun the cultivated tracts of land in both Norway and Sweden, and ruin the plants and vegetation. They march only at night, pressing on slowly in one straight course, and allow nothing to disturb them. Birds and various animals follow and prey upon them; but, notwithstanding this, they actually increase in numbers, gaining recruits as they advance. Rivers are swum and hills crossed, until, finally, the Atlantic or the Gulf of Bothnia is reached.

But, still impelled by the same blind instinct that has led it onward, the entire vast concourse plunges into the sea, swimming onward, the little animals piling one upon another as they are beaten back, until at times their bodies have formed veritable sea-walls. Boatmen returning to the beach have found their way obstructed by a struggling horde that has just reached the sea. The number of lemmings in these bands is beyond all computation. Sometimes the march is kept up for three years before the water is reached.

In warmer countries, the rats migrate in such numbers that the entire country through which

they pass is sacked. In the Brazilian province of Parana, these armies take up their march about once in thirty years, owing apparently to the dying out of a bamboo, upon the seeds of which they feed. Gradually starved out, they start for other fields, their numbers being continually re-enforced as they advance. Nothing deters them; houses are entered and left bare, plantations are swept away by the onward march. In Ceylon, and in Chili also, the rats seek other homes for similar reasons.

A common and dreaded incursion in America is that of the army worms, the mysterious marches of which are the wonder of all beholders. One of these armies swept over the city of New Bedford a few years ago, destroying every blade of grass in its onward march; and the noise of its eating could be heard distinctly. A trench dug at the side of a field was filled in a few moments; impelled onward by blind instinct, the insects poured, a living cataract, into the tar placed below to receive them.

The most dreaded insect invader is the white ant. In Africa, their houses are dome-shaped mounds often eighteen feet high. These insects erect pyramids one thousand times higher than themselves! The ants on their travels so conceal their approach that their presence is not suspected until the damage is done. They usually tunnel into any object which they attack, often reducing it to a mere shell. In this way they have been known to ascend within the leg of a table, devour the contents of a box upon it, and descend through a tunnel bored in another leg, all in one night. An officer of the English army while calling upon some ladies in Ceylon was startled by a rumbling sound. The ladies started with affright, and the next instant they stood with only the sky above them; the roof had fallen in and lay all about, leaving them miraculously unharmed! The crash of the fall was distinctly heard all over the city. The ants had made their way up through the beams, hollowing them out until a great part of the framework of the house was ready to fall at the slightest shock.

Spiders sometimes are involuntary aërial invaders. Vessels have met them in myriads far out at sea, floating along suspended from web balloons of their own construction. They usually start simply to cross some stream. To accomplish this, the spider climbs upon a fence, a cliff, or other prominent object. Then it raises its body in the air and spins sometimes a single line of silk, sometimes several, so that even when there is no wind, the upward current of heated air alone is strong enough to bear away the tiny aëronaut over the river in its path. Then, perhaps, caught up by some stronger breeze, it is borne away over hills and forests far out to sea.

Fishes, too, travel for long distances, even crossing the Atlantic. The shad and herrings pass up the coast in millions every spring; the vast cod family move out into deep water in the summer, and in-shore during the winter. But, like the birds which take long journeys yearly, the fishes are nomads rather than invaders.

Often in the late autumn I have observed many of our Northern birds on the island of Tortugas, far out in the Gulf of Mexico, showing that they were moving southward over the sea. The pigeons present the most remarkable spectacle. Their columns are often miles in extent, and when alighting, they break down branches and even small trees. When in the air, their beating wings sound like the rushing of a whirlwind; the sun is darkened, and there seems to be a veritable rain of birds.

In many other animals is found this strange instinct that often leads them on, they know not where; perhaps to a better land, or perhaps, as with the lemmings, to a certain destruction.

CALLING THEM UP.

By G. C.

"SHALL I go and call them up,-
Snowdrop, daisy, buttercup?"
Lisped the rain; "they 've had a pleasant winter's nap."
Lightly to their doors it crept,
Listened while they soundly slept;
Gently woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!
Quickly woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!

Soon their windows opened wide,-
Everything astir inside;
Shining heads came peeping out, in frill and cap;
"It was kind of you, dear Rain,"
Laughed they all, "to come again:
We were waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!
Only waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!"



THE CHILD-PRINCESS, CHARLOTTE.



By Ellen M. Hutchinson.

Nearly a hundred years ago, when your little great-grandfather was bedecked with ruffled breeches and large frilled collars, and your little great-grandmother's long skirts flapped about her heels, as did the long skirts of the lady whom she called "Honored Mamma," there was born to Great Britain and Ireland a robust princess named Charlotte Augusta. It was thought that a lovelier infant never graced the earth, though, to be sure, her complexion was of a mild scarlet, her nose was extremely pug, and her hair was chiefly remarkable for its scantiness. But then, she was the only child of George, Prince of Wales, the heir to the English throne. And under all monarchies it is considered to be a most desirable thing that there should be an unbroken line of rulers all eldest children of eldest children. Little Charlotte was a fat child, with a good loud voice of her own, and all loyal Britons were filled with rapture at the thought that some day she would exercise it in ruling over them.

For eight years Charlotte lived with her mother, who was a pretty and lively German princess, and who taught the little thing her letters. When Charlotte came to cast her letters into syllables, she had an imposing instructor, a clergyman of eminent learning and tremendous dignity. When she was n't repeating her a-b-abs, she was occupied in committing hymns to memory; so that when grave and reverend bishops and statesmen came to see her mother, the baby would perch on the Princess Caroline's knee, and say her hymns to their most respectful delight.

She was a generous little lass; and when she was seven years old she sat herself down and sewed up with stitches of extraordinary crookedness a bag to contain the money which she devoted to the poor. This agreeable bag she called, in the lofty language of the time, "The purse of the afflicted." When the British public heard about this bag, it felt much happiness; and large companies of able-bodied beggars immediately proceeded to travel in the direction of the house wherein the young Princess dwelt.

For a person of only seven years' experience, her good sense was great, whenever her perversity did not carry her away. Her music-teacher, who was silly enough to think that a princess without flattery was like a duck without water, once highly commended her execution when she herself knew that it was faulty and deserved no praise at all. The room was filled with other people who held similar opinions about princesses and ducks; and all, when she appealed to them, declared that her Royal Highness had played in a manner to ravish the ears of angels. She knew better, but said no more at the moment. When Master Teacher came next morning for a lesson, however, he found his pay and a discharge ready for him; also a piece of advice from her little Highness, that "he should never indulge error in a pupil where he was employed to perfect the unskillful." Thus Charlotte showed her power of reasoning and her mastery of the English language, rebuked a flatterer, and procured for herself a very pleasant little vacation,—the finding of another suitable teacher being a work of time and deep British deliberation.

Though she had a bishop to instruct her, she was sometimes exceedingly naughty; and if she had not been a Royal Highness, would have been well whipped,—a blessing which the lower orders have always largely enjoyed. This kind and learned gentleman used often to give her lectures upon command of the passions, to which she listened sweetly, with the whites of her little eyes turned up and her little fat hands folded in the

most saintly fashion. But, one day, he was hardly gone, after delivering a long address on self-government and self-denial, when one of her attendants refused her something she wanted, and made her, in the language of wicked little girls, "as mad as hops." "At first," says a person describing the scene, "she only expostulated strongly"; but when a hasty and sharp retort was given to something she herself had said, instantly she turned the cock of the urn (they were at tea), and filling a cup with the boiling water, she dashed it full at the criminal! Mischief was to pay now. The bishop was sent for.

ishing the "sweet acknowledger" for her liberality with boiling water.

Sometimes, however, she remembered the good bishop's instructions more than half an hour after his departure, and commanded her passions in a more satisfactory manner.

One day, she was going through a desperately long lesson, and was quite exhausted when her teacher pronounced the joyful words, "That 'll do." Up bounced Her Royal Highness. Alas! as I have said, those were the days when little girls' gowns flapped about their heels. The small Princess wore a train, and the learned doctor had



"'Oh, my beloved, is it come to this? Well, well! I see I must discontinue my advice; that I see clearly; indeed I must!'

"'No, no; pray don't, my lord!' (her eyes swimming in tears.) 'Indeed, indeed, your lessons did me good; for them I am much obliged; and' (trying for a smile) 'somebody else ought to feel obliged, too; for were it not' (said the sweet acknowledger) 'for the impressions of your goodness, somebody perhaps might not have come off so easily.'"

That was the way they talked about little princesses in those days; and nobody thought of pun-

unintentionally placed his foot on it. So when she bounced up from her chair, her favorite gown by her own movement was torn obliquely from the edge to the very top. The venerable doctor suffered much in his loyal feelings, and declared, for apology and consolation, that the rent would have been a small one if it had not fallen in with the direction of the thread, "whereby," said he, "it ran." Then said the little girl—and all the attendants laughed and roared when they heard of the witticism:

"I am sure, sir, it was none of your fault that it *ran*, for certainly you *held* it." And away she flew to her play.

She had so extraordinary an affection for the Latin grammar that she became a model and a terror to all the schoolboys of the kingdom. She studied it so energetically that in eighteen months from the time she began the language she could translate the Latin Testament with accuracy and neatness. By way of special pleasure for Saturday mornings, she was made to recite from memory all the lessons of the foregoing week — an amusement which doubtless often put her in the boiling-water frame of mind. It was, perhaps, after these little recitations that she used to torment her timid attendant, Lady de Clifford. She would bundle this nice, nervous old lady into her wee carriage, and then whip up her white ponies, wheeling off into fields and driving them over all sorts of heights and hollows at the top of their speed. Poor Lady de Clifford would cry and scold, with terrified looks; but naughty Charlotte would only reply in an affable and patronizing manner:



"It is exercise, my Lady, exercise; there is nothing like exercise."

When Charlotte was a very little creature, the British public, which has always been very fond of pluck and valiant deeds, delighted in relating tales about her courage. For example: her governess was reading one day, when the door burst open and her little Highness came rushing in, out of breath; and gasping, "Oh, Lady Elgin! Lady Elgin!" fell into her lap. All the maids of honor and lackeys came crowding around, begging to know what was the matter; and Lady Elgin was so frightened she could hardly speak. As for the Princess, she shrieked, and sobbed, and spoiled her big hat and feathers in trying to hide her head on her governess's shoulder. When all were nearly out of their wits with dismay, "Oh!" she cried, "I have beat the turkey-cock!"

There was in the courtyard a turkey-cock of which she had long been afraid, and which had many a time put her to flight; but on this occasion the baby Princess, disdaining to run, had summoned all her courage, and kicked and pummeled her enemy until he was glad to escape.

When the British public heard of the turkey-cock battle, it went about all puffed up with pride, saying what a great and magnanimous queen this little pugilist was going to be.

Charlotte loved to be praised, but with discrimination,— which means that she did n't want *more* than an inch of marmalade on her bread. When any of her friends would say, "Sweet creature!"— which they very often did, especially if they wanted her to do them a favor,— she would turn up her little nose and ask:

"How; why do you call me sweet? I hope you have no thoughts of eating me."

And if anybody declared she was "a good girl," she always inquired:

"For what am I good? Tell me first what I

have done to make me good?" Then all the courtiers who heard her would say to one another, "What a beautiful thing humility is!"

Sturdy Charlotte never became Queen of England, for she died when she was a good-humored young lady of twenty-two; and from one end of the kingdom to the other the people mourned her early end. When her insane grandfather, George III., died, her father became King George IV., and an uncommonly bad and stupid king he was; though his people had a curious way of calling him the "First Gentleman in Europe." Then, after he died, his brother, King William IV., reigned; and when he departed, their young niece Victoria ascended the throne which her poor little cousin Charlotte once hoped to fill. All loyal Britons are now celebrating Victoria's Jubilee — the fiftieth year of her rule. And a better queen than the kind Victoria has been it would be hard to find,— even in the land where good fairies reign, and their lordships, Mustard-seed and Cobweb, do the flattery.

THE PUPIL OF CIMABUE.

By E. Cavazza.

A SHEPHERD boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

All through the day he played his pipe,
Or watched the wanderings of his sheep,
Or, when the pine-cone seeds were ripe,
He stored them like a squirrel's heap,
Or, half-awake and half-asleep,
He dreamed among the tangled vines.

Below him, shining in the sun,
Through Vespignano's verdant vale
He saw the slender rivulets run;
Above him, by the day made pale,
The moon, a phantom vessel, sail
Past reefs of cloud in rugged lines.

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

Of stray lost sheep or lonely lamb
Sometimes he heard the plaintive bleat.
Then he would answer, "Here I am,"
And on his pipe make music sweet,
And run to meet and gladly greet
The animal with friendly signs.

Once, as he sat beside a rock,
For his caress the favorite came,
The gentlest sheep of all the flock,
Shapely of form, full-fleeced and tame;
He stroked her head and spoke her name,
While in his mind grew grand designs.

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

"Can I not picture her?" he thought.
Then, satisfied with pats and praise,
The sheep a tuft of clover sought,
And with bent head began to graze;
The child, not moving from his place,
Upon the rock drew rapid lines.

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

And while the boy was busy still
With pencil made of sharpened slate,
A mounted man rode up the hill,
And seeing the child, he chose to wait
And watch the work — for he was great
In art, and knew Art's countersigns.

And when he saw, the task being done,
The sheep depicted faithfully,
Old Cimabue said, "My son,
Will you not come to live with me,
My pupil and my friend to be,
And leave your lonely Apennines?"

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

The boy, all blushing at his words,
Said, "Ah, my master, if I may!
My father, leading home his herds,
Comes even now along the way;
And I must do as he shall say —
His '*yes*' accepts, his '*no*' declines."

A shepherd boy beneath the pines
That clothe the solemn Apennines.

Right readily the father yields
His son the "*yes*" of his desire;
And Giotto left his upland fields
With heart and fancy all on fire
To climb the hill of Fame — far higher
Than any slope of Apennines.

THE SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

By Grace Denio Litchfield.

HUM! hum! I 'm coming, coming.
Don't you hear me humming, humming,
Like some distant drummer drumming
His tired troops to sleep?
Rat-tat-tat, and hum-hum-hum,
Near, more near, I come, I come,
With some to dine, to sup with some,
With all a feast to keep.

Hum! hum! I 'm coming, coming.
Don't you hear me humming, humming?
Don't you feel me thrumming, thrumming,
'Round and 'round your head?
I am choosing some fair place
In that field you call your face,
There to rest me for a space,
While supper shall be spread.

Hum! hum! How neat you are!
Hum! hum! How sweet you are!
Hum-m! hum-m! Too sweet by far!
I 'll dally for a bit.
Try you there, and try you here;
Taste your chin, your cheek, your ear;
And that line of forehead near,
Ere settling down to it.

Hum! hum! You can not say
I sup and dine, and do not pay.
Behind me, when I go away,
Just here, and here, and here,
I 'll leave a tiny, round, bright spot—
A brand-new coin, laid down red-hot,
In full return for all I got.
I pay most dear, most dear.

Hum! hum! I 've supped, and rarely
And you still are sleeping fairly.
Hum-hum-hum! We twain part squarely,
All my dues I pay for.
One more taste, and one more sip,
From your eyelid, from your lip,
Then away I 'll skip-skip-skip—
There 's nothing more to stay for.

SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY.

By General Adam Badeau.

THERE are two kinds of war in modern times: one is begun by governments, and carried on principally by armies, and in this the people of the countries have for the most part little concern; the other is war in which the people themselves take an active part. The civil war at the South was of the latter sort. After it was once begun, the population of the South were as profoundly interested as their own government, and bore as important a part. Nearly every grown white man in the Southern States was in the ranks; and the women and children and the few men who staid at home were, if anything, more in earnest than those who belonged to the army. The population, including the slaves, furnished supplies of every sort to those at the front: they made shoes and clothes and sometimes arms; they plowed and reaped, and ground and baked, and forwarded food. Without them the armies of the South could not have been maintained.

The Valley of Virginia was the great farm-ground and storehouse for Lee's army. It is an unusually fertile region, two hundred miles long, and fifty wide, lying between the Alleghany and the Blue Ridge Mountains, and extending from the Potomac on the north to the James River on the south. Here the crops were raised that fed the defenders of Richmond. Here the saddles and harnesses for Lee's cavalry were made; here were the gun-stock factories, the shoe-shops, the cloth-mills, the furnaces and foundries that furnished his munitions of war. The Valley is full of good roads along which an army can march rapidly, and it had been the avenue by which the Southern

commanders had several times invaded the North. For, walled in by lofty mountains on the right and left, the Confederates could, at any time, move suddenly and easily to the Potomac River without being discovered by the great Union force a hundred miles eastward in Virginia.

In the summer of 1864 Lee sent General Jubal A. Early northward through this Valley with nearly thirty thousand men, while all of Grant's army was engaged before Richmond. The Southerners emerged from the Valley at Harper's Ferry, entered Maryland, and even penetrated Pennsylvania, but finally turned and approached within seven miles of Washington. Their guns could be heard at the Capitol, and the President could almost perceive their pickets from the White House windows. The greatest alarm prevailed at the North. The President and the Secretary of War sent urgent messages to Grant, who, however, knew that this was an attempt of Lee to divert him from the campaign against Richmond, and he refused to remove his army to the Potomac. Washington was well fortified, and Grant did not think it in serious danger. Nevertheless, he sent re-enforcements which proved sufficient, and the Confederates fell back to the point where the Potomac crosses the northern entrance to the Valley.

There, however, they remained, a menace and a mortification to the North. Repeated efforts were made to expel them from the position. Various commands and commanders were sent against them, but they held their ground, till the country became anxious and angry. Finally, Grant placed General Philip H. Sheridan at the head of all the troops opposed to Early. Sheridan had never before commanded an independent army, and the Government was not inclined to put much confidence in his ability. Grant was aware of this, and said nothing of his intention to the President or the Secretary of War. He went himself to the army in front of Early, and then sent for Sheridan and placed him in command. Then he explained to the new general his task.

First of all, Sheridan was to put himself south of the enemy. This would be sure to dislodge them, for it would threaten their communications with their rear; and the great aim of every general in modern war is to threaten the rear of his enemies, — to cut them off from communication with their friends. When you can do this, you have half won the game. Next, Sheridan was to fight and follow Early to the death.

"Wherever the enemy goes," said Grant, "let our troops go also. Once started up the Valley, they ought to be followed till we get possession of the Virginia Central Railroad,"— a hundred miles south of the Potomac River. Next, he was to consume or destroy everything eatable by man or beast in the Valley.

"Eat out Virginia," said Grant again, "so that crows flying over it for the balance of the season will have to carry their provender with them."

The luxuriant harvests of the region, as I have shown, had filled the storehouses of Richmond. To obtain these stores and supplies had been one main object of Early's campaign. Indeed, that commander used his troops as farmers when they were not fighting or marching. They reaped and threshed the grain; and while one portion of his force was actually engaged in battle, another, close in the rear, was sometimes grinding corn. The certainty of obtaining these stores enabled the Southerners to send troops into the Valley without provisions, except such as they obtained on their way or after their arrival. Grant determined to put an end to all this; to protect Washington; to drive off the bold antagonist who had alarmed the North; and — quite as important — to seize and strip the rich Valley where that antagonist had found his supplies; to prevent further invasion by making it impossible for an army to live in the region. For the Southerners could send no supplies to the Valley; it was as much as they could do to feed the troops at Richmond. The Valley itself was the granary on which they depended, and when that was exhausted, they had no means to fill it from the outside.

Now, Grant believed that the war at the South could not be ended solely by fighting. It was his policy to destroy whatever supported the armies; to kill all the men; to consume all the food, and to break up all the roads by which further supplies could be brought. There was plenty of fighting — as many and fierce battles in the same space of time as the world ever saw; but the struggle was between men of the same race, equally brave, equally in earnest; and the only way to conquer, according to Grant, was to attack the people as well as the armies. One great means was the destruction of the supplies in the Valley of Virginia. But the supplies were ably and bravely defended, and before they could be destroyed the defenders must be beaten. This was Sheridan's first task.

He was just thirty-three years of age — the very prime of life for a soldier; for after forty no man is so fit for war as before, so full of spirit and vigor and endurance — and all these are qualities of mind or body essential in a great commander. "Old men for counsel, young men for action," says the proverb, truly. But Sheridan was not only full of energy; his judgment was clear, which every one can see is also important in a general. His decision too was quick, and this, if possible, is more

important still; for in the turmoil of battle there is not time to consider long. As well decide wrong, as decide too late. Sheridan had experience of war, he had skill, he had undaunted courage. By courage I do not mean merely the trait which enables a man to stand fire without running away, but the fearlessness to take great risks, to send his men into battle knowing that if he lost, he lost all — his own fame, the lives of his troops, the future, perhaps, of his country. Many a brave man shrinks in the presence of such possibilities. But this sort of daring is indispensable in a great soldier; and this Sheridan possessed.

He also had a sympathetic nature that attracted men, gave him a great influence over them, and made them love him and follow him. No soldier on either side in the war had more of this personal magnetism than Sheridan. In battle, he stood in his stirrups, waving his hat and brandishing his sword, and shouting to his men. His eyes flashed, his face shone, and wounded men went on after they had been shot, because he commanded them. He ordered the bands to play, and led the front line himself with the colors in his hand, and the example was contagious. Such a man was almost sure to lead his troops to victory.



"THE ARMY CARRIED OFF ALL THE HORSES, CATTLE, AND MULES."

For six weeks the new commander moved cautiously about at the entrance to the Valley; for Sheridan was wary as well as active. His force was little, if any, larger than Early's, and great things hung on his success. It was important to give the enemy no chance, yet a single mis-

move might leave open the road to Washington. Besides this, he was hampered by the fact that his own movements depended on those of other armies a hundred miles away. He was to drive Early, it is true, but, at the same time, to hold him from rejoining Lee, so that Grant might not find his enemy too strong in front of Richmond; for modern war is like a great chess-board, and Sheridan and Early were the knights in the game, moving suddenly, leaping, as it were, from one point to another, but each under the control of a hand that moved every piece on its own side in the game.

Finally, the country and the government became impatient, as those often are who look at war from afar, not knowing the plans or prospects of commanders or, sometimes, the real situation. Grant therefore went to see Sheridan, asked Sheridan, on a Friday, if he could be ready to fight by Tuesday; and Sheridan said he would be ready by Monday morning. So Grant went off on Sunday, to let Sheridan fight in his own way, and get all the glory if he won.

At this very time Early unwisely divided his army, sending nearly a third to a point some twenty miles away. Sheridan at once detected the blunder, and determined to attack the opposing forces while they were divided, which is always good strategy. In fact, one great object of generalship is to divide your enemy, and fall upon one of his divisions with your own united force. This was one of Napoleon's frequent maneuvers. But Early divided his troops himself in the very presence of Sheridan.

The two armies were facing each other, a little east of the town of Winchester, and Sheridan



THE CROPS WERE DESTROYED AND THE MILLS WERE BURNED. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and talked with him of the position of affairs. He took a plan of battle with him, in his pocket, but he found Sheridan understood so well what he had to do, that he told him to fight as he had intended, and never showed him the plan. He moved forward the greater part of his command, holding one division in reserve, to be used at the crisis. Early learned that Grant had been with Sheridan, and judging from this that a battle was probable, recalled the detachment he had sent

away. It returned in the midst of the battle, and proved an important re-enforcement, driving Sheridan back from the ground he at first had gained. Then, however, Sheridan brought up his reserves on his own right, and wheeled them around to envelop Early's left, while the Northern cavalry moved at the same time on the opposite flank. The double force approached with terrible vigor, and the spectacle to the enemy was tremendous. Crowded in on both flanks, overlapped on the left, with Sheridan's cavalry charging into them on the right, they fell into confusion. Their lines were broken in every direction, and as Sheridan said in his famous dispatch, he "sent them whirling through Winchester." Early lost 4500 men, of whom 2500 were prisoners. "The result," said Grant, "was such that I never afterward thought it necessary to visit Sheridan before giving him orders."

Sheridan pushed on without stopping. There are generals who are content with winning a victory. They sit down and rest, and let the enemy move leisurely off to prepare for another contest. Such generals may win battles, but they lose campaigns. Sheridan was not of that sort; he chased Early hard for twenty or thirty miles, which is a great march for infantry at any time, and after a battle it was wonderful. But it is surprising what men can do when they must. A beaten army under the spur of pursuit can march incredibly fast; while the victors, enthusiastic and aglow with success, will make such time as under ordinary circumstances would be thought impossible. So Early fled and Sheridan followed nearly thirty miles in twenty-four hours.

The battle of Winchester lasted till dark on the 19th of September, and on the evening of the 20th Sheridan came up with Early at Fisher's Hill. At this point the mountains approach so close that the Valley is only three miles across; and here behind a rapid stream, called Tumbling River, the Southerners had erected a line of breastworks. Early thought himself so safe with mountains protecting either flank, and a stream in front, that he unloaded his ammunition-boxes and placed them behind his breastworks. But he did not even yet know his enemy.

On the morning of the 21st, Sheridan began his preparations for another assault. He liked the maneuver he had performed at Winchester so well that he determined to try it again. He concealed a portion of his command under Crook in the woods on the western mountain, and at daylight of the 22d moved ostentatiously forward with his main body against the enemy's center. While Early was preparing to resist this advance Sheridan hurled Crook suddenly from the western hills against the Confederate left. Thus taken in flank, the Southerners gave way, for no soldiers will long resist a heavy attack on their flank, which they can not return — they must fight face to face with the enemy; and Early's line crumbled under the assault; Crook was actually behind the defenses. At the same time Sheridan's center advanced, and between two fires the Southern army was almost destroyed. Sheridan took possession of the works while Early fled in confusion. Sixteen cannon were left on the ground, and sixteen hundred prisoners surrendered in the open field. Of those who fled, many left their muskets behind them. The rout was complete.

The pursuit continued during the night, and on the following day Sheridan drove the enemy quite out of the narrow valley into the gaps of the Blue Ridge Mountains, while his troops took possession of the country a hundred miles south of the Potomac River. The effect of these victories was prodigious. The whole North rang with applause, and Sheridan became one of the most conspicuous and popular of the Union generals. On the other hand, Early was censured by Lee; his soldiers remained panic-stricken for days, and the Richmond mob painted on the cannon ordered to his support, "For General Sheridan, care of General Early."

It was now time for Sheridan to carry out Grant's second set of orders. He had "followed the enemy to the death," had "got south of them," had driven them out of the coveted region, and relieved the North from all fear of invasion by the Valley; now he was ready to begin the destruction of supplies. Grant did not desire to retain a large force in the Valley, but, in order to make it safe to withdraw Sheridan, it was necessary to ravage the country, so that no other Southern army could remain there and live. For I can not too often remind young readers that armies must be fed; and Lee's army was fed from this Valley. It was his great granary. Sheridan therefore devastated the whole country between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. It was very terrible, but it was war; and the cruelest war is sometimes the most merciful, for it is surer to be short. One side or the other must give way.

Accordingly, Sheridan carried off all the cattle, horses, and mules; he burnt all the mills, as well as destroyed all the crops, so that not only the present supplies were annihilated, but it was impossible to raise more; even the negroes were carried off, that planting might be impracticable, for there were none but negroes who could plant; all the white men were in the army. So complete a destruction of the resources of a country has hardly been known in modern warfare, but it answered its purpose, and helped to end the war.

The people suffered, but I began by telling that this was a people's war. The South had a right to make it such; one can not but admire their pluck in doing so; but they risked the consequence. If you deal hard blows, you must expect them. The Southern people fought the North, and Grant and Sheridan fought the Southern people as well as the Southern armies.

But the very success with which this plan was carried out made it impossible for Sheridan himself to remain in the region. All forage and grain south of him had been sent to Lee; all the rest Sheridan himself had consumed or destroyed. He was a hundred miles from his base, and supplies could not be brought up rapidly enough to enable him to penetrate farther. There was no alternative but to retrace his steps.

Lee, however, could not yet make up his mind to abandon this important territory; he determined to make one more effort to recover it. Early had not absolutely crossed the Blue Ridge, but had only fled to its western base, and Lee now re-enforced him with ten thousand men, and ordered him to return.

Sheridan, meanwhile, had begun his backward march, "stretching the cavalry across the Valley from the Blue Ridge to the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, with directions to burn all forage and barns, and drive off all stock as they moved." It was a march of terror to the inhabitants. The country was literally cleared as with fire, and absolutely nothing was left on the ground for the subsistence of an army. Dwelling-houses, however, were not burned, and the population were unharmed, unless they molested or misled the troops.

On the 9th of October, Early came up with the cavalry at a place called Tom's Brook, near the site of the battle of Fisher's Hill; but Torbert, at the head of Sheridan's horse, turned and routed the Southern cavalry, capturing eleven guns, the forges for the batteries, the wagons for headquarters, and everything else that was carried on wheels. The enemy were followed "on the jump" twenty-six miles, over a mountain and across a river. Sheridan had now captured thirty-six cannon since the 19th of September. Some of this artillery was new and had never been



"FACE THE OTHER WAY, BOYS! FACE THE OTHER WAY!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

used. It had evidently just been sent from Richmond, "for General Sheridan, care of General Early."

After this affair, the victorious general continued his northward march. Early remained quiet for several days after his third defeat, and then followed at a respectful distance. On the 13th of October, Sheridan was summoned to Washington by the Secretary of War, who desired to consult him about the further movements of the campaign. On the 15th he started for the capital, leaving his army, under the command of General Wright, intrenched on the northern side of Cedar Creek, a stream that runs entirely across the Valley, near Strasburg and Fisher's Hill.

Early, meanwhile, was preparing for a desperate effort, and on the night of the 18th of October, he moved against Sheridan's army. Crossing the river in the darkness, he crept unobserved under the Union guns, attacked the army at day-break, and drove in the left, capturing eighteen guns and a thousand prisoners. This part of the command was absolutely routed. The right remained unbroken, but the whole army was forced back a distance of six or seven miles; many of the troops were in a deplorable condition, the infantry not even keeping together as companies. It was a mob, not an army.

Sheridan had left Washington on the morning of the 18th, by train, and passed the night at Winchester, twenty miles north of the battle-field. On the morning of the 19th, he heard the firing of cannon, and sent out to inquire the cause, but was told it came from a reconnoissance. At nine o'clock he rode leisurely out of Winchester, not dreaming that his army was in danger. After a little, he heard again the sound of heavy guns, and now he knew what it must mean. Not half a mile from Winchester he came upon the appalling marks of defeat and rout. The runaways from the battle, still in flight, had got so far as this in their terror. The trains of wagons were rushing by, horses and drivers all in confusion, for there is no worse turmoil in this world than the flight and wreck of a beaten army. Sheridan had never seen his own men in this condition before.

He at once ordered the trains to be halted, and sent for a brigade of troops from Winchester; these he posted across the road to prevent further straggling. Then he called for an escort of twenty men, and, directing his staff to stem the torrent as well as they could, he set off himself for the battle-field. He rode straight into the throng of fugitives, in a splendid passion of wrath and determination, spurring his horse and swinging his hat as he passed, and calling to the men:

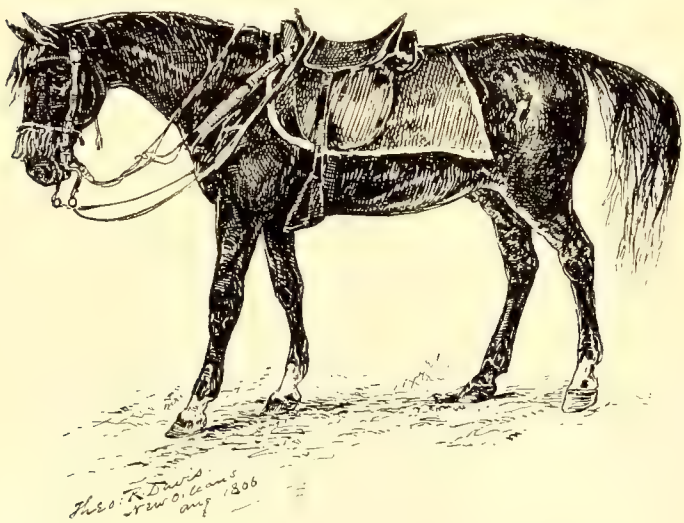
"Face the other way, boys! Face the other way!"

Hundreds turned at the appeal, and followed him with cheers, for they all knew Sheridan.

It was ten o'clock before he reached the field. There he rode about hurriedly, glanced at the position, and at once determined upon his course. He re-arranged the line of those who were still unbeaten, and then went back to bring up the panic-stricken remainder. And now his presence and personal influence told. He was in the full uniform of a major-general, mounted on a magnificent black horse, man and beast covered with dust and flecked with foam; he rose again in his stirrups, he drew his sword, he waved his hat, and shouted to his soldiers:

"If I had been here, this never would have happened. Face the other way, boys! We are going back!"

The flying soldiers were struck with shame when they heard him shout and saw his face blazing with rage and courage and eagerness for them. They took up his cry themselves, "Face the other way!" It went on from one to another for miles — from crowd to crowd — and they obeyed the command. As the swelling shout went on, the surging crowd returned. They faced the other way, and, along the very road which a cower-



SHERIDAN'S HORSE.

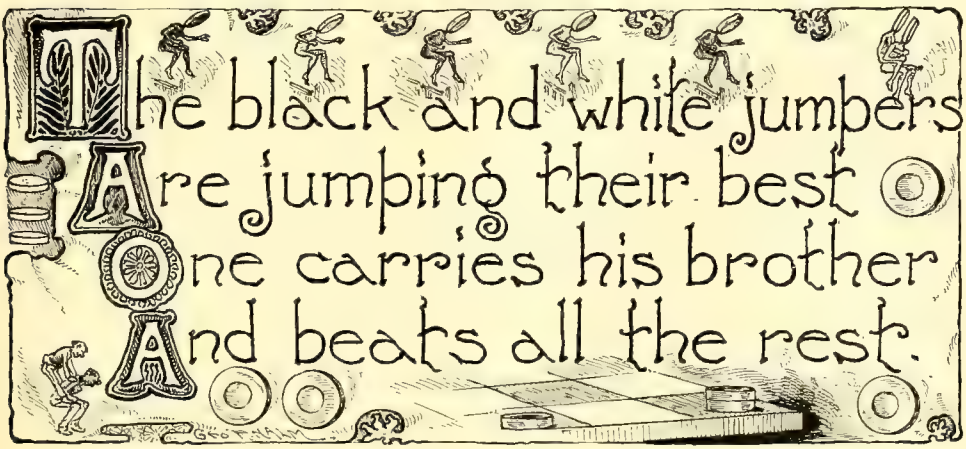
ing mob had taken three hours before, the same men marched, with the tread of soldiers, to meet the enemy. They knew now that they were led to victory.

He led them to their place; he re-formed the whole line, and a breastwork of rails and logs was thrown up — just in time. As Sheridan reached the front he could see the enemy moving to the attack; but now he was prepared. The assault was heavy, but the men stood their ground, and this time it was Early's troops that broke. Then Sheridan advanced, and over the same ground where his army had been defeated in the morning, he pursued a shrinking enemy; recaptured every cannon that had been lost, drove the Southerners across the creek, found a ford where the river turned, got among the wagons and made the pursuit a rout. Early tried to rally his men at Fisher's Hill, where he had fought a few days before, but all in vain: there was no organization left; he could not form them into line. Two thousand made their way to the mountains, and for ten miles the road was covered with small arms, blankets, knapsacks, and wounded men — the fragments of a flying army. Sheridan captured twenty-four pieces of artillery, besides all that had been lost in the morning; sixteen hundred prisoners were taken; and Early lost eighteen hundred and sixty killed and wounded. His command was in worse condition than at Winchester or Fisher's Hill.

This battle ended the campaign in the Valley; the Southerners never again attempted to invade the North, and Sheridan's men marched in whatever direction they chose, for there was no one to oppose them. The country was so bare that not a thousand men could have found forage west of the Blue Ridge, and Lee abandoned all hope of retaining or recovering the region. Shortly after this, he broke up Early's army, leaving him only one division of infantry and the cavalry. Early, indeed, was never intrusted with an important command again. As it was unnecessary for Grant to retain any large force in the Valley, the greater part of Sheridan's army was sent elsewhere.

It was only eleven weeks since Sheridan had entered the Valley, and in this period he had fought three pitched battles, besides directing an important cavalry encounter,— and every one was a complete victory. He had captured sixty guns in the open field, and retaken eleven at Cedar Creek; he sent to Washington forty-nine battle-flags of the enemy, and his officers took the names of thirteen thousand prisoners. Early must have lost at least as many more men in killed and wounded, while his deserters and stragglers filled the forests and farm-houses of the Valley.

The object of the campaign was as thoroughly accomplished as in any series of movements in the war, and Sheridan will always be known in history as the Hero of the Valley.



JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

By James Otis.

Chapter VII.

THE PRISONER AND THE WITNESS.

Ikey was in great distress of mind when he saw by the movements of the officers that the court was about to be opened, and Duddy had not put in an appearance. He had an idea that Pinney's case would be the first one disposed of, and he brought himself to believe that his brother director would be tried, convicted, sentenced, and sent to prison before the arrival of their lawyer.

It was while he was racking his brain in vain to find some excuse for Duddy's prolonged absence, that the prisoners were brought into the cage which is dignified by the name of "dock," and then it was that Ikey saw his friend. Poor Pinney! He was driven in with a crowd of men and women, much as if he was one of a flock of sheep, and he looked thoroughly wretched. His face and hands were grimy, his clothing dusty, his hair tangled, and the course of the tears down his cheeks showed plainly where the dirt had been washed away in tiny stripes. As he entered the room he looked eagerly about until he saw Ikey, who winked vigorously in greeting; and then he turned his head as if he were ashamed of the company he was in, as well as of himself.

It was in vain that Master Jarvis went through a series of pantomimic gestures intended to convey to the prisoner the fact that all the boys were working to aid him; for Pinney persistently refused to look toward his friend again, very much to Ikey's disappointment.

Not until after several cases had been disposed of did Duddy finally make his appearance, followed by a pleasant-looking, elderly gentleman; and from the smile on Master Foss's face, it was evident that he was highly elated with his success in finding a lawyer.

"I 've found a regular swell!" he whispered to Ikey as he tried to crowd himself into the few inches of space his friend had been working hard to reserve for him. "I went to see as many as twenty, but they would n't have anything to say to me; so I walked 'way down town to a man I sell papers to; he made me tell him everything first — that 's what kept me so long — an' then he said he guessed he could fix it up all right. I would n't wonder if he went in an' yanked Pinney out the very first thing."

Ikey looked earnestly at the gentleman a few moments, and seeing that he showed no disposition to "yank" Pinney from among the other prisoners, he whispered:

"Did you give him the money?"

"No; he said he 'd wait to see what he could do, before he took it."

"Does he know that we 'll pay all he wants, if he gets Pinney out o' the scrape?"

"Of course! I told him that before he came down."

Much to the surprise and disappointment of both boys, the lawyer did not exert himself as they had expected. Instead of demanding at once that Pinney be discharged, and appearing angry because the lad had been arrested, he walked behind the railing where the court officers were seated, and entered into conversation with them.

"I don't believe he 's goin' to do a thing," Ikey whispered indignantly.

"He 's not worth much," replied Duddy with a look of painful surprise. "I thought he' d clean the whole place out; he acts as if he did n't care a cent what happens."

Before Ikey could reply, Tom arrived with another handful of pennies, which he delivered to the treasurer.

"Did you find a lawyer?" he asked.

"Yes; there he is — over there," said Duddy, pointing to where the gentleman, whom he believed was neglecting his business, had seated himself.

"Why don't he go to work an' get Pinney out?" Tom asked, after he had taken a deliberate survey of the legal gentleman.

"That 's jest what we don't know," answered Duddy uneasily. "He told me he 'd see to everything, an' now he 's talkin' to the fellers behind the railin' as chipper as if they were chums o' his. I wish I 'd got somebody else."

Greatly as the boys regretted the inactivity of the lawyer whom they had employed, they knew very well that it was too late to try to get another, and Duddy settled himself back into the very narrow portion of bench allotted him, feeling that poor Pinney's case was now hopeless indeed. It was while Tom was trying to decide whether he would better show the second handful of pennies as a means of arousing the attorney into some decisive action, that the name of Alpenna White was called; and little Pinney, escorted by a very

large policeman, was led in front of the judge's desk.

Tom, Duddy, and Ikey did their best to hear what was said, but it was impossible for them to distinguish a word. And it did not in the least appear as if the lawyer was trying to effect Pinney's release. On the contrary, he seemed to be chatting pleasantly with the judge on some subject that had no connection with the discharge of the weeping and thoroughly frightened boarding-house director.

It was not many moments, however, before they learned that the lawyer was really doing what he had promised; for suddenly the conversation ceased, and one of the officers asked:

"Is Isaac Jarvis in the room?"

Now, of course Ikey was there; but his attention was so closely devoted to Pinney, and the name of Isaac was so unfamiliar to him, that he made no reply, for the simple reason that he had not the slightest idea that they were speaking of or to him.

The officer repeated the question; but none of the three directors of Jenny's boarding-house gave any heed to it, until Pinney cried out:

"Ikey! Ikey! Why don't you come up here?"

Master Jarvis was on his feet in an instant, looking quite as frightened as the prisoner, and wholly at a loss what to do.

"Come this way," said the judge; and with his knees very shaky, and his lips rather pale, Ikey walked toward the witness-stand. He recovered his composure somewhat when he saw that both the judge and the lawyer were regarding him kindly.

"Were you with the prisoner yesterday afternoon?" asked the judge.

It was several seconds before Master Jarvis understood that Pinney was the person referred to, and then he succeeded in saying, in a rather awkward fashion:

"Yes; you see, I had to be with him 'cause I 'm the treasurer, an' I had to pay the money."

"Pay what money?" asked the judge, looking quite surprised at what appeared to be a new phase in the case.

"Why, the money for November," and Ikey was astonished that the officers of the court were not better informed regarding the matter.

"What reason had you for paying money in November?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, you see he was very sick; any way, that 's what Jenny said, and we fellers raised money to buy the stuff that Pinney said would cure him."

"Who is Pinney?" asked the judge.

Duddy started to his feet, thoroughly astonished at this singular condition of affairs — the officers of the court were actually ignorant of the name of their prisoner!

"There he is!" said Ikey, pointing to the sorrowful-looking boy, who seemed even smaller than usual by contrast with the huge officer.

Duddy sat down again.

"And who is November?"

"He 's the baby we found on the doorstep, when we first opened the boardin'-house."

"Now tell us just what you did yesterday afternoon," said the judge, who thought it desirable to arrive at the facts of the case before the witness had time to introduce any more characters into his story.

"We were doin' nothin', 'cause first the baby was sick, an' then Pinney was 'rested. An' I 've done nothin' to-day, 'cause I had to come here with Duddy."

"You were with the prisoner a short time before he was arrested, were you not?" the lawyer asked.

"I went with him to get our money for the medicine that Jenny's mother would n't let us give November; but when we had a chance to earn a dollar for doin' a errand, I went where the other fellers was, so 's to tell 'em that Pinney would give back what they 'd put up for the stuff. You see, it was n't any good, an' Pinney was goin' to lose it all himself, 'cause he 'd been the one that wanted the rest of us to buy it."

Ikey had lost his diffident manner, and spoke very rapidly until he saw that many in the room, even including the judge, were laughing; then he stopped suddenly, his face growing quite red.

"Tell us about the prisoner's going on this errand you speak of. Who ——"

"I don't know anythin' 'bout that," interrupted Ikey; "'cause, you see, I had to hold the bottle an' let the other fellers know where Pinney was. Sam says ——"

"Never mind about anybody but the prisoner." The lawyer seemed to be trying to keep from laughing and to look stern at the same time. "Who asked the prisoner to do the errand?"

"I don't know who he was. I never saw him before. The man that sold the medicine would n't give the money back, an' I know Pinney did n't get the dollar, 'cause if I had the bottle, how *could* he get it?"

"Now, answer my questions, Isaac, and don't try to tell your story until we are ready to hear it." This time the lawyer spoke so gravely that Master Jarvis was silenced at once. "Who asked Pinney to do the errand? Was it a man or a woman? And what was said?"

"There was n't anythin' said," replied Ikey,

looking as solemn as possible, but fully determined to prove at the first opportunity that Pinney did not receive any money from the druggist. "We was jest walkin' along when the man asked us if we wanted to earn a dollar, an' Pinney jumped for the chance, 'cause, you see, that was jest what the medicine cost, an' the man had said he would n't give us the money back, anyhow."

By this time nearly every one in the court-room, except the prisoner and his friends, appeared to be very much amused, and it was some moments before the examination could be proceeded with. But after one of the court officers had loudly commanded silence, the lawyer asked:

"Do you know why the prisoner was arrested?"

"I know he did n't get the money back from the man, 'cause I had the bottle all the time, so how could he?"

Ikey was thoroughly in earnest in his effort to prove that Pinney did not receive the money from the druggist, and was totally at a loss to understand why it was that every one seemed to think so serious a matter comical.

"Let me explain the case, and then perhaps we can persuade you to drop the question of medicine," said the judge. "Pinney has been arrested for having stolen goods in his possession, and all we want to know from you is what passed between him and the person who hired him to do the errand. Tell us all that was said or done at the time you left him."

Ikey was bewildered. He had fully made up his mind that the arrest had been caused in some way by the attempt to get back the money which had been paid for the medicine. It was difficult for him to realize that that transaction had nothing to do with Pinney's imprisonment.

After many questions had been asked, Ikey succeeded in relating the facts concerning Pinney's employment by the stranger; and then the witness was allowed to go back to his seat, while the case was continued in the same quiet and confidential manner in which it had begun. The boys could not understand what was going on; but, from what they had already heard, they concluded that the gentleman whom they had employed to defend Pinney was really doing his duty.

After a short time the directors could see that the judge was questioning the prisoner; and in a few moments more they were astonished and overjoyed at seeing Alpenna White walk out from behind the railing — a free boy. It is really surprising that they did not forget where they were, and give vent to their joy in cheers.

Eager to get away from everything that would serve to remind him of his imprisonment, Pinney walked out of the court-room as rapidly as possible, as if he was afraid some one might attempt to carry him back to the jail. His three friends followed him closely; and once out of doors, they made up for their enforced silence in the court-room by shouting and yelling in a manner that was truly deafening.

"Let 's march him down town so 's all the fellers can see him," suggested Tom, as he seized Pinney by the arm; "then we 'll go home an' give him about as high a time as he ever had."

"How is November?" asked Pinney, resisting Tom's efforts to drag him along, and speaking for the first time since he had been released.

"He 's gettin' better, an' I guess he 'll be jest as bright as ever in a day or two. But, come on! Let 's find the other fellers," cried Tom, grabbing Pinney's right arm.

"See here, are you goin' off without squarin' things with the lawyer?" asked Duddy, as he clutched Pinney by the left arm, pulling as hard in one direction as Tom did in the other.

"Gracious! I forgot all about him," exclaimed Ikey.

"He 'll be out pretty soon, an' then we 'll know how much we 've got to pay. I 'm going to have him come up to the house some night to dinner, 'cause he made me tell him all about it, an' asked perticularly after Jenny."

Neither of the directors had an opportunity to protest against such hospitality on the part of Duddy, even had they been so disposed; for at that moment the gentleman came down the steps. While he was yet some distance away, Ikey cried:

"Say, Mister, how much do we owe you for gettin' Pinney out?"

"How much money have you?" asked the gentleman with a kindly smile.

"I don't know exactly; but you sit down on the steps an' we 'll count it. If there is n't enough here we can get more from the fellers."

"That 's what I said," and Duddy spoke a trifle impatiently. "Jest count him out what you 've got, an' he 'll tell us how much more he wants."

"You need n't take that trouble," said the lawyer, who evidently did not intend to accept Ikey's invitation to sit on the steps. "You shall pay me by bringing the morning papers to my office every day for a week. That will satisfy all of us, I fancy."

"Do you mean that 's all the pay you want?" Duddy looked really disappointed because the price was so ridiculously small.

"You will need all your money to get your boarding-house well started, and it would be hardly right for me to take anything more than the papers for what I have done, since your friend would have been released even if I had not been here to de-

fend him. The judge has taken his address, and he may be called upon to identify the man who sent him on the errand, in case the police succeed in capturing the rogue. You need not be frightened if an officer should come after him and your treasurer some day."

"Say, mister," said Ikey, with a look of perplexity, "won't you tell us what Pinney was 'rested for? I thought it was 'cause he tried to get the money back for the medicine."

"The man you met on the street hired him to carry some stolen papers to the owner, who had advertised for them, and who had promised a reward. The man hired Pinney because he was afraid that the officers were watching for him. He made his escape when he saw that the police had done such a bungling piece of work as to arrest the innocent messenger, instead of waiting until the thief had come to receive the money which the owner of the papers was to pay. Pinney had done nothing wrong; he was simply unfortunate in having been selected as a messenger by the rogue. Here is my card. Bring me the morning papers for a week, and some day, when we all have leisure, come and tell me how the boarding-house prospers."

Before the boys had time even to thank him, the lawyer walked rapidly away, leaving Duddy trying to spell out the address that was printed in curiously formed letters on a small oblong of pasteboard:

F. H. Barstow.

241 *Broadway.*

"I can't seem to get the hang of that kind of printin'," said Duddy; "but, whatever his name is, he 's a good feller, an' if he don't get papers for more 'n a week, it 'll be 'cause I 've forgotten how to d'liver 'em."

"We 'll take turns carryin' 'em to him all winter," said Tom with excitement. "An' if he *will* come up to the house to dinner, we 'll s'prise him with the good things that we 'll set up. Now come down town, 'cause all the fellers will be wantin' to know if Pinney 's out."

The boys started off at full speed, the look of fear rapidly disappearing from Master White's face as he left the gloomy Tombs building behind him. In a short time they were the center of an admiring and curious crowd, every one of whom was asking questions in his loudest tones, until it was impossible to distinguish a single word, so great was the confusion.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRE.

WHEN the curiosity of the newsdealers had been in a measure satisfied, Master White's greatest desire was to go home; for he not only wanted to see November, but he was anxious to prove to Mrs. Parsons and Jenny that he was not guilty of the charge upon which he had been arrested. But when he tried to slip quietly away with Ikey and Tom, he found that his newsboy friends and acquaintances had no idea of parting with him so soon. They at once made known their intention of accompanying him to Jenny's boarding-house, much to the disgust of all the stockholders, who had every reason to believe that Mrs. Parsons would not be particularly well pleased at seeing so many visitors. Pinney could not protest against such a mark of attention, since it was to be done in his honor; but Duddy said promptly:

"Pinney wants you all to go up with him, of course; but you see he can't ask you to come inter the house, 'cause November 's sick."

"We 'll 'scort him up to the house, any way," replied one of his admiring friends; and Pinney could only submit with the best grace possible.

When the party first set out, there was a faint attempt to form a regular line of march; but, owing to the crowds on the sidewalks, the boys were obliged to move along as best they might, and looked decidedly more like a mob than a triumphal procession. Most of them were feeling very happy over Pinney's fortunate escape; and, although they did not realize it, they were making a terrible din when they arrived in front of the boarding-house.

Had Pinney come alone, or with only one or two of his friends, Mrs. Parsons would have shown how delighted she was at his release, for the old lady had a real affection for the boy whose zeal so often got him into trouble. But she had just succeeded in rocking November to sleep; the noise which the boys outside were making caused her to feel slightly provoked; and what she said when Pinney, Duddy, and the other directors entered the room, was: "So you succeeded in getting into another scrape, did you?"

"Yes 'm," replied Pinney meekly; "but I had n't done anything wrong, so the judge let me go."

"Of course you had n't done wrong," exclaimed Jenny. "Mother don't mean anything when she talks like that, for she 's as glad as I am to see you back safe and sound."

"Yes, I 'm glad to see you back again, Pinney White," said the old lady, looking doubtfully over

her spectacles at the crowd of boys outside. "I don't believe you *would*, on purpose, do anything to be arrested for, but you certainly manage to get into more trouble than any boy I ever saw."

"I s'pose I do," was the reply.

Then Jenny insisted on knowing the particulars of the arrest and trial; and Ikey, Tom, and Pinney all began to tell the story, making such an uproar that Mrs. Parsons sent them into the kitchen lest they should awaken November. They finally succeeded in quieting down sufficiently to give a coherent account of the day's events, and Jenny was about to have a business chat with them, when all were startled by a loud and prolonged shout from the outside.

"That 's the fellers, an' *what* shall we do with 'em?" said Duddy, glancing apprehensively toward the door of the sitting-room as he spoke. November's loud cries proved that the inmates of the front room had heard the uproar; and the hearts of the directors sunk at the scolding in store for them from the old lady.



"HOW MUCH DO WE OWE YOU FOR GETTIN' PINNEY OUT?"

"What are they waiting out there for?" asked Jenny, in surprise.

"Well, you see, they 'scorted Pinney 'round here," said Duddy, in explanation; "an' I s'pose they think they oughter be asked in."

"Won't they go away pretty soon?" asked Jenny.

"I guess not," Duddy said, very decidedly. "They 've been wantin' to see the baby ever since we found him, an' they think that this is a good chance."

Those on the outside set up another shout at this moment, and it was easy to judge, from the noise they made, that they were impatient at being left out of doors so long.

"Can't we let 'em in jest for a minute?" asked Tom.

Jenny ventured into the front room, and when she came out again she looked considerably relieved.

"Mother says that since they 've waked November, they may as well come in; but you must n't let them stay very long, or the baby might get cold."

"I 'll drive 'em out when you give the word," said Sam, arousing for the first time that day into something like his old officiousness.

Duddy acted the part of host by opening the street door and shouting:

"You 've waked the baby up, an' now you may as well come in an' look at him; but Mrs. Parsons says you must n't stay very long."

The eager crowd did not wait for a more urgent invitation, and trooped into the house with enough noise for a party ten times as large; but they halted, as one boy, when the old lady met them with a severe look over the top of her spectacles, as they entered the sitting-room. She knew that she must exhibit that baby before she could hope for peace; and she stood in the center of the room with November held out at arms-length, wishing very much that the ordeal were over.

The boys gazed at the baby as if he was a natural curiosity, some going so far as to touch him gently with one finger; but most of them kept cautiously out of reach of Mrs. Parsons's hand. Not a word was spoken by any one during the entire ceremony; but when it was ended, the guests showed no disposition to leave the house, and stood looking at one another as if they expected to be yet further entertained. Sam saw an opportunity to show that he was at least a partial master of the establishment.

"Come right out here if you want to see what kind of a place we 've got," he said, pompously leading the way into the kitchen, while the old lady looked with no kindly eye at the quantity of snow and mud that the visitors had brought into the room.

Jenny was much disconcerted by the introduction of the strange boys into the kitchen, but Sam gave no heed to her uneasiness. He showed the guests all the unfurnished as well as the furnished rooms, called particular attention to the rules on the wall,— taking good care, however, not to say for which one he was responsible,— and in every possible way acted the part of host to the entire satisfaction of himself, if of no one else.

The other directors followed their visitors about, answering questions and pointing out the general advantages of the building, but not caring to appear too prominent in the matter. After the house had been thoroughly inspected, and the guests were about to take their departure, Sam said, as if the idea had just occurred to him:

"If you fellers will hold on a little while, I 'll have Jenny get a bang-up dinner, an' then you can see how well we live."

As a matter of course, every boy in the party was only too willing to accept the invitation, and the directors were looking at one another in speechless astonishment, when from the sitting-room Mrs. Parsons called out sharply:

"Pinney White, are you asking all those boys to dinner?"

"I was n't a-sayin' a word," replied Pinney quickly, thinking it hard, indeed, that he should be accused of every disagreeable thing.

"I am goin' to let 'em see what kind of a dinner Jenny can cook," Sam said loftily, as if asking twenty or thirty boys to dine with him was a trifling matter.

"Indeed, you are going to do nothing of the kind," exclaimed the old lady, now evidently very angry. And the guests, alarmed by the sharp tone of her voice, declined the invitation in a very practical manner by fleeing precipitately from the house. They halted about a block away, when Jeppy Jones said, with a sigh of relief:

"She ain't as sweet as candy, an' that 's a fact!"

At the house, the directors were gathered in the kitchen like criminals, waiting for the old lady to pass judgment upon them; but she was quite her old pleasant self again, as soon as the guests had taken their hurried departure. She spoke so kindly to Pinney about his release from prison that Sam silently resolved to give her a happy surprise some day by bringing a small and select party of boys — say about a dozen — home to dinner.

Jenny soon called the attention of the directors to business, by saying:

"Now that Pinney is out of his trouble, and the baby is nearly well, we must try to furnish another room; for the more boarders we can take, the more money we can make."

"It seems to me that you 're allers talkin' 'bout money," said Sam petulantly. "With what we 've given, I could 'a' started a house twice as large as this."

"*We 've* given!" repeated Tom impatiently. "I s'pose you think you 've put in all you agreed to, don't you?"

"Well, I 've come pretty near it," and Sam assumed his most impressive manner. "I 've paid as much as you have, any way."

"Ikey, how do the 'counts stand?" asked Tom.

The treasurer, after some trouble, owing to his many pockets, succeeded in finding his book, which began to look rather the worse for wear; and after a severe mental and digital calculation, he replied:

"In the first place, we owe for a week's board. I 've paid my dollar for it; but the rest have n't squared up yet. Then on the ten dollars every one was to put in, Jack owes two thirty-nine, an' Sam has only paid four eighty, and two dollars of that I lent him. Tom an' Pinney an' I have given Jenny our share."

"I 've paid as much as anybody else. You 've forgot to put it down if it ain't there," said Sam in a reproachful tone. "What about the money I gave this mornin' to help Pinney outer the scrape?"

"You put in jest seven cents," said Tom. "We did n't have to use it, an' here 's your cash."

A broad smile greeted the announcement of Master Tousey's contribution; but Pinney hastened to say:

"We 'll get more money by to-morrow, an' p'r'aps Sam 'll have some, too, by that time."

"If he has n't, he 's got to sell his share in the house!" Tom spoke very decidedly.

"I would n't turn him out," said Jenny quickly. "You know he did really help start the house, and it does n't seem fair."

"I think he ought to pay up or leave," said Ikey in a matter-of-fact tone. "He won't work, that 's what 's the matter."

"Well, s'pose I don't want to work, whose business is it?" asked Sam.

"It 's our business if you don't pay what you owe," said Tom, quietly but firmly.

"S'posen I *want* to sell my share, who 's got the money to pay me?" inquired Sam, with the air of a millionaire capitalist.

"Duddy Foss 'll take it any time," declared the treasurer. "He said so. You owe Ikey two dollars, an' Jenny a dollar for board, so that would leave only one eighty comin' to you."

Sam hesitated; he knew that Duddy could buy him out, and he felt that he must work or sell.

"I 'll tell you to-morrow what I 'll do," he said sulkily, and left the house, slamming the street door behind him.

"We 'd better all go down town, if we expect to get any money for Jenny," suggested Tom. "Come on, fellers, an' let 's make up for the time we lost this morning."

The other boys followed Tom out of the room, and Jenny was left to plan how she would furnish the remainder of her boarding-house.

When the directors came home at night they were in the best of spirits. Business had been good during the afternoon, and even Sam had been successful; but since he did not offer to pay any portion of his indebtedness, the others concluded that he had decided to sell his boarding-house stock to Duddy.

When the household retired to rest, all, with the possible exception of Master Tousey, felt that they were on the high road to success.

The city clocks were striking the hour of midnight, when Tom was suddenly aroused with a queer sensation in his throat and lungs. Sitting bolt-upright in bed, he tried to understand why he was awake. He could hear no unusual noise; his room-mates' heavy breathing told that they were wrapped in slumber. He was beginning to believe that he had been startled by some vivid dream, when he became aware that his eyes were smarting severely, and in a second he knew by the odor and his difficulty in breathing that the room was full of smoke. He wondered why a fire had been left in the stove, got out of bed grumbling at somebody's carelessness, and started for the kitchen to fix the draft.

He could now hear a strange, crackling sound, and the handle of the kitchen door was hot as he tried to turn it. Only by exerting all his strength could he force the door open; and as it swung on its hinges, a mass of flame appeared to dart from the very center of the room.

"Fire! Fire!" he shouted, as he ran back and shook his companions to arouse them, and then rushed to Mrs. Parsons's room, and hurried upstairs where the boarders were sleeping.

From the time Tom had awakened until every one in the building was aroused, hardly more than two minutes had elapsed; yet in those few seconds the flames, favored by the open doors, had made such progress that it seemed as if the whole interior of the house was on fire.

"Save the furniture!" Tom shouted, as he saw the directors rushing out of doors with some of their clothing under their arms; "we can get some of the things out if we work quick!"

This appeared to bring Ikey and Pinney to a portion of their senses, at least, and they halted in the open doorway to put on some of their clothing; while Tom darted into the clouds of smoke that filled the directors' sleeping-room, after his own garments. He found it impossible to enter even so far as the bed. Blinded, half-suffocated, and nearly overcome by the heat and vapor, he staggered back into the hallway just as Duddy leaped down nearly the entire flight of stairs, with several articles of wearing apparel in his arms.

"Where 're your clothes?" he asked.

"In there," Tom stammered as he reeled toward the street door.

"Put these on," cried Duddy as he threw a pair of trousers over Tom's shoulders, and flung the remainder of his burden out of doors.

By this time Ikey and Pinney were trying to save some of the household goods, and had started for the landlady's room, as Mrs. Parsons and Jenny, the former carrying November and the latter with her arms full of clothing, came running out.

The boys worked with a will to save the most valuable articles of the not very expensive furniture; but as they threw nearly everything out of the window, they caused nearly as much damage as the fire.

It was not for many moments that the directors could continue their almost useless labor, for the flames were sweeping through the rooms with a fury that seemed resistless, and the boys were soon forced to retreat to the sidewalk, where, with the remainder of the family and a rapidly gathering crowd, they stood silently and sorrowfully witnessing the destruction of Jenny's boarding-house.



"THE FLAMES WERE SWEEPING THROUGH THE ROOMS WITH A FURY THAT SEEMED RESISTLESS."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF A LOST DOG.

By Edith Evelyn Bigelow.



THE LOST DOG TELLS HIS STORY:

THERE is nothing sadder or more desolate than to be a stray dog in a great city like London. You may think *you* have seen trouble and been miserable; but listen to me, and you 'll soon see that your trials have been nothing to mine. There never was a more pampered pet than I was; and I thought I had a right to be spoiled, being a thoroughbred fox terrier of perfect pedigree and good habits. I had no faults except yielding to a strong temptation to nip the cat a little when she put her back up at me. I was owned by the prettiest lady in London, and was exercised every day by either the footman or my mistress herself, with a sharp eye kept on me, lest any of those wicked dog-stealers should whip me up, and run off with me.

My only sorrow was, that I could not always make myself understood. Why parrots and magpies (horrid things!) should be gifted in the conversational line above their betters, I can't imagine.

Mag would sit in her cage and croak, "Wake up!" as distinctly as a human being could speak; and my mistress would laugh and say, "Is n't she clever?" But when I barked and thought I was saying real words (only she could n't understand), she would cry, "Be quiet!" and give me a tap on the ear. That seemed unjust to me.

One day in summer, my mistress came downstairs, with her coat and hat on, and took me up in her arms and kissed me. I licked her face and wagged my tail, thinking I was going for a drive, for I saw the brougham standing at the door. But she dropped a tear on my head, and said:

"Oh, John, I can't bear to leave him!"

Then Master said, "Nonsense, my dear, the cook will look after him." And they went away, my dear mistress looking back and saying, "Be a good dog till I come home!"

All this took me by surprise, and I felt very miserable. The tears came to my eyes, and I turned away for fear that hateful cat should see me crying; for if she had, she might have plucked up heart to scratch me in return for all my sly nips.

Well, I lay for some time thinking how lonely I should be with only old Mouser (that was Mrs. Puss's name) and cook, both of whom I hated. Presently I decided to start off when no one was looking, and follow my mistress. I was younger and more foolish then than now, and did not consider what a large place London was. I had a keen nose, and thought I could track my lady, with the help of my eyes and nose.

So I waited my chance. Presently the parlor-maid came downstairs. She opened the door, and before she could say "knife!" I was off like a shot, down the street. She called after me like a crazy person, but nobody minded her, and I ran till my breath was nearly gone. Then I sat down and rested awhile. But a man with a dirty neckerchief on, and a bad eye, came sidling up to me, and said, "Come here, sir," in a soft, enticing voice. I knew he was a dog-stealer; for I had seen his like before; so I scuttled off again, and in my fright forgot to notice which way I went.

Then I began to look and nose about. I could find no lady who had a face like that of my dear

mistress. People looked at me; the ladies said "What a dear little fox terrier!" and one gentleman stopped and bent down to see if I had a collar on. When I ran out I had just been washed, and so I had left it at home. Presently I got into a part of the town where there were lots of pale little children playing and fighting on the sidewalk. Some horrid boys pursued me, and tried to fasten an old tin kettle to my tail; then when I ran all the faster, they shouted "Mad dog!" and a policeman — or, as we say, a "bobby"— commenced to chase me. My poor heart beat so, I thought I should have died; but I struggled along, though, being a pet house-dog, I was n't in good running condition, and had rather too much fat on my ribs for a race. I gave the "bobby" the slip, after all, and at last hid under an archway. By this time it was growing dark, and I began to be hungry and lonely.

If the cat had been there, I would n't have nipped her! It is wonderful how misfortune softens the heart! Can you imagine how miserable I was? My nice coat was all torn and soiled, and the several frights I had had were enough to tire even an experienced dog, not to mention the running in and out among hansom cabs. I could not help whining quietly to myself. After a time, one of the figures hurrying by stopped and came up to me. It was a man, and I should say a gentleman, for, as near as I could see in the dusk, he was dressed like Master.

"Hullo!" said he. "What have we here?"

He stooped and picked me up. His touch was so kind that I did n't even growl.

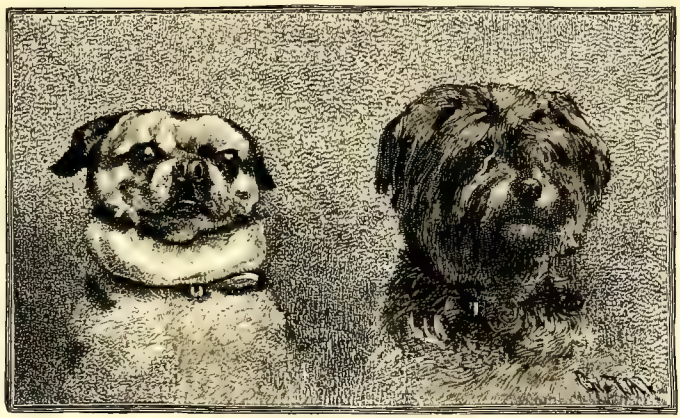
"A lost dog! A case for the Battersea Home," he exclaimed.

Now, I had heard cook tell dreadful things about "Homes" and "Institutions," and when I heard my new acquaintance speak of a Home, I gave a growl and tried to get away; but the gentleman was strong, and carried me off with him. He hailed a cab and got in, still holding me. After driving for some time we stopped, and my friend (or enemy, I did n't yet know which he might be) took me into a house, evidently his own. As soon as we were inside the hall, a funny fat little boy with curls came tumbling out of the nearest room shouting, "Here 's father, wid a doggy!" and began to pull me about. As he did n't hurt me, and seemed pleased to see me, I licked his fat little hand, and he screamed with glee. Then a tall lady joined us and asked where I had come from.

"I found him in Fleet street," said the gentleman, "and to-morrow I shall take him to Battersea. He 's evidently a valuable dog, and must have strayed away from his owners. If they don't claim him — I 'll buy him for you if you like."

"The very thing!" said the lady. "See how Totty is petting him."

Then I was taken upstairs into the drawing-room, and allowed to sit on a rug. The lady kindly gave me some water, and I felt very much happier since I had heard that nothing terrible was to happen to me; besides, it was very comforting to be recognized as a valuable dog. I was so tired that I slept for a long time; in fact, it was morning when I awoke. My new friends gave me some breakfast, and the gentleman started out with me again in a cab. We drove a long way this time, to a very ugly part of the town, where everything was grimy and dirty and ever so many trains were whizzing along across bridges built over the street.



TWO INMATES OF THE BATTERSEA HOME.

We drew up at a queer sort of place, with a door like the gate of a stable-yard, and a small door next it, on which was a brass plate. On it I read,— for I am an educated dog, let me tell you, and am sorry for those who have n't had my advantages,— "Home for Lost Dogs." We went in through the big gate, but turned to the side and entered by a small door into a room where two men sat, one at a desk and the other at a large table. My gentleman spoke a few words to the men, and presently left me with them. Then another man came in. He was very tall, dressed in black, with a cap on his head and a big whip in his hand. His face was kind, and so he did not frighten me. He carried me away and walked

with me down a place, on one side of which was a line of cages full of all sorts of dogs. Some of them were ill-bred, vulgar creatures, especially a low, bandy-legged bulldog, who jeered at me and called me names. I was placed in a cage with a poodle, a fox terrier, two pugs, and a dachshund — the last about a yard long, with no legs to speak of, but a great opinion of himself. They all set up a roar when I arrived, and asked me a lot of questions,— who I was, where I came from, and the like. I was very haughty with them at first, wishing to show my breeding, for I remembered how a lady, who cook said was a duchess, always behaved to my mistress when she called. But they were so good-natured that I soon forgot to be proud, for I was full of curiosity about my new home, and wanted to ask questions.

"I am going to be bought," said I, "if my people don't come for me."

The pug shook his head, and gave a sort of snort. Pugs always are short of breath.

"Don't be too sure!" said he, with his black nose in the air, and his great goggle eyes turned toward me. His remark was so rude that I turned my back on him. The poodle sidled up to me and whispered: "We 'll all be killed in three days, if we 're not sent for!" I gave a yelp of horror.

"My goodness!" said I, "what do you mean?"

"There 's one terrible room here," said he; "*if a dog once goes into it, he never comes out alive.*"

At that I turned quite ill. Had I come all this way, only to be butchered?

"How do you know?" I gasped.

"The cats told me."

"What cats?"

"Do you see that door? That 's where the Cats' Boarding-house and Home is; and last night when the door was open one of the boarders told me. *She* had it from the keeper. Perhaps you 'll be kept longer than the usual time, as you are a good sort; but I 'm a mongrel and must die to-morrow."

He gave a patient sigh, as if he had made up his mind to it. "You are very quiet about it," I said; "I should yell all to-day if I expected to be killed to-morrow."

"Yelling would do no good," he replied. "I should be called to order now, and killed just the same, when the time came. The truth is, I have been so ill-treated that I 'd rather die than go back to my master. I am not much to look at, but I can do all manner of tricks, and I traveled with a circus. My master was the clown, and was what human beings call a *brute*, though why they shame *us* by giving wicked people that name, I can't think."

The poor poodle felt so sad that I didn't know what to say to him; for how could I comfort him?

Just then the dachshund looked around and said, "I wish that cur would stop that sniveling. I can't hear myself think."

With that I jumped at him and gave him a smart nip on the ear. Then there *was* a row! We were in one great mass, struggling and biting, till the keeper's whip came cutting in among us, and we were forced to be quiet.

That night the door of the Cats' Boarding-house and Home was left open by mistake, and while I lay, trying to sleep, I heard a little "mew" which sounded familiar. I gave a little whine in reply, thinking I should find out whether I had a friend amongst the pussies.

"Who are you?" I asked, softly.

A little voice mewed out, "Don't you remember the fat kitten next door?"

"Yes, indeed!" I said; for, indeed, that kitten had been the only cat I had ever really approved of.

"I was whipped for stealing cream, and I ran away. Oh, how many times I 've wished myself at home!"

"Have you suffered?" I asked.

"Suffered?" said she. "I am as thin as a mouse, and supported here by what visitors throw into the box that 's fastened to our cage; and there 's a little fiendish black tabby here that gets all my food away."

"Poor thing!" I said, my heart feeling very heavy.

"Never mind," said she, plaintively. "We 'll all be killed day after to-morrow."

The same old story! "Tell me all about it," I said.

"There is a room here where the dogs and cats are put, and as soon as they get in they begin to snore, and never wake up."

I could n't help shivering at these words, for it is an awful thing to lie in the dark and think of your own death. The man who keeps order in the cat-house heard us talking, and shut the door; so I learned no more that night.

The next day the poodle came up to me, and cried, and kissed me on the nose, saying I had been kind to him, and he wanted to thank me before he died.

I tried to cheer him a bit, when, suddenly, two ladies came walking by.

"Stand up and beg," I whispered. And so he did.

"What a jolly poodle!" said one lady. "The very thing for Charlie. Is he for sale?"

The keeper, who stood near, said:

"He was to be killed to-day, Madam, but you can have him."

In a few minutes more my fortunate friend was taken out of the cage and carried off, no doubt to as comfortable a home as the one which I had left.

Nobody came for the pugs or the dachshund; but, toward evening, whom should I see but cook, with her jolly red face, coming along and looking anxiously at all the dogs.

I barked as loud as possible, and says cook, "That 's him!" Cook was apt to be rather ungrammatical at times. When they got me out of the cage, I licked her face, as if I 'd loved her all my life. She was so pleased to see me that she kissed my head and patted me all the time.

"Now, Mr. Keeper," said she, "there 's a kitten missing from our next-door neighbor's, and it 's just possible she 's in the cat-house, so I 'll take a glance, if you 're agreeable."

Then I was glad, for I did n't relish the idea of leaving the only well-behaved cat of my acquaintance to be made away with, and nobody the wiser. In we went, and the poor kitten saw cook and flew at the cage, trying to get to her. There were a number of cats with her, and the label over the top said "Female Strays." The boarders were on the other side of the room. Their masters and mistresses had sent them there to be kept safely during their absence from town.

Well, we had the kitten out in no time, and she and cook and I all went home together. Cook talked to us all the way, as if we understood her,— and so we did, only she did n't know it.

That is the end of my trials; but I suffered enough in a day or two to last some time.

Since then I have never left my happy home, except in the care of some one. Sometimes in the dark, I can't help thinking about that room where the poor pugs and the dachshund must have died, and the thought makes my paws cold.

But the poodle is happy. I saw him last week driving in a carriage.

JANIE'S RAINBOW.

By Susan P. Swoope.

JANIE sat on the window-seat,
Watching the waving, golden wheat,
Watching the bees flit to and fro,
Watching the butterflies come and go,

Watching the flowers, red and white,
Watching the birds in their airy flight,
Watching the gentle summer shower
As it fell on field and tree and flower.

Tired little Janie saw the view,—
Idly wishing for something new;
Softly she tapped the window-pane,
And spoke aloud to the falling rain:

"Raindrops, listen to what I say:
You 've worked enough; now stop and play;
You 've watered the flowers, grass, and wheat,
And settled the dust all down the street;

"Make the clouds break, and let the sun
Shine out once more — Let 's have some fun!
Make me a rainbow — make it soon;
I 've been waiting all the afternoon!"

The raindrops heard in their busy dance;
The sun shone out and gave them a chance;
They seized the rays with their fingers deft,
And wove the bright-hued warp and weft;

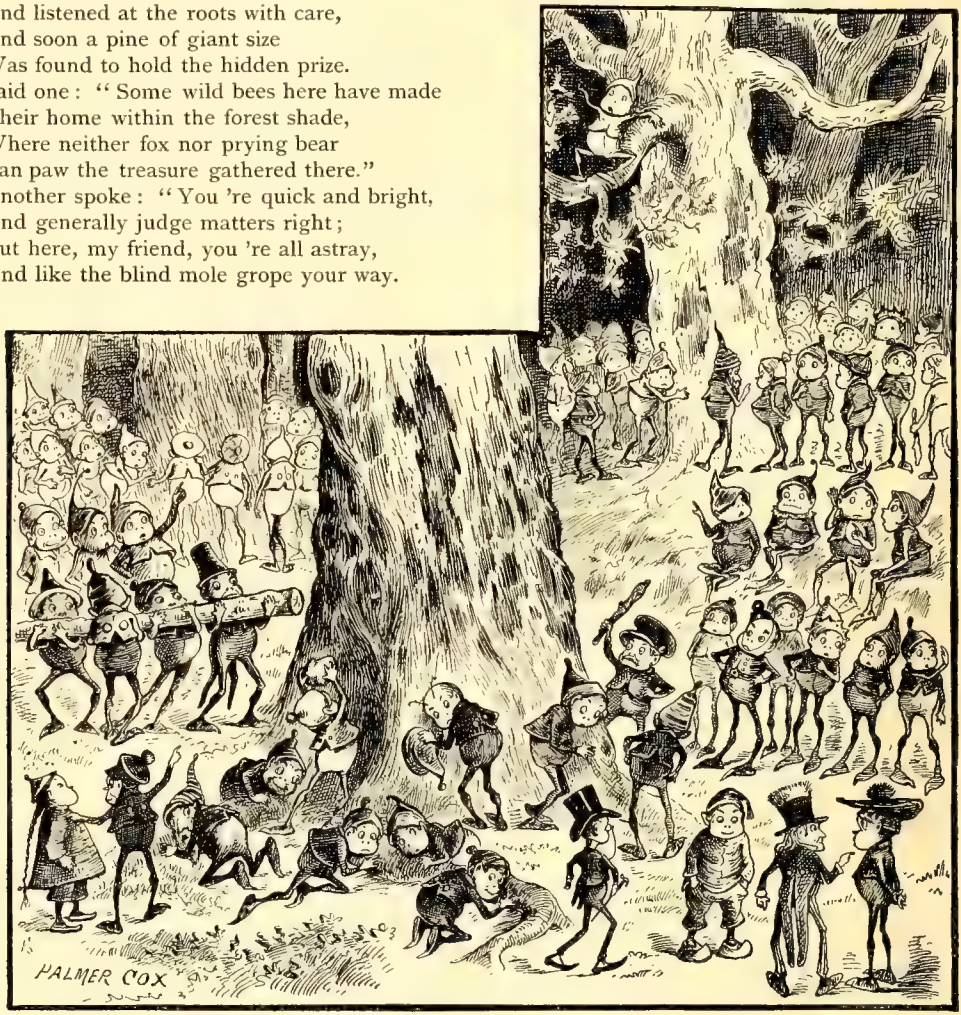
Then hung it up in the eastern sky,
A beautiful ribbon of brilliant dye,—
One end rested upon the hill,
The other went down behind the mill.

THE BROWNIES AND THE BEES.

By Palmer Cox.

While Brownies once were rambling through
Where thick and tall the timber grew,
The hum of bees above their head
To some remarks and wonder led.
They gazed at branches in the air
And listened at the roots with care,
And soon a pine of giant size
Was found to hold the hidden prize.
Said one: "Some wild bees here have made
Their home within the forest shade,
Where neither fox nor prying bear
Can paw the treasure gathered there."
Another spoke: "You 're quick and bright,
And generally judge matters right;
But here, my friend, you 're all astray,
And like the blind mole grope your way.

But still their queen's directing cry
The bees heard o'er the clamor high;
And held their bearing for this pine
As straight as runs the county line.



I chance well to remember still,
How months ago, when up the hill,
A farmer near, with bell and horn,
Pursued a swarm one sunny morn.
The fearful din the town awoke,
The clapper from his bell he broke;

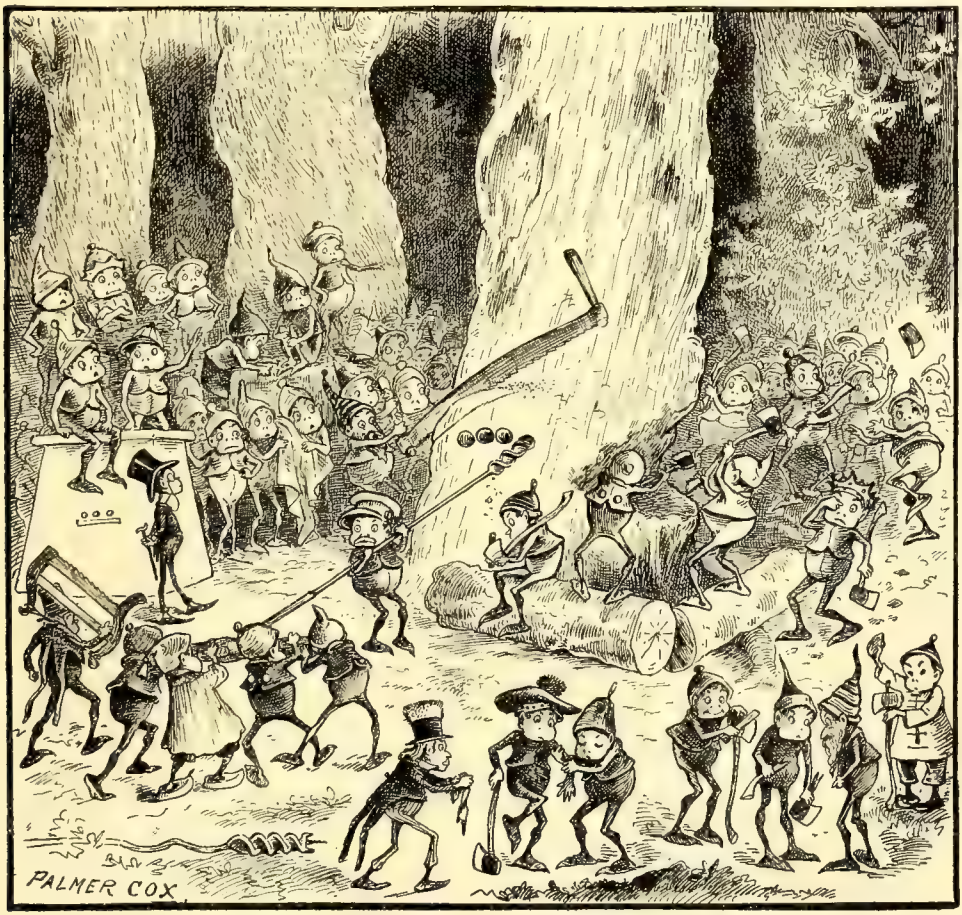
With taxes here, and failures there,
The man can ill such losses bear.
In view of this, our duty 's clear:
To-morrow night we 'll muster here,
And when we give this tree a fall,
In proper shape we 'll hive them all,

And take the queen and working throng
And lazy drones where they belong."

Next evening, at the time they set,
Around the pine the Brownies met
With tools collected, as they sped
From mill and shop and farmer's shed;
While some, to all their wants alive,
With ready hands procured a hive.

And then the hive was made to rest
In proper style above the nest,
Until the queen and all her train
Did full and fair possession gain.

Then 'round the hive a sheet was tied,
That some were thoughtful to provide,
And off on poles, as best they could,
They bore the burden from the wood.



Ere work began, said one: "I fear
But little sport awaits us here;
Be sure a trying task we 'll find,
For bees are fuss and fire combined.
And take him in his drowsy hour,
Or when palavering to the flower,
The bee, however wild or tame,
In every land is much the same;
And those will rue it who neglect
To treat the insect with respect."

Ere long, by steady rasp and blow,
The towering tree was leveled low;

But trouble, as one may divine,
Occurred at points along the line.
'T was bad enough on level ground,
Where, now and then, *one* exit found;
But when they came to rougher road,
Or climbed the fences with their load,—
Then numbers of the prisoners there
Came trooping out to take the air,
And managed straight enough to fly
To keep excitement running high.

With branches broken off to suit,
And grass uplifted by the root,

In vain some daring Brownies tried
To brush the buzzing plagues aside.
Said one, whose features proved to all
That bees had paid his nose a call:
"I 'd rather dare the raging main,
Than meddle with such things again."

And when at last the fence they found
That girt the farmer's orchard 'round,
And laid the hive upon the stand,
There hardly was, in all the band,
A single Brownie who was free
From some reminders of the bee.



"The urgent calls," another cried,
"Of duty still must rule and guide,—
Or in the ditch the sun would see
The tumbled hive for all of me."

But thoughts of what a great surprise
Ere long would light the farmer's eyes
Soon drove away from every brain
The slightest thought of toil or pain.

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

By George J. Manson.

A Banker and Broker.

The business of banking and that of brokerage are nearly always carried on together. A banker is a man who, like a regularly organized bank, receives deposits of money which he holds subject to drafts and checks. He negotiates loans. He buys bonds, stocks, and securities of all sorts for his customers. He pays the coupons of railroad and other companies. He takes charge of estates for trustees and executors and, in short, acts as the financial agent for individuals and corporations.

The broker buys and sells stocks and bonds of railroads and miscellaneous companies. Generally he makes a specialty of some particular stocks or bonds. There are brokers in grain, coal, petroleum, mining stocks, flour, real estate, and almost everything that can be bought and sold. The broker does not buy the commodities in which he deals to sell them again at a profit; but he acts as the agent for people who have goods for sale. He makes his money by receiving a "commission," which is a certain proportion of the amount received for the goods. At present we will consider only bankers and brokers who deal solely in money, stocks, and bonds.

The boy who enters the office of a banker and broker starts at the age of thirteen or fourteen. He will receive three dollars a week to begin with. He will have to go down to the office early and open it; but he will not have to sweep it, as all such work is done by the janitor and his assistants. He will have to run errands much of the time, see that the circulars announcing the sales of stock, which are constantly coming in during the day, are put in their proper places; and he will make comparisons of stock, which means that he will see if the office account of the day's transactions agrees with the similar accounts of the firms with whom his house has had dealings. He will go often to the Stock Exchange, where he will familiarize himself with its workings. In the meantime he must be learning to write quickly a neat, clerkly hand, and to be quick at figures. A boy must be very bright to succeed in a banker's and broker's office in New York, or in any other large city.

The boy will do boys' work for about two or three years, when, if he deserves it, he will be promoted to the position of clerk. He will soon acquire the rudiments of book-keeping, beginning with the simplest book, which is the one in which are entered the purchases and sales of stocks made by the house. During the day, he will make out "notices" of sales to be sent to customers. His salary will now be from five hundred to one thousand dollars a year. When he gets to be head book-keeper or cashier, he will receive from one thousand five hundred to five thousand dollars, depending on the business done by the firm. Or he may be made the manager of some branch office of the firm, which is better still, and carries with it a large measure of responsibility and an excellent salary.

Some one has called Wall Street "the golden artery" of the country. You might call the Stock Exchange its "pulse," for the important transactions had there indicate the state of the financial health of the country. The building is really on Broad Street, but there is an entrance on Wall Street, a few doors from Broadway. Enter this door and go up a flight of iron stairs; but do not be disconcerted at the sound of what appears to be a large number of men quarreling, for they are the very people you are going to see. Passing through another door, you find yourself in a high gallery overlooking a long hall, or room, in which from two hundred to eight hundred men are walking about or standing in groups. At the other end of the apartment is a similar gallery. One side of the room is used by the various telegraph offices, each company having a space set apart for its own use, and a force of messengers dressed in blue uniforms. On the other side of the room there is a platform, like a pulpit, from which the chairman of the Exchange presides. The wooden floor has no covering other than the countless tiny bits of white paper, used memoranda, torn up by the brokers.

Before making this visit, you have probably been told that it costs from twenty-five thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars to get a "seat" in the Exchange. Your first thought on looking at the scene below will possibly be, "Where are the seats?" For, the only seats in the whole place are a few ranged in circular forms around a number of iron standards. On the top of each standard is a sign reading, "Ohio and Miss.," "Omaha,"

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"Lou. and Nashville," and so on. These are abbreviated names of certain important stocks; and the brokers who deal largely in any one of them may usually be found near their respective standards. A great many more stocks than are indicated by these signs, however, are dealt in each day, and the few seats around these standards will accommodate only about thirty or forty men. The fact is, the Stock Exchange grew too large to allow seating the members. Years ago there were seats, but now the term "a seat" really means the privilege of going into this room for the purpose of doing business with the other members. It is now not a very easy matter to become a member of the Stock Exchange. The membership of eleven hundred is now full, and it is only possible to get a seat by purchasing from a retiring member, or from the heirs of a deceased member. Then, too, an applicant must be in good health, because the Exchange carries an insurance of ten thousand dollars on the life of every member, which his heirs receive on his death. In addition, to become a member, a man must be of good character, be free from debt, and fulfill certain other requirements.

Looking down from the visitors' gallery, the scene strikes one as at once amusing and bewildering. Some men are walking apparently aimlessly about. Others walk fast, and appear to be looking for some one. Now and then a man cries out a word or two which you can not understand, whereupon a crowd of bystanders press about him. There is a short conversation, and the crowd of men disappears as quickly as it came together. When a broker disposes of some stock, he cries out, "Sold!" which means that the transaction is completed. Every now and then, you will notice among the men in some parts of the room what boys call "horse-play." You may see a big, strong man take a small man and, after wrestling with him for a short time, quietly seat him on the floor. Other members may knock off the hats of their brother members, a kind of sport (if that is the name for it) which seems to be peculiarly fascinating to brokers. When these groups, or crowds, gather, you may notice that the men in the rear rows push those in front of them so hard that the two or three men in the center who are doing all the talking are pressed together so close that their noses almost touch. But everyone is good-natured, and some are jolly and boisterous. And the most curious part of the scene is that all these men are at work. One peculiarity you will notice: each man carries in his hand a small memorandum-book or a pad of paper, on which every now and then he makes a note. A man in passing another may make an offer of a certain stock, say at 54½; the other will say, "Give you 54⅜." Quick as a flash it may be taken, and a sale is made that may involve thousands of dollars. All these transactions are done so quickly and amid so much confusion that you would not be apt to notice a quarter of them.

"Would a boy who started in the office ever be able to enter the Stock Exchange?" some one may ask.

He would, if his parents or friends bought him a seat. If he was poor, but unusually clever, it is possible that some rich man who liked to speculate in Wall Street, who had a high opinion of his ability, would offer to go into partnership with him, and let him be the active member of the concern. In other words, the rich man would buy a seat for the clerk, and put capital into the concern, and the poor young man would give in return his experience and his brains. There have been a great many cases of that kind.

Or a young man, after having risen to be head book-keeper or cashier of a firm, may become so valuable that he is taken into the firm as office partner. Or a clerk of popular manners, who has made a great many friends among business-men and speculators, may be taken into a new firm for the sake of the customers he can bring in.

The banker and broker must be thoroughly posted on all financial and stock matters, not only in this country, but in foreign lands as well. He must be able to judge how current events will be likely to affect the stock and money market. He must know the inside history of all the companies in the stock of which he deals, so as to be able to give good advice to his customers who want to buy or sell. In short, he must be a financial cyclopædia.

A great many terms have come into use in Wall Street to express the method of doing business there. Some of them sound very much like slang; but they are very useful in enabling the brokers to express complicated ideas in very few words, and might be called a species of conversational short-hand.

Every one has heard of the "bulls" and "bears" of Wall Street. The bulls are those brokers who are anxious to advance the prices of stocks. The bears, on the other hand, are those who, wishing to buy, or for other reasons, are anxious to reduce prices as low as possible. The bulls are always trying to toss prices up; the bears are always bearing down on values.

This article would not be complete, did I not say a few words about the temptations of the broker's life. From the very start, the boy will be intrusted with large sums of money to carry to the bank or to customers. He may be in an office

where bank-bills and shining gold are within his reach all the time; and he will be so completely absorbed in the subject of stocks, bonds, and money, that it will be somewhat strange if he does not soon begin to look at the getting of money as the most important business of life. And when he is a little older and becomes clerk or cashier, he will be exposed to the temptation to increase his income by stock-gambling — "speculating," as it is called — on his own account. Such ventures are of course very hazardous, and on all accounts should be shunned. A broker requires great strength of character to resist the temptation to get wealthy by false methods; and a boy should think long and well before he adopts the calling.

For the broker's business is at best unstable. The work is done quickly in the midst of great excitement and at "high pressure," as we say. As money comes quickly and easily to the broker, it is not so highly prized as if it were earned by the toil which produces a visible result, and it usually goes as easily as it comes. Brokers, of course, defend their own occupation. They will tell you that their services as agents in securing stocks and bonds are needed; but they will not deny that stock-brokerage would cease to be a profitable business, except to a very few firms, if people were to stop speculating in securities. Of course, there are many men in this business who have risen to wealth and to eminence as financiers, who would scorn to do a mean or dishonorable act. All honor to such men, because they must often have been sorely tempted to do wrong.

I would not be unjust to this large class of men, so many of whom have personal traits which we are bound to admire. They are open-handed with their means. Their word to one another is as good as a bond. In fact, a large proportion of the business transacted upon the Exchange is done without written contract, and depends solely upon the good faith of the members concerned. Their promptness to respond on public appeals for aid or sympathy is proverbial. Yet all this should have no influence upon a boy who is deciding whether or no he shall be a broker.

— A boy may enter an office that does nothing but a strictly banking business.

After he has thoroughly familiarized himself with his boy's work, and has shown himself to be quick and accurate with figures, and has mastered the elements of book-keeping, he will probably be promoted, from time to time, to positions of increasing responsibility, until eventually he may become cashier. The position of cashier in a banking-house is a very important one. He receives and pays out all the money, and has charge of all the accounts.

A young man has about the same chance of becoming a real banker as he has of becoming a broker, — to be either, he must, as a rule, have money or influence; though there are not a few instances where men, by their own individual efforts, have advanced themselves.

A successful banker must be a very well informed man in regard to certain matters bearing directly on his business. If he negotiates loans for cities, he should be thoroughly posted on laws bearing upon the issues of bonds in which he may wish to deal. Dealing with railroads, he should know all about railroad law and the laws governing corporations generally. He must, of course, be familiar with the banking-laws of his own State and of the United States. He must know all about the earnings and expenses of railroads and corporations of which he may be the financial agent, or in which his clients may be interested. He should have a general knowledge of political economy, and learn to judge of the effect on finance of popular movements. The condition of the crops he will of course watch with keen interest. Reports on these and other matters will be constantly laid before him, not only daily, but almost hourly; for the telegraph has revolutionized the old methods of transacting business. The successful banker of the present day is in constant communication with the great financial centers all over the world. For the banker will not confine himself to transactions in this country, but will form business connections with foreign countries as well. In fact, the successful banker must be a man of large brain, capable of taking broad views, be far-seeing, cool-headed, and quick to take advantage of every opportunity offered by the constant changes and chances of business life.
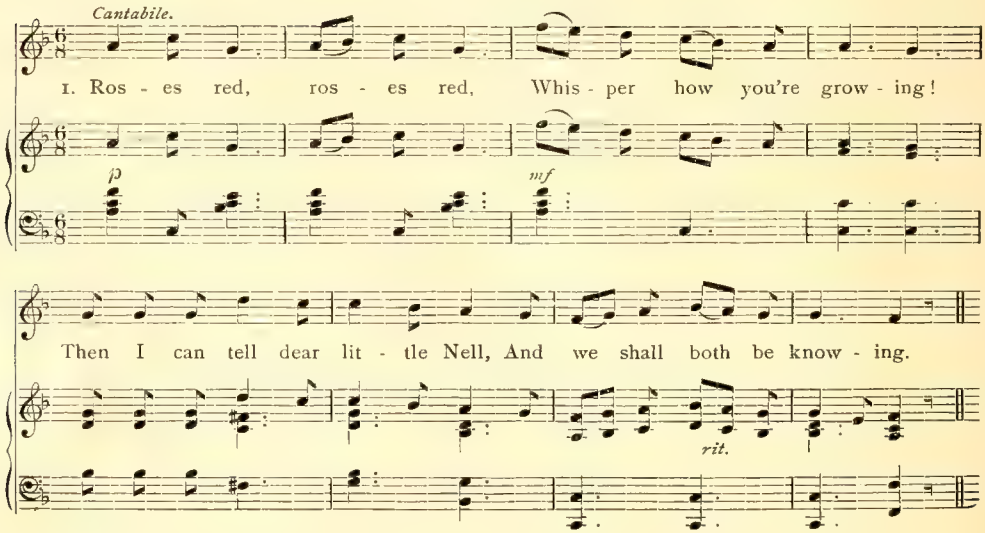
Roses Red.



ROSES red, roses red,
Whisper how you 're growing!
Then I can tell
Dear little Nell,
And we shall both be knowing.

Roses red, roses red,
Some folks say you 're fleeting!
But we have come
To take you home,
And keep the summer's greeting.

Roses red, roses red,
Say, why are you dying?
If I could tell
Poor little Nell,
Perhaps 't would stop her crying.



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.



Look at this picture, dear little folk. It was made for a little girl named Mabelle Charlton Phillips, and she sent it to you. Is it not a funny picture? The little folks in it are real children, and the little girl who sent it wrote this verse about it. She has read her "Mother Goose," you see:

RATHER CROWDED.

By Mabelle Charlton Phillips.

There was a young woman who did n't live in a shoe;
She had six small children, but knew just what to do,—
She gave them some jelly spread thickly on bread,
Then kissed them all soundly and put them to bed!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"How kind is Nature!" is my opening remark to-day.

Most animals and fowls are born with their clothing on — "ready-made" suits. The opossum and kangaroo, moreover, are supplied with pockets. Other animals are provided with practical conveniences fitted to their own special work in life. The beaver has a trowel; and the tailor-bird with his needle bill can sew leaves together for a nest. Think of the spider, which is furnished with a rope ladder. See him spin it out as he dangles by the rope; and then watch him wind it in as he climbs up by it. Mr. Spider, I suppose, is glad he is not like other insects in having to walk. But then there 's Mr. Snail, who, though compelled to crawl, has a house of his own, and carries it along with him. Snakes get new coats every spring, and horses and fowls shed their old ones, too,— it is all so ordered and arranged. But I must stop, although I am only half-way into my subject. Think it over, my dears.

A CLEVER DOG.

I 'M told ST. NICHOLAS is giving you a collection of true dog stories. But we 'll have one in the meadow here all by ourselves. It came from a boy who lives in Marshall, Minnesota:

DEAR FRIEND JACK: I thought perhaps you would like to tell the children who pick flowers in your meadow a story about our "Tony."

One day last fall my father was duck-shooting, and was standing at the foot of a small hill. One of the ducks he shot fell just over the hill out of sight. Papa took "Tony" over the hill to hunt up the duck, and kept calling out to him to "go fetch!" and "hunt him up!" until the dog, not finding the duck, grew tired of the oft-repeated commands. Seeming to say to himself, "If my master wants a duck so much, I will get him one," he trotted around the base of the hill, and taking one from the pile of ducks previously shot, he carried it over the top of the hill to Papa with a "now-I-hope-you-are-satisfied" expression on his face. Papa detected the deceit by the fact that the duck was a different kind from the one that fell over the hill. Some folks think that dogs can't reason, but I think they can.

We all read ST. NICHOLAS here, but I won't tell you what we think of it. It would sound too much like patent-medicine advertisements,— "before taking" and "after taking," etc.

Ever your friend,
W. G. L.

THOSE NATURAL HISTORY QUESTIONS.

SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR JACK: Here are some answers to Deacon Green's questions in the March ST. NICHOLAS:

How many feet has an ordinary ant? An ordinary field ant has six feet.— How many feet has a house-fly? A house-fly has six feet. — How many wings has a dragon-fly? A dragon-fly has four wings.— How many legs has a grasshopper? A grasshopper has six legs.— How many teeth has a mole? I am sorry to say I do not know.— How many wings has a bee? A bee has four wings.

I knew all these answers without any help whatever (especially the fifth!).

Also, I saw Leonora Wood's question about the gentle bees. I think the reason they did not sting was because the man did not try to brush them off. If he had tried to brush them off they would most likely have stung him badly.

Your faithful reader, HORACE F. LUNT (aged eleven).

The Deacon heartily thanks other young friends, especially Charlie C. Russell, J. W. P., and Gertrude Sprague, for answers to his questions.

ANOTHER TIGER PET.

DEAR JACK: In the February number of ST. NICHOLAS, in your part of it, I read about a little boy having a young tiger for a pet. I also read in another book that in India they have young tigers for pets. They are not dangerous if they are captured before they have tasted meat; but, if they have tasted even a drop of blood, they will fly at you. I read once that a man had one for a pet. He was sitting writing and his tiger was lying beside him, licking his hand. It so happened that in doing this the tiger's rough tongue accidentally caused a drop of blood to start. The tiger tasted it and then flew at the man. The man drew his pistol and shot the tiger, just in time. I am

Your interested reader,
ROBERT K. ROOT.

SNOWING IN A BALL-ROOM.

A FRIEND of yours and mine, my dears, sends you this account of an indoor snow-storm, which she found in a newspaper:

Last winter, on a very cold night, a ball was held in a town in Sweden, and in the course of the evening the room became so hot that some of the ladies fainted. As the windows were so hard-frozen that they could not be opened, a pane of glass was broken. The effect was curious; the inrush of cold condensed the watery vapor (which the heat had hitherto dissolved) in the air of the room, and

caused it to fall in the form of snow. Though this rather astounded the dancers, it was what might have been expected under the circumstances. Similar indoor snow-storms are of frequent occurrence in Russia.

ANOTHER ANIMAL BAROMETER.

HAVING seen a great many kinds of barometers spoken of in ST. NICHOLAS, I thought I would tell your readers of one that everybody notices in Florida. Whenever we hear the alligators making a loud bellowing noise, we always expect rain or bad weather, and it nearly always comes.

Your constant reader, J. R.

MORE QUEER NAMES FOR THINGS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK: I think I can add a few peculiar names to those you already have. The "head" and "foot" of a class; the "nose" of a pitcher; the "neck" of a vase; a "tongue" of flame; the "lap" of luxury; a "vein" of stone, gold, or silver; the "brow" of a hill; and the "mouth" of a cave.

I made these up all by myself, and would like to see them in print, as they might interest some of the readers of your little lectures. Now, dear Jack, is it not strange that many of these terms when reversed become slang, as, for instance, if a boy should call a person's head a "cocoanut," his hands "paws," or his face a "mug!" I am just thirteen years old.

Your reader,
GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

ABOUT SOME ENGLISH SQUIRRELS.

A YOUNG friend who lives near Bristol in Somersetshire, England, recently saw some very wide-awake squirrels of which he sends me this account:

DEAR JACK: I am writing to tell you about some squirrels.

The squirrels were out the whole of last winter, contrary to what one usually hears of their sleeping through the cold weather. Snow was on the ground, but still they came out and ran along in it while it was quite deep.

I thought this might perhaps interest some of your readers who belong to the Agassiz Association.

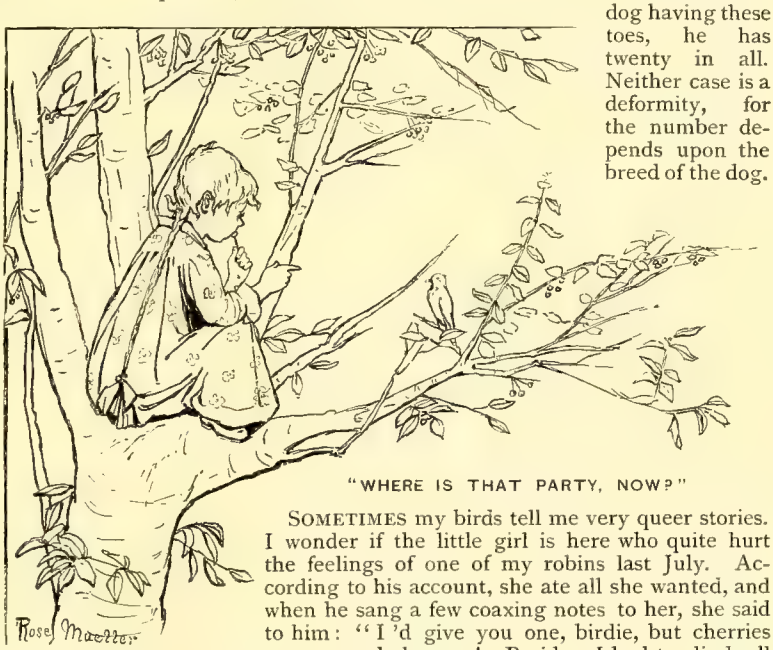
Your interested reader, THEO. L. DYKE.

TOE COUNTERS.

DEAR JACK IN THE PULPIT: I saw in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, that Miss Rosalie Caswell wants the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to tell how many toes a dog has, without looking to see. I think my little dog has twenty, but I am not sure, as I have not looked to see. My dog's name is Pinkestrean Black, but I call her Pinkie. My father has a big dog called Samuel Sloan, named for the president of the D. L. & W. Railroad. My dog Pinkie is the same age as I am — eleven years. I think I will write a letter to you about Sam. Sam is what I call a dog-shun or war-dog.

With much love, I am your reader,
G. AMBROSE E. VANDERPOEL.

G. Ambrose E. Vanderpoel is probably quite right, and all of you who have dogs may look to see for yourselves. But a very observant correspondent who signs himself U. U. says there may be two answers to Miss Caswell's question. All dogs, he says, have five toes on each fore foot, but there are more having four toes on each hind foot than there are having five. Those that have only eighteen toes in all do not have the small toe on the inside of each hind foot. In the case of the dog having these toes, he has twenty in all. Neither case is a deformity, for the number depends upon the breed of the dog.



"WHERE IS THAT PARTY, NOW?"

SOMETIMES my birds tell me very queer stories. I wonder if the little girl is here who quite hurt the feelings of one of my robins last July. According to his account, she ate all she wanted, and when he sang a few coaxing notes to her, she said to him: "I 'd give you one, birdie, but cherries are *so* unwholesome! Besides, I had to climb all the way up here, and you just flew to the limb without the least trouble,—so you can get your own cherries!"

A SNAKE STORY.

HERE is a wonderful snake-story. It is sent to you by a nine-year old friend of mine named Marland Rollins:

Once when I was six years old, I was with a little girl out in Kansas. I saw a snake and then I went to grandpapa and told him that there was a snake there under the piazza. Then he brought his hoe, chopped off the head, but the head ran around. It is very wonderful how these snakes are.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONCERNING "GRIZEL COCHRANE'S RIDE."

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The records of the Monmouth rebellion, especially when they relate to personal incidents, are so hazy and uncertain that it is very easy to see how two versions of a single story, both apparently authentic, may be extant; and, therefore, it would be captious and unfair for me to criticize the admirably told story of "Grizel Cochrane's Ride," in the February ST. NICHOLAS. But, as I wrote the story of "Bonny Grizzy Cochrane" some ten years ago, and as my version differs in some of its features from the one in ST. NICHOLAS, I desire to call attention to the fact, rather to compare notes than otherwise, regarding this remarkable romance of the moor of Tweedmouth.

According to the story as I learned it, the gallant heroine *twice* successfully robbed the king's mail, thus securing the original death-warrant and the second, or duplicate, which had been sent after it became known that the *first* was lost. On the first of these occasions, the girl started from her father's castle, near Berwick, and effected her object while the post-rider slept at a wayside inn. In the second robbery, she went from Edinburgh, as your contributor has it, but she did not dispose of the remainder of the mail as described, but secreted it; for, otherwise, it would have been but a child's work to trace the robbery, which would have been fatal to Sir John's safety. The negotiations for the pardon were conducted by the Earl of Dundonald — a kinsman of Sir John Cochrane — through the king's confessor. Grizel Cochrane was the great grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the once celebrated London banker.

I spent a part of the summer of 1850 in Scotland, and was for some days in the immediate neighborhood of the spot where Sir John Cochrane's castle stood, and even at that late period, the story of "Bonny Grizzy" was often mentioned in the neighborhood. Later on, while in Edinburgh, I found in the library of a friend a little 12mo book, containing six short stories, with the title-page: "Border Tales. Founded on historical facts. By John Throcton. Edinburgh, 1764."

One of these was the story of "Grizel Cochrane's heroic effort to save her father's life," and, after reading it, I entered in my note-book the main features of the story. In the same year, while prowling round an old book-shop, I stumbled on some dilapidated leaves of what had once been a collection of ballads, on one leaf of which was a date 169- (the last figure so defaced I could not make it out, but thought it a 3 or an 8). There were two complete ballads and parts of two others. One of these defaced copies had nine stanzas and part of the tenth verse of a ballad entitled "Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy." I bought the fragment for a sixpence, I think, and carried it to London, where I was then living. About 1860 or '62 I came across a volume of reprinted "Border Ballads," which was published by Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman in 1837, and among these was the ballad of "Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy" complete.

Both Throcton's tale and each of these ballads concur in making Grizzy Cochrane commit the double robbery.

Yours very truly H. POMEROY BREWSTER.

Here is another letter concerning the story. It comes from a little girl living in Quincy, Massachusetts:

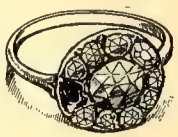
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number there is a piece called "Grizel Cochrane's Ride." In an old magazine called "Wilson's Tales of the Borders," November 8, 1834, the same story was published; but, though the facts are the same, the story seems to me far more probable. I thought you might like to have a little girl tell you where another version of the same story was found by her.

Truly yours, MARY W. D—— (twelve years old).

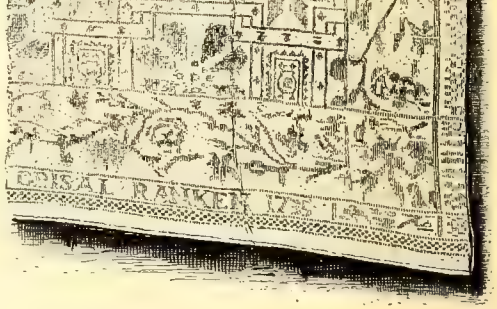
We were careful to state beneath the title of "Grizel Cochrane's Ride" that the story, as printed in ST. NICHOLAS, was "*founded upon* an incident of the Monmouth Rebellion." The records of the time are indeed "hazy and uncertain,"—to use Mr. Brewster's words; and in addition to the authorities which he cites, we have been referred to still another version of the story, published in *Chambers' Miscellany*, years ago. In that account, it is stated that Grizel drew out the loads from the postman's pistols while he lay asleep in the inn, and successfully robbed him of the mail-bags upon the highway, after he had resumed his journey. When she demanded the bags, he pointed both pistols at her and drew the triggers in succession; but of course their fire was without effect; and when the postman, finding his weapons useless, dismounted and tried to clutch Grizel or her horse, she not only escaped his grasp by dexterous use of the spurs, but contrived also to seize the bridle of the postman's horse. This gained, she put both steeds to the gallop, leaving the helpless postman to gaze after the vanishing mail-bags and then trudge back on foot to the nearest town.

In other respects also, the account which we have mentioned differs from the version quoted by Mr. Brewster, as well as from the one printed in our February number. There seems to be a basis in historic annals for accepting as a fact the main incident of the story — Grizel's robbery of the postman to obtain her father's death-warrant. But it probably would be useless to attempt at this day to verify any of the details of the adventure, or to reconcile the various forms of the story. It has, no doubt, suffered the fate of other border tales and traditions by being changed and amplified in its descent from one generation to another.

It will interest our readers to know that there is now living in New York a gentleman who is a direct descendant of Grizel Cochrane, the heroine of the story under discussion. He has authorized us to state that Grizel's plucky feat is a prized tradition of his family, who implicitly believe in it as a fact; and he has kindly shown us an old "rose-diamond" ring which, he says, was presented to Grizel by her father, Sir John Cochrane, in commemoration of her daring adventure in his behalf. This ring was owned by the late Professor Rankine of Glasgow University, who describes it in his will — a copy of which is before us — as "the diamond ring formerly belonging to Grizel Cochrane, or Rankine, my great-grandmother."



By the courtesy of the gentleman in whose family this interesting keepsake is preserved, we are permitted to show to ST. NICHOLAS readers an engraving of the ring and also a miniature copy of a corner of a napkin that was woven in Grizel Cochrane's house. It is one of a set of six that have descended as a family heirloom, and in the corners may be seen the name of Grisal Ranken, a daughter or a niece of the heroine of our story. Grizel Cochrane herself may have been still living at the time when the date (1735) was woven into the napkin,— and it is even possible that the name and date were wrought into the fabric by the same hand that drew the pistol upon the startled postman many years before.



By an oversight, which we regret, the name of the author of the French verse, "La Main," printed on page 364 of ST. NICHOLAS for March, was omitted when the page was sent to press. We now take pleasure in stating that the clever lines were written by Jean Aicard, a well-known French author, whose writings are very popular in his native country.

We give below three translations of the verse, kindly sent us by readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE HAND.

The thumb, the first of the five fingers of the hand,
Said to the second, "Ah, I am so hungry!"
The index, or second, finger said, "We have no bread."
The middle finger said, "*What* is to be done?"
"As one can," said the ring-finger.
"Oh! oh! oh!" said the smallest;
"Who *works* lives!
Who *works* lives!"

FANNY D. B——.

THE HAND.

THE thumb, which of all the five fingers comes first,
Said to the second, "Ah, hungry am I!"
"Alack! and alas! we have no nice, good bread,"
The finger which came second then did reply.
The middle one spoke, "Oh, what shall we do?"
"Do? We 'll do what we can," said the ring-finger then.
And the little one said, "Pshaw! pshaw! oh, pooh, pooh!"
(He was the smallest of all the small men.)
"To live, one must work,"
He muttered again.

MIRIAM O—— (aged thirteen).

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

HUNGRY little Frenchmen,
Five, all in a bunch —
Fatty to his henchmen
Cried aloud for lunch:
"*Ah qu' j'ai faim!*"

Much astonished second
Could n't find the bread —
First his neighbor beckon'd,
Then he sadly said:
"*'N'y a pas d' pain!*"

Puzzled by the riddle —
Here 's a howdy do!
Chappy in the middle
Don't know what to do:
"*Comment faire?*"

Brother Punchinello,
Always debonair —
Merry little fellow,
Sings this jolly air:
"*Mangez l'air!*"

While young Peewee
Upon his knee,
As all can see,
Wrote rapidly:

Ah qu' j'ai faim!
'N'y a pas d' pain!
Comment faire?
Mangez l'air!

E. W. K.

READERS of Mr. Stockton's article in this number entitled "King London," and indeed all readers of ST. NICHOLAS, will be interested in this letter from Mrs. Katharine S. MacQuoid concerning a London project for the benefit of sick and incurable children. Mrs. MacQuoid's interesting account of Cheyne Hospital has a practical import for our English readers — many of whom may be glad to do what they can in aid of so noble a charity:

THE CHEYNE HOSPITAL FOR SICK AND INCURABLE CHILDREN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are in London and elsewhere in England, hundreds of crippled and suffering children, little diseased creatures whose homes are so small and poor that they can not be specially cared for. It has sometimes happened that a child suffering from hip disease has had to share a bed with three healthy brothers and sisters.

Some of these sad cases get admitted to one of the regular children's hospitals, and after the allotted time expires, they are discharged as "incurables," and they go home to suffer perhaps yet more acutely from the contrast which home offers to the kind care and skillful treatment received from nurses and doctors.

About ten years ago, a tentative effort to meet this evident want was made in a small house beside the Thames, No. 46 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and very soon so much sympathy was aroused by its success, that the originators of the scheme were able to add an adjoining house to the little hospital, and thirty-four cots were provided for patients, most of whom were suffering from hip and spinal disease. Several of these cots have since been permanently endowed.

The hospital is excellently managed; it has an admirable lady superintendent, devoted nurses, and skillful doctors; several cases discharged from other hospitals have been eventually cured here; only the other day a lad of sixteen came to see me, who at four years old was declared to be incurably afflicted with spine disease; he is now able to walk and to earn his living.

But these houses in Cheyne Walk are very old; the constant need of repair is costly, and since last winter it has been necessary to close one ward, because the back rooms are unfit for occupation.

A new hospital is wanted and a piece of ground has been bought on which to build it. The new site faces the river, so that the little patients will still be able to watch the boats and steamers on the "silent highway."

I have watched the progress of Cheyne Home for ten years, and I always find the children bright and happy. It is sometimes difficult when one goes into a ward to realize, in the din of merry laughter, that so many of these dear little ones are afflicted with incurable disease, and will probably never rise from their cots; yet it has been proved here that hip disease treated in an early stage may be cured; one child aged seven has made a complete recovery.

Several of the little patients are very interesting. The boy in the cot founded in memory of Charles Kingsley would have delighted the great man whose picture hangs over his head.

Cheyne Hospital, besides nursing its inmates, secures country and sea air for its convalescent patients, and, when possible, it enables them to be taught a trade. Incurable patients are kept and most tenderly cared for, as long as human care is needed.

It has never been in debt, but the funds which maintain the little hospital can not be trenched on for this much-needed new building, and I make this appeal in the hope of liberal help, so that a new hospital may be built large enough to admit some of the numerous candidates whom the present hospital is compelled to refuse. There is only one other such hospital in London.

Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children, 46 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, is open every day to visitors, between half-past two and half-past four. Donations or subscriptions for the new Hospital Building Fund should be addressed to the Secretary, 46 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. I am, dear ST. NICHOLAS, faithfully yours,

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

WE take pleasure in commending to the attention of our readers the accompanying picture, which is a notable illustration of what can be accomplished by a clever boy.



The drawing was made by Harry C. Brearley of Detroit, at the age of fourteen, and is a portrait of his baby-sister "Marguerite." Other specimens of the young artist's work are equally creditable to his talent and skill.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

PARIS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was staying at Nice during the recent earthquakes, I thought you might like to have a description of them from one of your most devoted readers.

At three minutes of six, the 23d of February, I was awakened by a most terrific shaking and banging, as though all the mountains behind our hotel were tumbling on the roof, while the house, a huge one, rolled till I thought every moment it would fall; frightened shrieks were heard from all sides, in which I heartily joined. This lasted one minute and a half, for at the first rumblings two of my friends, suspecting what was coming, timed it exactly. Of course, every one jumped up immediately, and the most curious costumes I have ever seen appeared in the corridors that fearful night. Most consisted of a blanket or quilt thrown over their night-gowns; some, less lucky and more frightened, seized up an old shawl; the whole population was dreadfully scared.

Twenty minutes later there was another shock nearly as severe as the first, though not so long; at half-past eight, one lighter still, but enough to cause the wildest terror; since then they have been perceptibly lighter, though quite enough to drive a great many visitors, ourselves included, away from the coast. Some dreadful damage was done, though only four people were actually killed by it. One poor governess had her floor give way under her, while the walls and roofs fell on top of her; and an old lady died of fright in her bed. One family of ten, living in a rickety house on the fifth flat, getting very much alarmed, jumped from the windows, and all landed unhurt on a tree below (a curious story) where they comfortably roosted till morning, while their house was shaken to ruins. They would inevitably have been killed, had they remained in it. No one can doubt the truth of this statement, for I read it in a newspaper!

But I am afraid I am taking too much room in your precious magazine; so wishing ST. NICHOLAS a very long life,

I remain, your enthusiastic reader, BEATRICE L. B.

PARIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was proposed to me to-day to write you, as it may interest some of your readers to hear of the earthquakes in the south of France from one who felt them. We were at Cannes, and since we have come here, people tell me we felt nothing; but I was *there*, and can tell a different story. It was almost six A. M. when we were awakened by the trembling of the hotel. My bed moved so much that I fancied for the moment I was at sea, and was not frightened. The noise, however, was the most alarming part of our shock. Had several railway trains passed under our windows, I doubt if it would have been louder; all the electric bells rang from the trembling of the wires. Five minutes after the earthquake every one was in the garden, where the scene was *almost* funny. Several of the rooms on the upper floors were damaged, but nothing seriously. Every one seemed to have saved something. One lady with her *umbrella* had left her jewels. We remained out-of-doors until after eight o'clock, when we came in to breakfast. There was more trembling later, but we were but little frightened. It was at night that the true feeling of helplessness came upon one. The following nights were far from pleasant. People said there would be shocks at all hours, and, while one did not believe them, it was hard not to be nervous. The occupants of the rooms on my left talked long and late upon the possibility of being "jammed," and, as the walls were thin, I heard every word, and decided to dress at once. Both Wednesday and Thursday nights there were slight shocks, but the latter evening and night were so hot we were unable to suppress fears. I made myself as comfortable as possible on my bed, and afterward found my parents had done the same. It was not until Thursday we heard of the damage done to Nice, Mentone, and the small Italian towns. We drove once through a little village near Cannes, where the church has since fallen in on a number of peasants. We were at Cannes some months, and all enjoyed the many beautiful drives about there, and the days spent on the water. We visited the fort where the "Man in the Iron Mask" was imprisoned seventeen years, and the ruins of the old monastery on the Island St. Honorat. We were a small party that day, and, having plenty of time, my father made several sketches, while my friend and myself took several photographs of the islands. I have written much more than I at first intended. Hoping it is not too long, I remain,

Very sincerely yours, E——.

P. S.—I read the very interesting letter from Charleston, and thought one from Cannes might interest also.

LEICESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My object in writing to you is to tell you how delighted my little brother Willie, aged five, was with the tale in the last number, entitled "A Queer Horse-Car." I have read it to him five times already, and now he wants to hear it again.

I am, your constant reader, ALICE H——.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

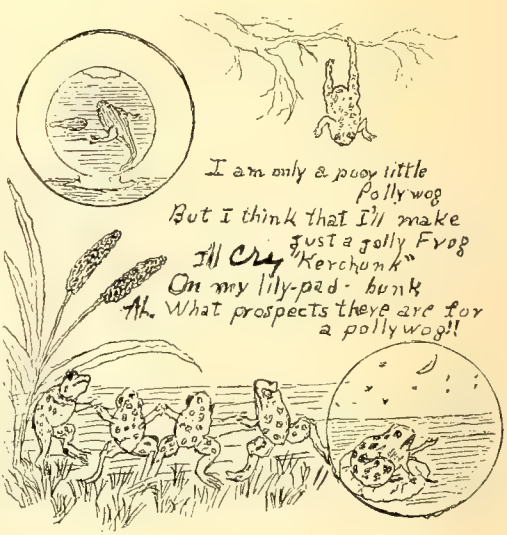
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We three friends have just read General Adam Badeau's interesting account of the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor, and as we live near the scene of action, all the points on the map are very familiar to us. Every summer we make frequent visits to Old Point, and see the fort where the Union battery was during the war. Many relics of the battle, and the remains of the dry-dock where the Merrimac was built, are still to be seen at the Gosport Navy Yard. The Franklin, one of the oldest ships in the navy, has had her resting-place here for many years, as she is unserviceable for sea and is used as a receiving-ship. Living here, right on the water, we go on board of all the men-of-war which come to this port, and take special joy in airing our knowledge of French and German before the officers of the ships of those nations. We have taken your magazine for many years, and never tire of reading your charming stories, and especially those of E. S. Brooks.

Yours, J. P. AND N.

NEW HARTFORD, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been sick, and one day my sister and I made rhymes. I send you one of mine, with original illustrations. I am twelve years old and am ill much of the time. I always am so glad when ST. NICHOLAS comes. Yours,

GRACE CAMERON.



CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little kitten, eight months old, and my name is Bessie. In your last number I saw a letter from a doll named Lucy. From her letter, I think she must be very disagreeable. My little mistress Adéle has dolls, but they are very nice. When she has company, she makes me sit up in a chair, and hold one of them. Then her friends laugh, and make fun of me. While

Adéle is at school I tear up her paper dolls, if she leaves them where I can get them. When she comes home, she is provoked at first, but afterward she laughs, and I do it again if I get the chance. I had my picture taken, and what a time I had! Adéle took me three times before I could get a good one taken. I have a dear little collar and bell. When I want to go out of a room, and the door is shut, I shake my head and my little bell rings till somebody lets me out. I can do all kinds of tricks, but I can't talk. When I go out and sit at the door, the neighbors' rude dogs come and bark at me. Then I cry until Adéle comes and takes me in the house. I must say good-night, as Mamma does not know I am writing.

Adéle's pet, BESSIE.

DETROIT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you several times, but my letters have always been laid aside and not mailed. I guess Mamma thought they were not worth mailing, and I think perhaps she was right.

My last birthday, which was my tenth, my mamma made a little surprise party for me. My papa gave you to me for a Christmas present about two years ago, and I liked you so much that I have kept on taking you. Although I have taken a number of different papers and magazines, I like you the best of all. I especially liked "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Prince Fairyfoot," and am now much interested in "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-house."

Well, I guess you will think I am never going to stop; so I will say good-bye, and give the others a chance. I remain,

Your affectionate reader, ALICE M. E——.

HERE are some rhymes written by a little boy while a student at an English school:

THE END OF THE HOLIDAYS.

BY HERBERT MUSGRAVE (TEN YEARS OLD).

NOW THE holidays are done,
Oh, the joy! and oh, the fun!
No more sleighing on the slope,
No more splicing of a rope,
No more plowing of a path
In the snow to make you laugh,
No more shooting at the cock,
No more putting it in dock,
No more making of the craft
Which people say looks like a raft;
No more getting up at nine,
No more kicking up a shine,
No more getting lines to do,
No more burning up one's shoe,
No more brushing of the snow
From the ice on which to go.
So now we end the holiday
To do all work, and never play.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl thirteen years old, and I have just returned from Germany, where I have been for the last three years. I went to Vienna, Heidelberg, and several other large cities, besides a good many country places. We spent two winters in Dresden, but I do not like it nearly as well as Vienna. I knew some German when I went there, but Mamma wanted me to learn to speak it well, so I was not allowed to talk any English, and the only English I was allowed to read was the ST. NICHOLAS, which my uncle sent over to me every month. So you see I have become very much attached to dear old ST. NICK. Coming back, we staid in France about two months, spending most of the time in Paris. Then we went to London, and I never before saw such a smoky, dirty city, and it did nothing but rain all the time we were there. Now, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

From your interested reader, EDITH L——.

HANSELL, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After dinner (it is ten minutes of twelve now) I will have my pony saddled and bridled and go to town to mail this letter. I am twelve years old.

My pony is four, but he does not look one year old because he is so small. He is a great pet, and his name is Kleide. He will eat sugar — so much. He is an Indian pony, and he "bucks." I like to have him "buck." Do you know what "buck" means? I will tell you; it means — for the pony to stop suddenly when he is running (or galloping) and throw his head down, so that it nearly touches the ground.

I have two other pets, Quailie, a dog, and Brutus, the cat. I think you must think I am never going to get through writing about my pets, so I will change the theme.

I like "Juan and Juanita" ever so much. There are wild bees here that make their homes (or hives) in trees, and my cousin sometimes gets them and puts them in real hives. But he will not do so any more for a long time, for he is at college. Perhaps you think I am a boy. I am not; I am a girl, and I must stop, or you, ST. NICHOLAS, will say, "Woe is me! but this letter cannot enter the Letter-box, because it alone would fill it up." So good-bye, ST. NICHOLAS; you are the best magazine on this continent.

I am ever your friend, E. G. M——.

HUDSON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, and have never seen but one letter from this city in your Letter-box, so I thought I would write. We have taken you ever since your first number, and we all like you very much.

I go to the high school, and expect to graduate in June. There will be ten girls in our class. Last year there was one boy in the class, but he deserted us last June. We are all worrying over our essays, and all looking for subjects. Probably some of your readers have been through it all, and know how to sympathize with us.

I liked the "Story of the Merrimac and Monitor," and "Jenny's Boarding-house," very much.

Your friend and constant reader, S——.

NO. PLYMOUTH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since 1883, and like it more and more each year. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Prince Fairyfoot" I think were splendid, and so is "Juan and Juanita."

I will be ten years old in May. My April ST. NICHOLAS came Monday, and I was delighted to get it. I think that the "Brownies" are the funniest little things that I ever saw. I like "Historic Girls" very much. I live in Plymouth, the old town where the Pilgrims landed.

I was very much interested in the names for different things. I send you two or three to add to the list,— the roots of a tooth, the veins of a leaf, and the teeth of a rake. Good-bye, ST. NICHOLAS.

MAY S——.

THAME, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before. There are four of us. Edith comes first; she is thirteen; Edgar, who is eleven, and then myself; I am ten; and then George, who is eight. Edith is at school in Surrey, and I am going down to her next term, and Edgar is going to St. Paul's, in London, and George is at Brighton. We have three dogs: a thoroughbred collie named Wallace, which belongs to Edith, and a Skye terrier that belongs to Mother,— its name is Rags,— and a Yorkshire terrier named Tip that belongs to me. Mother has a pony named Taffy that we ride, and some pigs. Edith has got a doe rabbit, and I have some fowls — five — and a rooster; and Edgar has a bullfinch; so we don't come badly off for pets. Father has taken you for about ten years, and we all like you very much. I have a good many dolls, but I don't care for them one bit. With much love, I remain,

Your admiring reader, MAY P——.

OUR thanks for the receipt of pleasant letters are due to the young friends whose names here follow: Margaret F. Morse, Mabel B., Jessie DeG., Mary R., George Priest, Edith E. Abbott, G. M. A., C. L., Sarah Plant, Samuel and G. A. E. V., T. Wallace, B. Chandler, Two Little Maids, "Heathen," Ray Smith, B. M. D., Walter E. Jones, Meg R., Annie B. K., Lillian Bay, K. M. H., Alice Keener, Bessie M. C., Fred. L. M., M. H. Bisbee, C. M. G., Grace Edith T., Frankie Goss, Gracie G., Nettie R., Mary M., A. B. Dod, Grace F. Eldredge, Lucille W. Garrison, Tom D. Perry, Frieda S., Ethel Norton, M. A., Jessie M. Ketcham, Eva K., Turner B. Bunn, Adolphus M. S., Florence J. H., Mary A. Weller, John G. Legge, Willie Hollenbeck, Fred Driver, May Robinson, Mollie Gibson, Frank R. C. B., Marion, L. L. K., Bertie B., W. W. Croom, Jessie and Ruth W., Emily T. Howell, Anna McC., Robert J. H., A. R. Q., Hattie Howe, Addie Chambers, Chippie Howell, M. K. Lethem, Nina F. J., Percy H. Parke, B. C., "Snowdrop," Bertha B., Irene S., L. L. Lloyd, Florence E. Nelson, Maud, Charles C. F., Helen B., M. R., Kate and Grace, Ida Strauss, Norman, and K.

LIST OF THE NAMES OF SOLVERS OF "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."—(CONTINUED.)

(See ST. NICHOLAS *for April, page 478.)*

FROM 45 TO 50.—*(Concluded.)* O. Smith, E. E. Carman, M. S. Tracy, B. F. and J. W. H. Porter, L. Sparks, A. McLenegan, E. Stanton, M. and R. Cole, C. Blossom, T. B. Allen, J. Rudden, E. K. Moss, E. F. Pratt, F. P. Humphrey, E. M. Bushell, L. C. Butler, B. E. F., Katie S. M., "Buffie," H. B. F., C. M. Upton, L. C. de Coppet, "Hilda," F. W. Islip, G. Gray, E. C. Adams, J. V. Domiphan, Jr., Taygete and Cleone, F. H. Young, V. Young, M. Hussey, W. D. Booth, Dunmore, N. Protzman, Ethel, Guy, and Fred, S. M. Kennedy, Ida and Lucy, L. L. Roby, A. Cowperthwait, N. and L. Moore, L. McClellan, A. S. Wood, "Chromateela," M. Baldwin, J. E. W., M. Eyre, B. Schoonmaker, "Junius," Ines R., "Rustic," C. Gilman, G. I. Virgin, A. McElroy, G. Hilliard, Berrys, B. Johnson, A. Valentine, "Largs," Ethel S., L. M. Aitkinson, R. B. Broaders, Job and Star, A. G. Bishop, B. Roberts, "Wyo and Colo," "Delta," B. Alt, C. I. Coppins, May B. Q., Earl and Roy, L. Houghton, G. M. W., E. Hannington, "We, Us, and Co.," C. L. B., J. Bingham, "Combination," E. and E. Hope, C. Mezger, J. B. and R. D. Carter, S. Park, Jr., M. Somerville, E. G. Eccles, E. Caser, L. M. Moore, M. Hannis, Katie D., M. Hopper, E. and W. B., Lettie R., Ida, A. L. Mudge, H. K. Gaskill, A. G. Farwell, Tessa, Clara H. S., W. H., F. F. Spie., S. H. P., R. Player, M. E. Robbins, E. R. Pearce, I. M. H., "Delight," M. Glennie, D. E. and A. Kingston, "Venus," M. Spence, D. True, M. B. Butler, A. J. Klapp, M. A. J., M. Isaacs, A. C., F. L. Dudgeon, W. M. Tuller, R. F. Alexander, Nini, D. Hadger, A. M. Salisbury, E. M. Belleville, M. S. Rodgers, Mrs. L. D. C., L. J. S. Brown, F. Holcomb, R. E. Stancliff, H. C. Shrewsbury, V. C., S. Van Helden, D. Coe, K. Wilson, J. H. Wilkes, C. F. Bunnell, W. P. H., Jr., L. S. Flynt, A. H. Young, H. S. Mason, F. B. Stocking, Muriel and Guy, A. M. Osborn, D. Furman, J. B., H. M. Rohn, No Name, Hugh and Cis, M. P. F., M. B. Brown, E. B. Slaughter, Etta R., D. Low, H. Heinzen, H. and M. L. Ward, C. B. Walker, Budge, Jim, and Toby, A. Roberts, C. Thacher, "The Brownies," D. S. Wylie, F. L. Bradley, A. L. Lyon, E. B. Elliot, D. Gordon A. S., "Gyp," Estelle, N. Cartlidge, R. S. Tucker, D. Perry, E. Coles, L. A. Houston, L. H. Warner, M. Kaler, A. W. Chase, B. C. Beck, S. E. P., "A Reader," M. Bridges, "Teena," H. Crabtree, "Solon," C. M. A., C. Barr, E. A. Jenkins, M. F. T., L. E. and M. G. Haviland, E. H. Gibbons, E. W. C., C. M. and J. S. Chamberlain, Jennie, Frank B., J. W. Grame, W. A. Donald, I. E. Goodrich, C. L. Gilbert, M. E. Woolley, R. Driggs, H. and F. W., K. H. C., A. C. P., Georgie R., W. and C. Child, V. M. Elting, B. Gott, A. L. Granbery, A. Du Bois Sower, M. L. Fisher, P. Barrett, F. Rosengarten, A. McGibney, E. B., I. H. S., A. L. Fearn, M. W. Carr, Mrs. J. Kempster, E. Thompson, M. A. M., P. Peacham, W. S. Trumbull, N. Danford, M. and A. Donnelly, L. W. C., A. Major, W. and B. Richardson, B. Green, "Imp," G. M. Sears, K. Miracle, H. I. R., B. A. Cottlow, T. W. Park, P. E. Boishmere, B. E. Ells, L. B. Shaw, A. G. Sickels, W. Kelly, L. Haskell, E. G. Banta, Grace W., Rea Hanna, Amice, "Learned Pig," L. M. Braunlich, G. and E. Hickok, No Name, Galesburg, H. S., F. S. Haight, I. H. Martin, "Woodpeckers," L. Carr, M. Clark, M. H. Follett, K. Bucknam, G. E. Ward, B. J. Sherman, M. H. Ritchie, K. M. Hunter, "Navy Yard," H. H. Dickerson, M. E. Vincent, C. B. Gabriel, E. Hollinshead, G. M. Gore, W. C. M., E. Woodruff, R. Randall, W. F. Michael and Harry, N. B. Fowler, A. W. Naylor, J. and G. Cooke, R. Mason, F. W. Holland, G. M. Tozier, M. G. A., A. H. Kaupke, "Clelia," B. Auerbach, F. and S. Kraus, S. K., The Badeaus, H. Hill. F. Pritchard, Arthur and Mildred, F. E. Long, F. Von Dorsten, L. J. English, F. H. Ward, Madge, Irene, and Cecil, A. Cameron, J., "Medico," "Lilian," J. M. Marples, L. P. Bates, H. and L. Flanigen, F. S. Williams, M. A., K. L. Robertson, A. E. Parsons, H. C. Olcott, C. Shumway, E. L. Mattice, A. E. White, D. Matthews, A. Howell.

45. A. R. Douglass, E. A. and I. R. S., Theo. and Elsie, M. P., Three Little Maids, Gertrude S., A. and M. Fries, W. J. L., M. E. Platt, J. Allen, Margie, J. P. Andersen, Jim and Topsy, A. B. C. D. J—. h., M. W. Langdon and M. D. Whittier, Ida and Dessie, M. and B. Dixon, E. M., J. and L. Murdoch, J. G. S., E. A. S., and E. S., N. Clark, D. Haskell, A. Manchester, H. H. Cornell, N. D. Sherman, W. H. Powell, C. M. Bradley, B. Brush, "Three Friends," H. H. Meeder, Friedrich, E. St. C. Whitney, L. Blockley, A. McReynolds, E. T. Terry, C. Benton, O. O. Partridge, G. Sealey, A. H. Scott, C. Rogers, A. J. Wilcox, W. L. McConway, A. R. Anthony, E. Abbott, T. Richards, E. May, P. S. Hall, M. M. Mathews, E. L. Philips, M. Morse, E. H. Hudson, C. A. Kelley, L. Bolton, "Ginger," C. Loeb, M. and F. Putnam, N. and R. Holbrook, H. G., M. G., H. H., and S. H., A. L. Shepard, "Several Readers," M. H. W. Silvester, Ned R., "Vineta," M. Barrie, "King Arthur," M. C. Lamborn, H. W. Clark, F. D. Van Dien, E. K. Talboys, M. H. W., K. W. Greene, H. H., C. H. Stutsman, M. C. M., A. L. Loving, J. H. Redfield, Jr., "Queen Mab," Daisy H., "Pawn," G. Stern, Marcus and Ted, B. and M. Gillespie and E. Hubner, A. Belin, B. Casey, W. V. Pettit, Jr., H. Coleman, F. C. Weber, H. Hawthorne, L. Dale, M. R. S. and S. W. S., E. R. Larned, D. Miller, G. W. Cutler, Pyott Family, A. M. Sayre, W. M. Gardner, G. Atwater, C. Kuhn, A. Crane, R. Nelson, B. M. Hartshorne, J. L. W., B. W. Pratt, H. L. and A. Johnson and S. Raynor, F. Orth, S. and C. Loewenstein, F. A. Fairchild, L. Arms, A. L. Bidehman, C. R. Jones, A. S. Pier, M. L. W. B., B. Bell, W. and B., M. W. and A. A. Aubin, Am, May and Eloise, T. K. Sturdevant, R. M. Abbott, G. Stanley, L. E. Bombard, E. A. Forbes, Cupid and Stupid, F. A. H. R. I. L., A. P. Wells, R. H. Baker, S. W. Reed, J. M. C. and A. S. A., H. Swift, M. A. Daggett, I. J., J. and B. Brawner, S. C. DeFollett, F. W. E., B. Hickey, H. H. Seaver, M. C. Maule, L. Packard, M. Watts, H. Foster, M. E. Plummer, E. A. C., C. Holding, J. M. Bullock, T. Leonard, B. Cosgrove, F. B. Morey, "Nanki Poo," J. W. B. Young, L. M. D., Clara, K. Richards, E. Gregory, F. C. Hall, T. Rhodes, C. L. Smith, "Tiny Tim," P. F. Stevens, J. R. Slater, H. D. Slater, B. Magie, C. H. B., F. C. Clarke, "Alpha," E. Bond, M. W. B., L. M. Barwood, E. C. Shearman, Jennie H., N. Krap, G. Wetherell, R. T. Leipold, George, Retta, and Frances, H. George, "Odin," H. C. Stair, B. Carmichael, H. S. Arnold, H. F. Fish, E. and F. Green, M. E. M. and L. M. H., P. E. Braem, L. W. Bosworth, E. P. Collin, A. C. Johnson, C. H. Thompson, R. Kelsey, C. C. Carpenter, L. Moses, E. R. Bassett, R. S. Bryant, G. K. Bell, H. Wöltjen, J. C. Vorce, N. Kelker, M. G. Fiero, "Toboggan," A. Burnham, J. Gilmore, A. G. Culver, B. Glover, M. Richmond, A. A. and C. K. Post, F. M. Thomes, K. D. G., F. Gibb, G. Taintor, M. and E. Woodruff, L. A. Clark, M. Shirk, A. H. S., M. R. Saunders, O. H. Duncan, C. M. C., S. T. 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Whittemore, M. Lankton, L. Pepoon, C. H. Henderson, M. Calder, M. M. Bliss, W. M. Goodale, R. O. Howell, "Nero," A. L. White, F. C. Ely, A. C. Moon, Stuart G., A. and E. Crowell, M. E. W., C. Richon M. H. Reid, Ruby, G. Kellogg, "Lotus," "Wood Violet," E. Bamberger, L. C. Rogers, J. A. Wheat, V. and A. Myers, X. Y. Z., Samuel M., F. A. N., J. C. R. Taylor, L. A. F., W. M. and S. G. Small, M. de Ybarronds, E. S. White, M. W. Brown, H. C. B., A. R. Tilden, A. Whitton, May and Fay, W. H. Townsend, L. Loutrel, J. Duffy, J. Berryman, Eva B., M. C. Myers, Elinor Louise, "Girls of Ascension Hall," Billy and Papa McClintock, E. G. Rogers, M. Blake, A. G. Davis, C. F. Everdell, W. W. R., E. E. Denny, C. L. V. S., L. F. McWhorter, L. H. S., E. L. Carpenter, C. C. F., J. B. F., Frank, R. A. Newlin, B. Jackson, W. Street, R. H. Hobart, J. B. Hubbard, J. R. B., M. Chandler, R. H. Banker, W. Walden, M. A. Y., M. B. Breed, S. C. C., W. J. McClure, F. L. Hamilton, N. Hammond, F. Waterman, G. W. Allen, E. V. Slagle, V. B. and I. M. Jacobs, A. Muldoon, Essie, F. R. Schoonmaker, Mrs. A. L. Ellis, "Ted," E. A. Miller, Wm. C. Krichbaum, W. A. Greene, F. M. Blizard, C. W., G. and J. Lamb, L. G. Dietrick, J. A. Reed, E. and M. St. John, M. E. B., C. K. and G. K., C. Burbank, E. E., Doucy, M. L. Kleinschmidt, "Sunshine," L. Jones, Yum Yum. *(To be continued.)*

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

TRIANGLE. From 1 to 8, May Queen; from 9 to 15, May-pole. Cross-words: 1. M. 2. Am. 3. Yea. 4. Quay. 5. Usurp. 6. Eskimo. 7. Eternal. 8. Nominate.

AN ANAGRAMMATICAL PUZZLE. Facetiousness.

BEHEADINGS. Bartholdi. Cross-words: 1. B-are. 2. A-cid. 3. R-ace. 4. T-our. 5. H-arm. 6. O-men. 7. L-ore. 8. D-ark. 9. I-con.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Central letters, Early. Cross-words: 1. dr-E-am. 2. se-A-ts. 3. bo-R-ne. 4. ho-L-ly. 5. mo-Y-le.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Heart. 2. Eager. 3. Agree. 4. Reeds. 5. Tress.

STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, demerit; 1 to 3, dentate; 2 to 3, tactile; 4 to 5, memento; 4 to 6, maracan; 5 to 6, oration.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Philip; finals, Sydney. Cross-words: 1. Pleiades. 2. Honestly. 3. Inflamed. 4. Lengthen. 5. Impolite. 6. Pedantry.

A BIRD PUZZLE. 1. Oil-bird. 2. Lyre-bird. 3. Butcher-bird. 4. Umbrella-bird. 5. Cat-bird. 6. Honey-bird. 7. Cow-bird. 8. Brush-bird. 9. Bell-bird. 10. Snake-bird. 11. Frigate-bird. 12. Cedar-bird. 13. Thorn-bird. 14. Sun-bird. 15. King-bird. 16. Weaver-bird. 17. Ant-bird. 18. Oven-bird. 19. Tailor-bird. 20. Locust-bird.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Gyrate. 2. Easels. 3. Menace. 4. Rotate. 5. Rental. 6. Stated.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Across: I. 1. New York. 2. Blood. 3. Cub. 4. N. 5. Ago. 6. Bream. 7. Parried II. 1. K. 2. Ail. 3. Annul. 4. Kindred. 5 Lurid. 6. Led. 7. D. III. 1. D. 2. Men. 3. Macaw. 4. Decreed. 5. Naeve. 6. Wee. 7. D. IV. 1. Nodular. 2. Polka. 3. Aye. 4. S. 5. Ask. 6. Fleet. 7. Dissent.

HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Ptolemy Philadelphus.

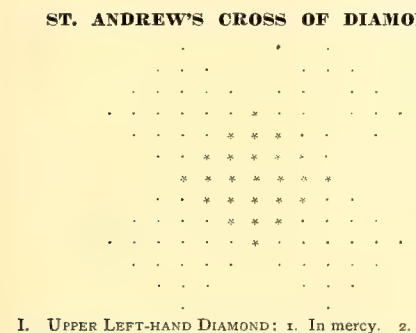
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Cowslip.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In consequence of advancing the date of issue, hereafter answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Arthur Gride — Maud E. Palmer — Harry H. Meeder — Willie C. Serrell — "Agricolo" — "Z. Y. X." — Paul Reese — "Rowena" — Julia and Papa — Nellie B. and Elise Ripley — Russell Davis — "Betsy and Patsy" — Blanche and Fred — "Sam Anselmo" — Belle Murdock — Winne D. Booth — Maggie T. Turrill — Auntie, Jamie, and Mamma — Mary Ludlow — Nellie and Reggie — K. G. S. — M. E. d'A. — "Solomon Quill" — "Mab and Jap" — R. B. Stone — Mamma and Fanny — "Nero" — F. W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from B. B. P., 2 — "Humbug O.," 3 — Polly, 2 — Kathie Lee, 11 — Hezekiah and Jedediah, 2 — Crystal, 5 — "Fin MacCool," 5 — W. W. B., Jr., 1 — Kate Bell, 2 — "Patty Pan," 2 — Dick and D., 3 — "Maid Marjory," 6 — "Castilian," 2 — X. L. C. R., 1 — L. H. L. and D. M., 7 — R. V. O., 7 — Mary G. Wilbur, 1 — "Vaulx," Nashville, 1 — "Goose," 1 — Louise Tallant, 1 — Ellie and Susie, 4 — Marie and Jessie, 1 — C. E. Ruth, 7 — C. F. M., 4 — Mamma, Clara, and Minnie, 11 — Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 10 — "Ayes," 4 — Effie K. Talboys, 9 — "Ben Zeene," 3 — Lotta Linthicum, 1 — J. W. and L. L. Lloyd, 10 — "Lehte," 10 — Isabel C. A., 5 — Edward North, 3 — "Professor and Co.," 11 — "May and 79," 9 — "Rose Maybud," 9 — "Sally Lumm" and "Johnny Cake," 9 — "Family Kid," 8 — "Le Brecht," 10 — John G. Vogt, 4 — "Bill Jones," 1 — N. L. Howes, 10 — G. L. M., 3 — "Blithedale," 11 — "Fanned," 10 — L. C. B., 10 — "Friends," 10 — "Juan and Juanita," 1 — "Prince Karl," 2 — Eleanor and Maude, 3 — Nell R., 9 — R. H. and M. P., 9 — Original Puzzle Club, 10 — A. G. L., 6 — B. Koehler, 10 — "Lock and Key," 1 — H. H. C., 1 — H. D., 6 — "Two Cousins," 11 — No Name, Chicago, 6 — Clare and Bessie, 9 — Aurora, 2 — Bertha Bowers, 1 — Harou, 3 — Lec, 1.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. Hurtful. 3. Presages. 4. A plank used for supporting the earth in mines. 5. An infidel. 6. Firm. 7. In mercy.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. To compute. 3. Five-sixths of a word meaning the outer part. 4. Making red. 5. Covers for the hands. 6. Three-fourths of a word meaning to venture. 4. In mercy.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. One who drinks to excess. 4. Club-formed. 5. A white insoluble powder, discovered by Liebig. 6. The edge. 7. In mercy.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. The name of one of the royal families of England. 4. A masculine name. 5. Virtuous. 6. Three-fourths of a small stream. 7. In mercy.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mercy. 2. A cup. 3. Five-sixths of a marsh. 4. Crookedness. 5. Merrily. 6. A pen. 7. In mercy.

MARY LUDLOW.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to mix and leave to loan. 2. Behead an occurrence and leave to utter. 3. Behead to correct and leave to repair. 4. Behead spotless and leave attenuated. 5. Behead the name of a poet and leave a Hebrew measure. 6. Behead to run away and leave to leap. 7. Behead a rambler and leave above.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous orator.

SUE AND MAY.

HOUR-GLASS.

ACROSS: 1. A disposition to deceive. 2. Errand. 3. A passage in a church 4. To plunder. 5. One hundred. 6. Purpose. 7. To frighten. 8. Defeating. 9. To turn into ridicule.

The central letters, reading downward, spell a partner.

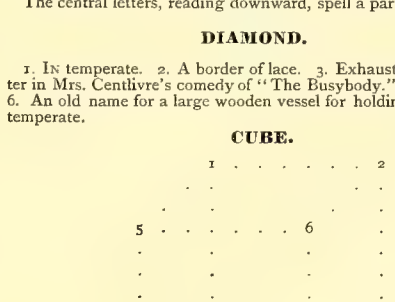
P. AND L.

DIAMOND.

1. IN temperate. 2. A border of lace. 3. Exhausts. 4. A character in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "The Busybody." 5. To slander. 6. An old name for a large wooden vessel for holding water. 7. In temperate.

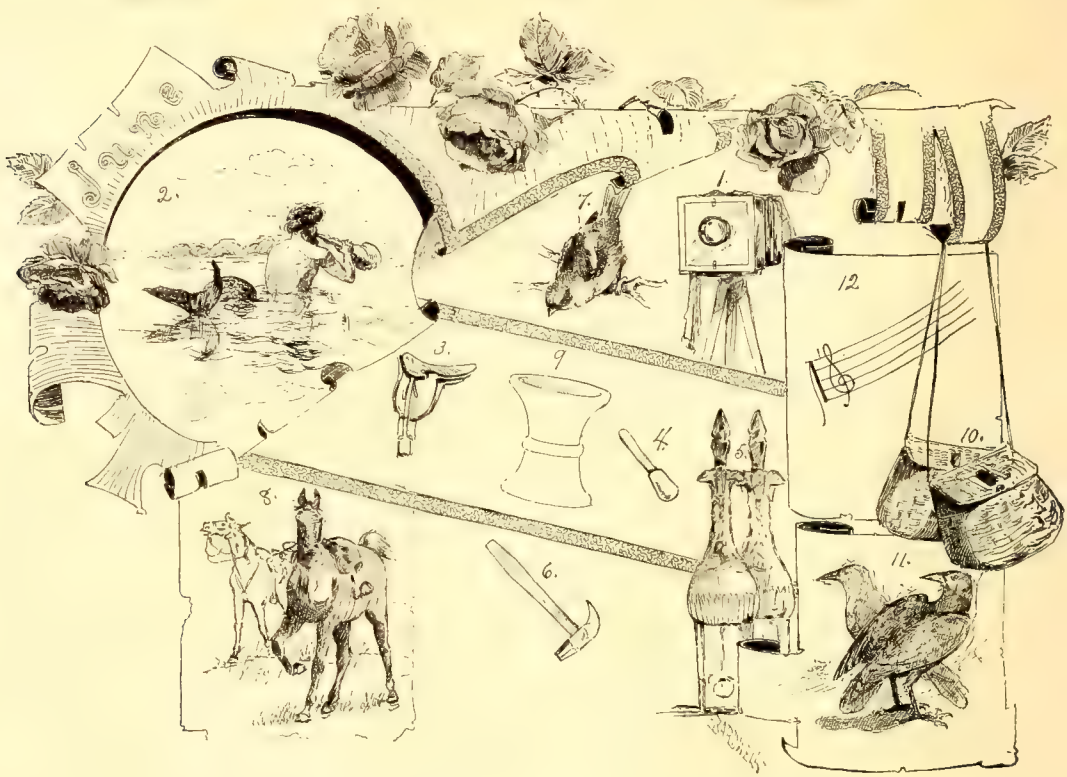
L. AND P.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a city in Warwickshire, England; from 2 to 4, a long Turkish dagger; 3 to 4, instruction given by way of caution; 1 to 3, a plant growing in the East Indies, the seeds of which are used in medicine; 5 to 6, a musical instrument similar to the guitar; 6 to 8, the poison which comes from tobacco; 7 to 8, covered with a shell made of plates; 5 to 7, a monument; 1 to 5, free from agitation; 2 to 6, a sailor's story; 4 to 8, a number; 3 to 7, to post.

"MYRTLE GREEN."



ALL of the twelve objects may be described by words of equal length. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, one of the perpendicular rows of letters will spell two words which are always associated with a certain day in June.

DOUBLE RHOMBOID.

* * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

THE letters indicated by stars are used in both rhomboids.

I. Left-hand rhomboid. Across: 1. To close. 2. An opening. 3. Carriage. 4. A sacred vessel. Downward: 1. In profit. 2. A river of Europe. 3. A river of Europe. 4. Kind. 5. Anything small. 6. A conjunction. 7. In profit.

II. Right-hand rhomboid. Across: 1. To impede. 2. Spoken. 3. To swagger. 4. An ancient city. Downward: 1. In yeast. 2. A preposition. 3. A sphere. 4. To separate. 5. A household deity among the ancient Romans. 6. To proceed. 7. In yeast.

"SOLOMON QUILL."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cold, but not in heat;
My second in slow, but not in fleet;
My third is in broad, but not in slim;
My fourth is in stiff, but not in prim;
My fifth is in scratch, but not in rub;
My sixth is in cane, but not in club;
My seventh in grip, but not in clinch:
My whole is said to be good at a pinch.

"LOU C. LEE."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and sixteen letters, and form four lines of a famous poem.

My 106-8-96-38-57-47-64-111-33-84 is sorcery. My 50-10-116-88-67-17-76-26-1-28-82-39-62 is a killing. My 91-73-6-79-11-94 is a public speaker. My 24-85-49-78-100-54 is a feminine name. My 80-110-68-103-59-86-102 is a place mentioned in the Bible. My 14-70-42-37-65-46-35-93 is a respite. My 43-83-104-40-21 is a foe. My 75-55-18-53-5-30-56 is a pagan. My 15-60-87-2-63 is an occurrence. My 20-101-114-112-109 is to frighten. My 97-29-81-13-45 is a bundle of stalks of grain. My 92-32-89-27 is a trailing plant. My 4-107-105-36 is articles of merchandise. My 99-113-58-34-48 is swift. My 98-44-71-16-3 is a mountain nymph. My 90-95-23-41-9 is partakes of a meal. My 74-12-61-66 is a vegetable growth. My 77-22-52-69-115 is having the qualities of fish. My 31-25-7 is a small fruit. My 19-108-72-51 is a cart used for heavy burdens.

"SILAS WEGG."

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take to have on from affirming solemnly and leave to utter musically. Answer, S-wear-ing.

1. Take a loud sound from removing a cause to a higher court and leave mocking. 2. Take to presage from habitations and leave a Roman weight. 3. Take a serpent from holding fast and leave to adhere. 4. Take a number from to intensify and leave a fowl. 5. Take beyond from treating with contempt and leave to throw. 6. Take a spike of corn from cut and leave a hut. GILBERT FORREST.

PECULIAR DIAGONALS.

EACH of the eleven following groups of letters may be transposed so as to form one word. When these eleven words are placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals, beginning with the first letter of the first word and ending with the last letter of the last word, will spell two words often heard at this season of the year. The diagonals, beginning with the first letter of the second word and ending with next to the last letter of the last word, will spell two more words often heard on Decoration Day.

1. M A R E U G I T H E M.
2. T R A P N O D H E H E.
3. N A N T E R S T O R M.
4. T H R O N D G L O S S.
5. D R A I N E E P R O D.
6. I H U N G O T W I G E.
7. S O V I L A N B R A G.
8. S H U N D B L A S E S.
9. N E D L E Y F U N G I.
10. N E X T I M I L L A I.
11. G R A M Y C O D T I E.

COUSIN FRANK.

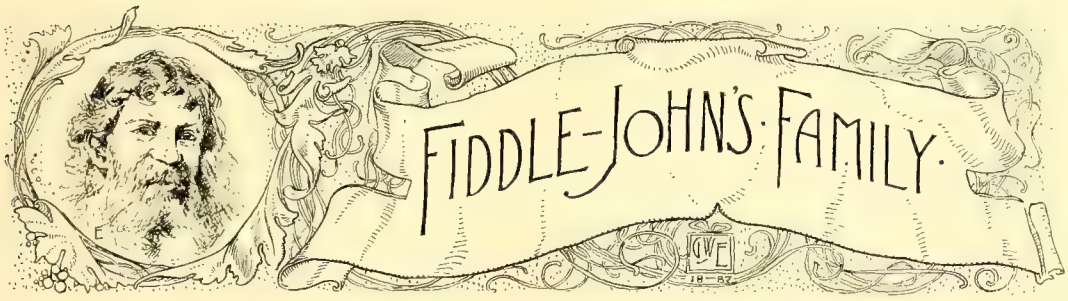


FIDDLE-JOHN AND THE CHILDREN.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIV. JULY, 1887. NO. 9.

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BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

"QUEER sort o' chap that Fiddle-John is," said the men, when Fiddle-John went by.

"Quaint sort o' cr'atur' is Fiddle-John," echoed the women; "not much in the providin' line."

"A singular individual is that Violin-John," said the parson; "I can never make up my mind whether he is a worthless scamp or a man of genius." "Possibly both," suggested the parson's wife. "Apartments to let," remarked the daughter, tapping her forehead significantly.

"Hurrah! There is Fiddle-John," cried the children, flocking delightedly about him, clinging to his arms, his legs, and his coat-tails. "Sing us a song, Fiddle-John! Tell us a story!"

Then Fiddle-John would seat himself on a stone at the roadside, while the children nestled about him; and he would tell them stories about knights and ladies, and ogres, and princesses, and all sorts of marvelous things.

"Worthless fellow, that Fiddle-John," said the passers-by; "there he sits in the middle of the day talking nonsense to the children, when he ought to be working for the support of his family."

It was perfectly true; Fiddle-John ought to have been working. He would readily have admitted that himself. He was well aware that his wife, Ingeborg, was at home working like a trooper to keep the family from starving. But then, somehow, Fiddle-John had no taste for work, while Ingeborg had. He much preferred singing songs and telling stories. And a very pretty picture he made, as he sat there at the roadside, with his handsome, gentle face, his large blue eyes, and his wavy blonde hair, and the children nestling about him, listening in wide-eyed wonder. There was something very attractive about his face, with its mild, melancholy smile, and a sort of diffident, questioning look in the eyes. He had an odd habit of opening his mouth several times before he spoke, and then, possibly, if his questioner's face did not please him, he would go away, having said nothing. And, after all, it was diffidence and

not insolence which prompted this action. It would never have occurred to Fiddle-John to take a critical view of anybody; he approved of all humanity in general, only he had an intuitive suspicion when any one was making fun of him, and in such cases he found safety only in flight and silence.

By profession Fiddle-John was a ballad-singer. A queer profession, you will say, but nevertheless one which in Norway enjoys a certain recognition. He had a voice which any singer might have envied him,—a clear and sweet tenor which rang through the depths of the listener's soul. Hearing that voice, it was impossible not to stay and listen. The deputy sheriff, who once came to arrest Fiddle-John for vagrancy, when Fiddle-John began to sing, sat and cried. It "came over" him so "very queer," he said. The parson, who had made up his mind to give Fiddle-John a very vigorous reproof for neglect of his family, the first time he should catch him, quite forgot his sinister purpose when, one day, he saw the ballad-singer seated under a large tree, with a dozen children climbing over him, and, with rollicking laughter, tumbling and rolling about him. And when Fiddle-John, having quieted his audience, took two little girls on his lap, while the boys scrambled and fought for the places nearest to him, the parson could not for the life of him recall the harsh things he had meant to say to Fiddle-John. The fact was,—though, of course, it is scarcely fair to tell,—the ballad which Fiddle-John sang to the children reminded the parson of the time (now long gone) when he himself was paying court to Mrs. Parson, and sometimes on slight provocation dropped into poetry.

"Thy cheeks are like the red, red rose,
Thy hands are like the lily."

These were the very extraordinary sentiments which the parson had, at that remote period, professed toward Mrs. Parson, and these were the very words which Fiddle-John was now singing. No wonder the parson forgot that he had come to scold Fiddle-John. "I suppose that such good-for-nothings may be good for something, after all," he said to his wife as he related the incident at the dinner-table.

Fiddle-John and his family lived in a little cottage close up under the mountain-side, where the sun did not reach it until late in the afternoon. In the winter, they were sometimes snowed down so completely that they had to work until noon before they could get a glimpse of the sky. The two boys, Alf and Truls, would go early in the morning with their snow-shovels, and dig a tunnel to the cow-stable, where a lonely cow, a pig, and three sheep were penned up. Their father would then sit at the window, holding a lantern, the light of which vaguely penetrated the darkness and showed them in what direction they were digging; but, after a while, this monotonous occupation wearied him, and he would take his fiddle and play the most mournful tunes he could think of. It never occurred to him to lend a helping hand; and it never occurred to the boys to ask him.

They accepted their fate without much reasoning; it seemed part of the right order of things that they and their mother should work, while their father played and sang. Ingeborg, their mother, had nursed a kind of tender reverence for him in their hearts, since they were babes. He seemed scarcely part of the coarse and common work-a-day world to which they belonged; with his gentle, handsome face and his clear blue eyes, he seemed like some superior being who conferred a favor upon them by merely consenting to grant them his company. His songs traveled from one end of the valley to the other, and everybody learned them by heart and sang them at weddings, dances, and funerals. Even though the parishioners might themselves find fault with Fiddle-John, and call him quaint and queer, they stood up for him bravely if a stranger ventured to attack him.

They knew there was not another such singer in the whole land, and it was even said that people had come from foreign lands and had made him enormous offers, if he would go with them and sing at concerts in the great foreign cities. Thousands of dollars he might have earned if he had gone, but Fiddle-John knew better than to abandon the valley of his birth, where he had been known since his babyhood, and trust himself to the faithless foreign world. Thousands of dollars! Only think of it! The very thought made Fiddle-John dizzy; ten or twenty dollars would have presented something definite to his imagination, which he would have comprehended; but thousands of dollars was a blank enormity which diffused itself like mist through his dazed brain. And yet Fiddle-John could never stop thinking of the thousands of dollars which he might have earned if he had gone with the foreigner. If the truth must be told, he himself would have liked well enough to go; and it was only the persuasions of Ingeborg, his wife, which had restrained him. "What could you do in the great foreign world, John," she had said to him; "you, with your want of book-learning and your simple peasant ways? They would laugh at you, John, dear, and that would make me cry, and we should both be miserable. And all the little children here in the

valley, what would they do without you, and who would sing to them and tell them stories when you were gone?"

That last argument was what decided Fiddle-John. He did not believe that people would laugh at him in the great foreign world, but he did believe that the children would miss him when he was gone, and he could not bear to think of some one else sitting under the great linden-tree at the roadside and telling them stories. For all that, he regretted many a time that he had been soft-hearted, and had allowed the gate of glory to be slammed in his face, as he expressed it. He had never suspected it before; but now the thought began to grow upon him that he was a great man, who might have gained honor and renown if his wife had not deprived him of the opportunity.

Every day, the valley seemed to be growing darker and narrower; the sight of the mountains became oppressive; it was as if they weighed upon Fiddle-John's breast and impeded his breath. With feverish restlessness he roamed about from farm to farm and played, until every string on his fiddle seemed on the point of snapping.

"I am a great man," he reflected indignantly, "and might have earned thousands of dollars. And yet here I go and fiddle away for boors at twenty-five cents a night."

And to drown the voices that rose clamorously out of the depths of his soul, he strummed the strings wildly; and the peasants whirled madly around him, and shouted till the rafters in the ceiling rang. The gentleness and the mild radiance which had made the children love him passed out of his countenance; his eyes grew restless, his motions aimless and unsteady. Sometimes he flung back his head defiantly and mumbled threats between his teeth; at other times he shuffled along dejectedly. Once he lay under a tree, dreaming of the great world now forever closed to him.

"If I had only dared!" he whispered to himself; "oh, if I had only dared!"

At that moment some one stepped up to him and shook him by the shoulder. "Hallo, old chap," said the man, "you are just the fellow I want! You are the party they call Fiddle-John?"

There was something brisk and aggressive about the stranger which almost frightened Fiddle-John. It was easy to see that he came from afar; for he had smartly cut city clothes, a tall shiny hat, and a huge watch-chain from which half a dozen seals and trinkets depended. Fiddle-John had never seen anything so magnificent; he was completely dazzled. He sat half-raised upon his elbow and stared at the stranger in mute wonder. "Well, Fiddle-John," the latter went on glibly; "you don't seem very cordial to an old friend. Or perhaps you don't know me. I must have changed some since you used to tell me stories about the Ashiepattle and the ogre who stowed his heart away, for safe-keeping, inside of a duck in a goose-pond some thousands of miles off. I have often thought of that story since. The fact is, that is just the kind of arrangement I am after. I 've too much heart, Fiddle-John, too much heart. My heart is always getting me into trouble, and if I could make an arrangement to leave it behind here in Norway, while I myself return to America, I should like it first-rate. You don't happen to know of any party who would be willing to keep it for me during my absence,—hey, Fiddle-John?"

The man here laughed uproariously and slapped Fiddle-John on the shoulder.

"You are just the same old customer you used to be, Fiddle-John," he said in a tone of cordial good-fellowship; "but you don't seem as talkative as you used to be,—don't even tell me you are glad to see me. Now, that 's what I call hard, Fiddle-John. Don't even know the name of your little friend James Forrest—or—beg your pardon—Jens Skoug, I mean to say, who used to climb on your back and listened in rapture to your wonderful voice and your marvelous fairy tales."

A gleam of intelligence flitted across Fiddle-John's features, as he heard the name Jens Skoug, and he arose with bashful hesitancy and extended his hand to the talkative stranger. He remembered well that Jens's family had emigrated, some ten years before, to the United States, and he remembered also vividly the uncouth little creature in skin-patched trousers and ragged jacket who had embarked, at that time, in the great steamer that came to take the emigrants off to Bergen. And now this little creature was a tall, dazzling man with a silk hat and showy jewelry, and an address which a prince might have envied. Thus reasoned Fiddle-John in his simplicity. Such a marvelous transformation he had never in all his life witnessed. The name James Forrest which Jens had dropped, quite as if by accident, also impressed him strangely. It seemed to add greatly to Jens's magnificence. A man who could afford to have such a foreign-sounding name must indeed be a person of enterprise and prominence. It surrounded Jens with a delightful foreign flavor which captivated his friend even more than his brilliant talk. "Jens," he said, making an effort to conquer his diffidence, "you have grown to be a great man, indeed. How could you expect me to recognize you?"

"A great man," exclaimed Jens, expanding agreeably under his friend's sincere flattery; "no, Fiddle-John, I am not a great man,—that is, not yet, Fiddle-John. But I mean to become a great man before I die. In America, where I live, every

man can become great if he only chooses to. But I thought, being young yet, that I could afford to spend a couple of months in opening to my countrymen the same road to fortune which is open to myself, before I settled down to tackle life in earnest. The fact is, Fiddle-John, as I said before, I have too much heart. My conscience would leave me no peace, whenever I thought of my poor countrymen who were toiling here at home for twenty-five or forty cents a day, and scarcely could keep body and soul together, while I could earn five and ten dollars a day as readily as I could turn a handspring. I positively cried, Fiddle-John, cried like a girl, when I thought of you and your small chaps and of all the other poor fellows here in the valley who had such a hard time of it, tearing off their caps and bowing and scraping before the parson and the judge and all the big folk, while in America we step up to the President himself, and chat with him as familiarly as we please. And, likely as not, if you call upon him with a note from me, and he should take a fancy to you, he may set you up in a fat office, where you may feel yourself as big as the very biggest."

Fiddle-John listened with eager ears and open mouth to this alluring narrative. It did not occur to him to question the truth of what Jens said, for did not his appearance and his independent and dazzling demeanor plainly show that he was a great and prosperous man? And, moreover, how could he have undergone such a startling transformation in a few years, if it had not been true, as he said, that the President of the United States or some other mighty personage took an interest in him? Fiddle-John had often heard it said that in America all things were possible; and he had himself read letters from persons who there at home had been poor tenants or even day laborers, and who in the new country had become colonels, and merchants, and legislators. Therefore, he was not in the least surprised at the good luck which had overtaken his former friend. He was only surprised that the thought of going to America had never occurred to him before, and he made up his mind on the spot to sell his cow, his pig, and his three sheep, and take the first ship for New York. He could scarcely stop to bid Jens Skoug goodbye, so eager was he to rush home and communicate his resolution to his wife and children. He foresaw that he would meet with opposition from Ingeborg; but he steeled his heart against all her entreaties and vowed to himself that this time he would have his own way. He would not permit her again to snatch the chance of greatness away from him.

He was flushed and breathless when he reached his little cottage up under the mountain-wall. It had never looked so mean and miserable to him as it did at that moment. The walls were propped up on the north and west sides with long beams; and dry, brownish grass of the year before grew in tufts along the roof-tree and drooped down over the eaves. His two sons, Alf and Truls, were playing bear with their little sister Karen, who was seven years old. But they rose hurriedly when they saw their father, and brushed the sand from the knees of their trousers. There was something in his bearing and in the expression of his face which vaguely alarmed them. He stooped no more in walking, but strode along proudly with uplifted head.

"Boys," he cried joyously, "run in and tell your mother, to-morrow we are going to America!" Ingeborg, who was just coming across the yard with a lamb in her arms, paused in consternation, and gazed with a frightened expression at her husband.

"What has happened to you, John?" she asked gently. "I thought that matter about the foreigner was settled long ago."

"I tell you, no!" he shouted wildly; "it is not settled. It never will be settled, so long as there is breath left in my body. This time I mean to have my own way. Jens Skoug has come back from America, and he says that America is the place for me. I knew it all along, and whether you will follow me or not, I am going."

"Follow you, John? Yes, if go you must, then I will follow you. But to America I will not go willingly, unless I know what we are to do there, and how we are to make our living. It is a long, long distance, John, across the great ocean; they speak a language there which neither you nor I understand."

Fiddle-John turned impatiently on his heel, as if to say that he knew all that twaddle of old; but Ingeborg, giving the lamb to Alf, went up to him, laid her hand on his arm, and said:

"You and I have lived together for so many years, John, and we love each other too well ever to be happy away from each other! Don't let us speak harsh words. They rankle in the heart and cause pain, long after they are spoken. If you must go to America, I will go with you. But I have a feeling that I shall never get there alive. I beg of you, don't decide rashly and don't believe all that Jens Skoug tells you. He was not a truthful child, and I doubt if he has grown up to be a good man. Let us say no more about it to-night. We will sleep on it, and see how it will look to us to-morrow."

Fiddle-John was not a bad fellow; on the contrary, he was quite soft-hearted and easily moved. This wife of his had toiled in poverty and ill

health all her life long, and he had never offered to lift a finger to help her. Yet she loved him, accepting her lot meekly, and never uttering a word of reproach against him. He had never observed before how thin and worn she looked, how hollow her cheeks were, and how large her eyes. He felt for the first time in his life a pang of remorse. He had not been a good husband, he thought,— not as good as he might have been. But then he was a great man, and great men were never the best of husbands. And when he reached America, and his greatness became generally recognized, and fortune began to smile upon him, then he would shower kindness upon her, and she should be rewarded a thousand-fold for all she had suffered. Surely, he would turn over a new leaf— in America.

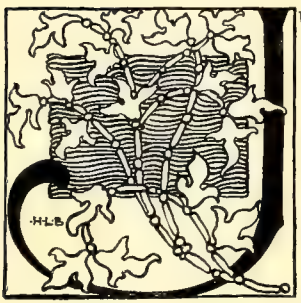
Thus Fiddle-John consoled himself when his conscience grew uneasy. When once they got to America, he reasoned, then everything would be right. He would have started without delay, if Ingeborg's health had not failed so rapidly that the doctor positively forbade her to think of traveling. The look of suffering and sweet forbearance upon her face seemed a perpetual reproach to Fiddle-John, and he roamed restlessly from one end of the valley to the other, playing, singing, and telling his stories,— in order to earn money for the voyage, he said to his sons; but, in reality, to escape from the unspoken reproach of his wife's countenance. But the day soon came when he needed no longer to flee from her presence.

One bright day in early spring, just as the snow was melting, and the bare spots on the meadows steamed in the sun, Ingeborg closed her weary eyes forever; and a few days later she was laid to rest in the shadow of the old church, down on the headland, where the song-thrush warbles through the brief Arctic summer night.

(To be continued.)

JULY.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.



JULY — for you the songs are sung
By birds the leafy trees among;
With merry carolings they wake
The meadows at the morning's break,
And through the day the lisping breeze
Is woven with their tree-top glees.
For you the prattling, pebbly brooks
Are full of tales like story-books.
For you a fragrant incense burns
Within the garden's blossom-urns
Which tempt the bees to hasten home
With honey for their honey-comb.

The river, like a looking-glass,
Reflects the fleecy clouds that pass,
Until it makes us almost doubt
If earth and sky are n't changed about.
July — for you, in silence deep
The world seems fallen fast asleep,
Save on one glorious holiday,
When all our books we put away
And every little maid and man
Is proud to be American!

IN ENGLISH COUNTRY.

"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" SERIES—TENTH PAPER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



AN ENGLISH MEADOW.

DURING our stay in England we shall discover, if we pay attention to what people say and do, that Great Britain is divided into two grand divisions: one is London, and the other is the rest of the kingdom. When any one in England says that he is going to town, we may know that he is going to London. If he intended to visit any other of the great English cities, he would mention Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, or whatever its name might be. Town life means London life, and the other cities, no matter how large and important they are, are considered provincial, and a little countrified.

An American boy or girl, who knows something of country life in a land which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and covers a great part of a continent, will be apt to think that England, about as large as the State of Illinois, and with a population of over thirty millions, must be so full of people that no part of it could have that quiet and secluded character which belongs to real country life. But this is a mistake. A great portion of the population of England is so packed and crowded into its cities, towns, and villages that there are wide extents of country which are as rural and pastoral as any lover of country life need desire to see, unless, indeed, he be fond only of the primeval forest or the trackless prairie. In this little country we may even find forests which are quite extensive, and far-reaching districts, like the great moors of Devonshire, which in parts are almost as desolate and uninhabited as a wild prairie.

But the great population of England has had a peculiar influence upon the appearance of the country. Where there have been so many people at work, a vast deal of work has been done. The land is well and even beautifully cultivated; the roads are almost as smooth and hard as a driveway in a park, and there is a general appearance of order and high culture which could not be expected in a country like ours, where

there is so much to do and so few, comparatively, to do it.

England owes one of its greatest beauties to its climate. We need not wonder that its fields and hillsides are so richly green, and that its trees and hedgerows are so verdant and luxuriant, when we consider that the whole country is well watered nearly every day. Rainy, or at least showery, weather is so common in England that most things which flourish when well supplied with water are bound to flourish there. It is not pleasant to be caught in a shower when one least expects it, or to go out in the rain because it will be of no use to wait until the rain is over; but, on the other hand, it is delightful to look upon the charming country which springs up under a watering-pot sky. But there are often clear, sunny days in England, and while we are in that country we must imitate the English people, and when it does rain we must not mind it. The idea of good weather is very different there from what it is with us. A gentle rain is not regarded, and I have heard two men, standing under umbrellas in a drizzling sprinkle, remark to each other that it was a fine day.

I wish my young companions to see for themselves what real rural life and rural scenery is in England, and so I shall take them with me to a place which is as truly "out in the country" as any spot we are likely to visit on this island. It is not a wild moorland nor a thinly populated mountainous district, but a place where we can see the ordinary country life as we read about it in English books and stories.



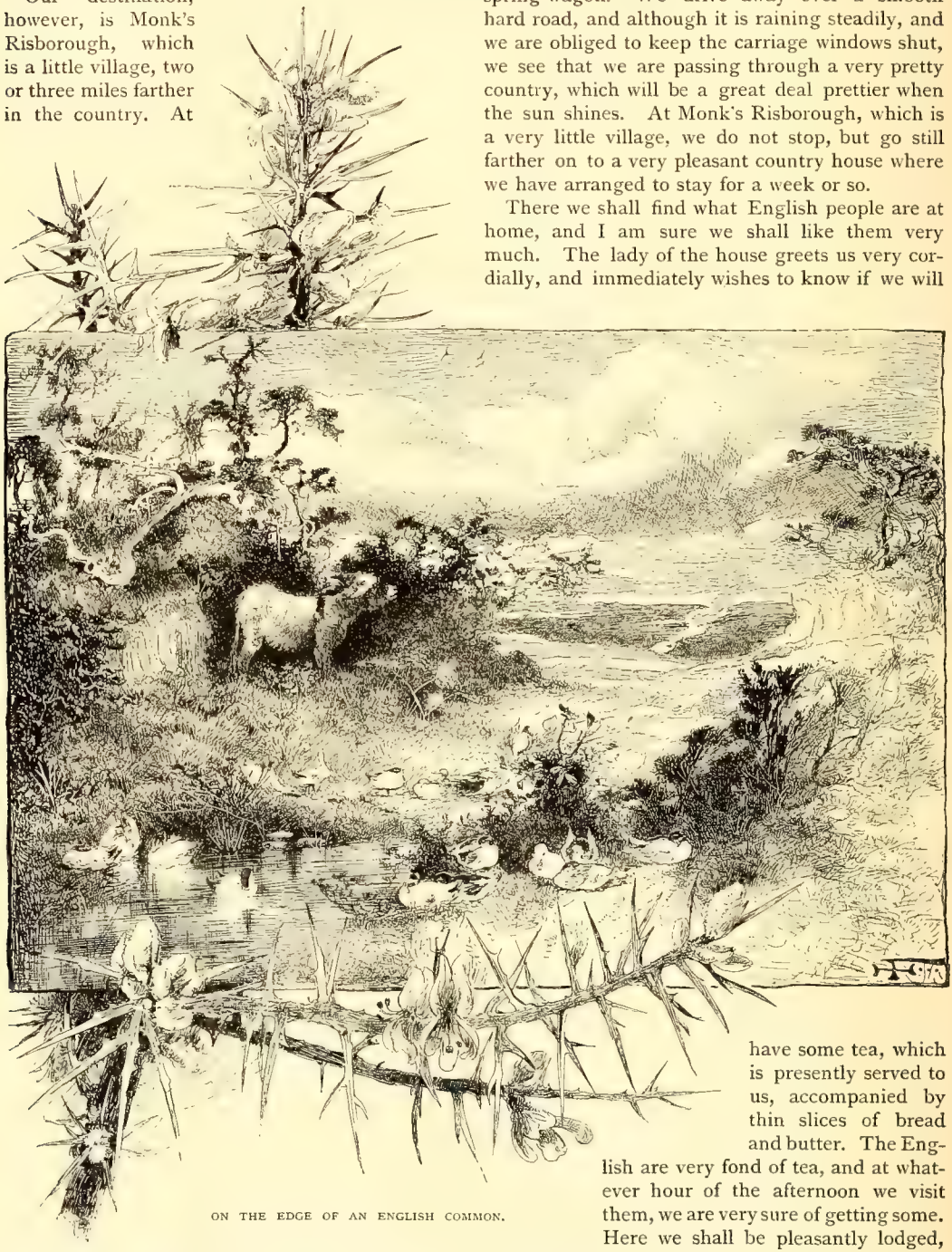
AN ENGLISH THATCHED COTTAGE.

We begin our journey by going to Paddington Station, London, where we take tickets for Prince's Risborough, a little town on the Great Western Railway. For a time we roll swiftly along on the main line of the Great Western, but soon branch off on a single-track road, on which we go as slowly, and stop as often, as on some of our own railroads. In about two hours we reach Prince's

Risborough, a small town in Buckinghamshire. This county is generally called Bucks for short.

Our destination, however, is Monk's Risborough, which is a little village, two or three miles farther in the country. At the station we take "flies," not blue-bottle ones, but one-horse carriages, each holding four persons; and our baggage, which in England is called "luggage," is carried in a "van," or spring-wagon. We drive away over a smooth hard road, and although it is raining steadily, and we are obliged to keep the carriage windows shut, we see that we are passing through a very pretty country, which will be a great deal prettier when the sun shines. At Monk's Risborough, which is a very little village, we do not stop, but go still farther on to a very pleasant country house where we have arranged to stay for a week or so.

There we shall find what English people are at home, and I am sure we shall like them very much. The lady of the house greets us very cordially, and immediately wishes to know if we will have some tea, which is presently served to us, accompanied by thin slices of bread and butter. The English are very fond of tea, and at whatever hour of the afternoon we visit them, we are very sure of getting some.



ON THE EDGE OF AN ENGLISH COMMON.

Here we shall be pleasantly lodged, and every day we shall have four good meals; breakfast about nine o'clock,— not the simple meal

of bread and coffee to which we were accustomed on the Continent, but plenty of ham or bacon, eggs, marmalade, water-cress or some such fresh green, tea and coffee, toast, and bread and butter, but no hot fresh bread. At two o'clock we have dinner, very much like a good country dinner at home, and if any of us are fond of gooseberry or apple tarts, we shall probably think that we never tasted any better than those we have here. In England a "pie" means pastry with meat, such as a veal, a pork, or a chicken pie, while pastries with fruit are called tarts. At five o'clock the tea-bell rings, when we sit around a table well supplied with bread and butter, several kinds of cake, and preserves; while the lady of the house sits behind a teapot and a hot-water pot, each covered with a great embroidered "cosey," like a giant's night-cap, and these are kept on when the tea is not actually pouring out, so that it has no chance to get cool. Between eight and nine we have supper, which is a substantial meal, consisting of cold meat, with lettuce or some other salad, bread and butter, and cheese, and for those who like malt liquors plenty of brown stout and ale, but no tea or coffee. We might imagine that such a meal at this hour would interfere with our night's sleep, but in this country it does not seem to do so. It is asserted that there is something in the climate of England which enables people to eat and drink more without injury than they can in our drier and thinner air. Among people in higher life, in country as well as town, it is customary to have very late dinners, but we are concerned with the ordinary rural life of what is called the English middle class.

The next morning we start out to see the country, and the first place we go to is Monk's Risborough. This little village, or hamlet, was once part of the property of the monks of Canterbury, and so came by its name. It is one of the quaintest and most old-fashioned villages in England. Most of the houses are cottages inhabited by poor people. The roofs are thatched, and the windows, which are very small, and open on hinges like doors, have little panes, about six inches high, set in leaden strips. Many of these cottages have vines running over their sides and projecting gable-ends, and pretty little gardens. On the outskirts of the village there are a few large and pleasant-looking houses belonging to the "gentle-folk." One of these is the rectory; and not far away is the church, a very old one, which gives us an idea of what village churches were a few centuries ago.

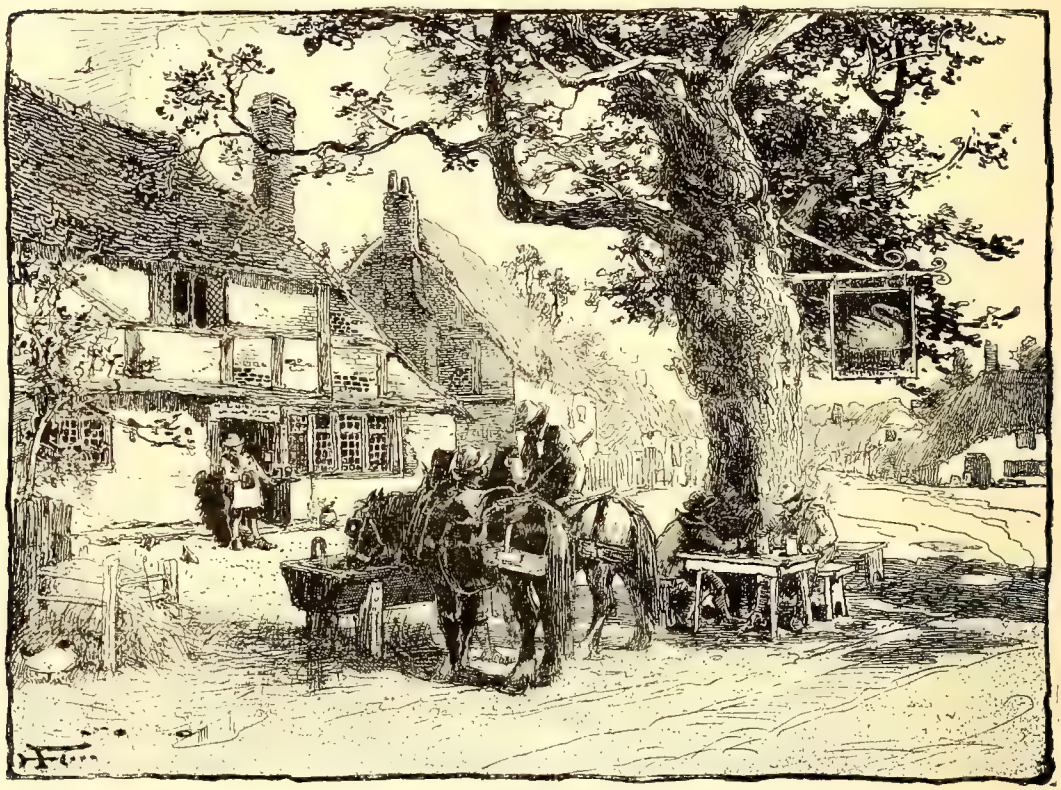
On the pews there are some very curious old carvings, and on a large screen there are twelve panels, nine of which are now occupied by pictures; each of these represents a man clad in furs and velvet, and although they were painted so long ago that nobody knows exactly who they were intended to represent, there can be but little doubt that they were meant for the twelve apostles, all the panels originally having been filled.

Near the village schoolhouse stands the dwelling of the school-master, which is so very pretty, so very small, and so very neat, and has so prim and tidy a little flower garden in front of it, that if baby houses for grown people came packed in boxes, we might imagine that this had been freshly taken out of one. As we look upon this little village,—and it will take us but a short time to see the whole of it,—the first impression that it will make upon most of us will be, that although all this is, in reality, new to us, we have been very familiar with it in books and pictures.

As we walk along the broad highway which leads from the village, we meet a man who may perhaps surprise us. This is a letter-carrier, with his bag, briskly walking away into the open country. The nearest post-office is at Prince's Risborough, some miles away; but here he is, delivering letters at the farmhouses and country seats in the neighborhood, and when he goes back he will collect them from the little box set up against a garden wall in the village. This is very different from what we see in our country, where it is only in cities that letters are delivered, and in quite large towns persons who want their letters must go to the post-office for them. But in England letters are delivered everywhere, and even in the quietest country place people can have the pleasure of hearing the postman's knock at the door. Some of these carriers must take very long walks; but English people do not appear to object to that sort of thing. Two young girls, the daughters of our hostess, will, at any time, step over to Prince's Risborough and back, a distance of more than five miles, and think nothing of it.

But we shall want to see so much in this beautiful county of Bucks, that we shall not be content with walking; and the next morning we will set out for a good long drive, some of us in a "fly," and some in little pony carriages, which last we can hire for about three shillings a day, if we drive ourselves and give the horse some beans for a midday meal. The day is clear and bright, and we see that even in this well-sprinkled isle it is possible to have blue sky and sunny air. The country we pass through is gently rolling, with here and there hills of considerable height. Many of the fields are covered with rich, luxuriant grass, and those which are cultivated look very small compared with American grain and corn fields; but these little plots are so carefully tilled that the

product from one of them is often quite as great as that from one of our very much larger fields. But, on the other hand, we see good-sized fields here planted with things which with us are generally grown in gardens, such as beans, which are largely used for horse and cattle feed. Speaking of corn, we find that in England this name is given to wheat, rye, barley, and other kinds of grain. In America the maize which our forefathers found was called Indian corn to distinguish it from the other grains; and when its cultivation became very general, we called it simply corn, and ceased to apply that name to any other kind of grain. We do not see this crop in England, although it has been introduced into some parts of the Continent.



A VILLAGE INN.

Many of the roads we drive over are just wide enough for two vehicles to pass each other, and are almost always bordered on each side by luxuriant hedges, often ten or twelve feet high. These are composed largely of hawthorn bushes; and as it is now the early part of June, these bushes are covered with lovely white, and sometimes light pink blossoms. Driving between these long lines of dainty-flowering and sweet-smelling rows of hedges is very delightful. It is true that the tall hedges cut off some of our view, but the hawthorn bushes, with here and there a pretty clump of green trees, are enough to look at for a time. After a while we come out upon the brow of a hill and on a wider road where the hedges have been clipped; and here, stretching around us, are miles and miles of lovely English scenery. What we principally see are green fields divided by hedgerows, and masses of trees and shrubbery all richly green, and of luxuriant growth. We seldom see rows of fences, or wide, unshaded stretches of pasture land. The country is so pretty and so picturesque that one might think it had been laid out and planted like a landscape garden or a park simply to make it look beautiful; but, of course, this is not the case, for the farmers of England, like most other farmers, prefer the useful to the ornamental; but centuries of careful cultivation and rain, added to a considerable degree of good taste on the part of the great proprietors, have made England the lovely country that it is.

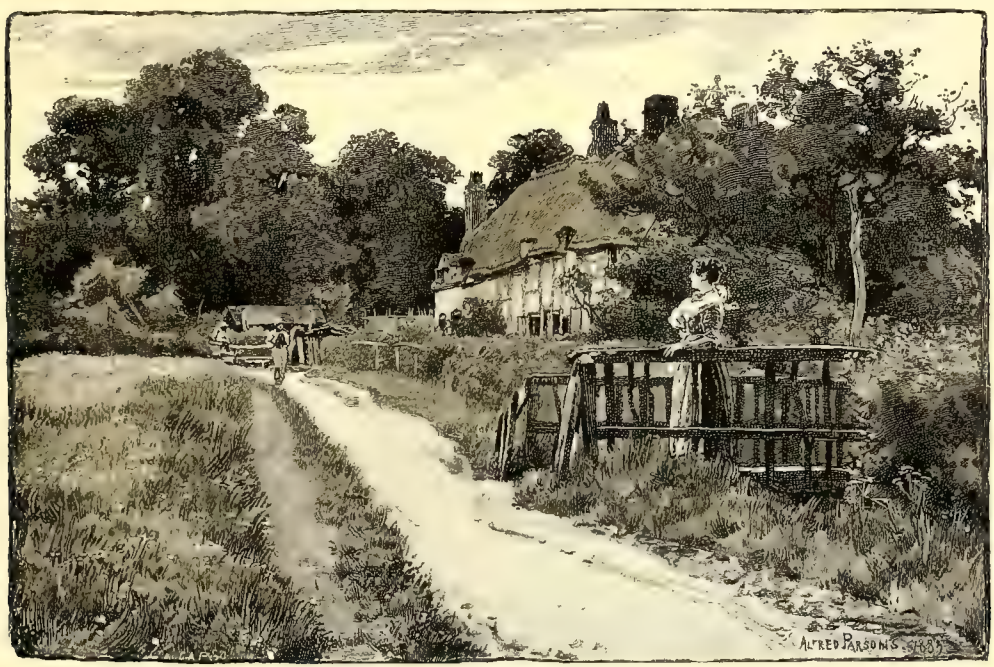
On the side of a high, long hill lies a very

pretty little village called Whiteleaf, and above it, flat against the green slope of the hill, we see an immense white cross. It is so large that it is visible at a distance of many miles. It looks as if it were about a quarter of a mile long, and it is formed by cutting away the green turf and exposing the white chalk which, in this part of the country, lies directly underneath the top soil. This work was done by an antiquarian society, to commemorate a great battle fought here between the Danes and Saxons. The society owns the land, and has appropriated funds to keep the cross always white, and clean from grass and weeds.

Among the things which will appear novel to us will be the great number of little public-houses, or inns, which we shall see scattered about the country, generally at the junction of two roads. These have signs with their names, such as "The Three Crowns," "The White Hart," "The Swan," "The Plough and Harrow," for instance, and a picture of these objects painted thereon. English people drink a great deal of beer and ale, and no matter how secluded and quiet the spot may be where we find one of these inns, we shall generally see a wagon or a two-wheeled spring-cart standing outside, while the owner is refreshing himself within.

Another thing which makes country driving here different from what it is at home, and not only different, but very much more safe and pleasant, is the fact that wherever a road crosses a railroad track, it either goes over it by a bridge or under it by a little tunnel. There is no driving across the rails; and the tall sign, with "Look out for the locomotive" painted on it, is unnecessary here.

We are not going anywhere in particular this morning, and merely drive wherever our fancy leads us. We pass cottages with thatches on them sometimes a foot thick; large farmhouses, and now and then a private residence, generally standing back, and well shaded by trees; and we drive through two villages not far from each other, called Great Kimball and Little Kimball. In the former is a handsome old church, built of small stones very oddly arranged, which is interesting to us, not only on account of its appearance, but because in the churchyard around it began the great English revolution of the seventeenth century. Here Cromwell, Ireton, and Hampden met and arranged their plans and projects.



A QUIET BIT OF ENGLISH COUNTRY.

Not far away is Hampden Park, a large estate which once belonged to John Hampden, but is now the property of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. There is a road through this park which is free to the public, and you may be sure we shall drive through it. The park is very extensive, and we are immediately struck by the magnificent appearance of the trees. Some of the great beeches are

as round and symmetrical as if they had been trimmed, and the foliage everywhere is very thick and heavy. Although the park, in portions, is so thickly wooded that it seems like a little forest, the trees are well cared for, and each one is allowed to have plenty of room to expand itself in a natural and symmetrical way. At a distance we catch a view of the house, and not far away from it we see a curious-looking tree called a copper-beech, the leaves of which are of the color of a bright English penny. These trees are comparatively rare, and only a few of them are to be found in the country. In an open sunny space, we notice, not far from the road, standing among the thick grass, two handsome birds as large as our ordinary poultry. They are pheasants, and do not appear to be in the least disturbed at seeing us. They probably know that no one will be allowed to harm them except in the game season, which will not arrive for several months. The laws regarding game are very strict in England, and even in the shooting season no one who does not "preserve" game, as the rearing and care of it is here called, is allowed to kill a rabbit, a partridge, or a pheasant, even on his own property. All such game is considered to belong to those persons in the neighborhood who have "preserves." If a rabbit should come into the garden of the house where we are staying, and be found eating the cabbages, it may be driven away, but if the owner of the garden should catch or kill it, he would be subject to a penalty.

It must not be supposed that the great proprietors are always stingy about their game. On one of the estates of the Prince of Wales each poor man is allowed to come to the house every day in the shooting season, and get one rabbit. He is perfectly welcome to the animal, now it is dead, for the Prince and his friends could not possibly eat all they shoot; but if he should presume to deprive the owner of the pleasure of killing it, he would be a poacher and be put in prison.

As we drive on we see, to the left, a beautiful open glade, the sides of which are perfectly parallel, running for about a mile through the thick woods. When Queen Elizabeth once made a visit here, and was about to return to London, this opening was cut through the park as a road by which Her Majesty might reach the highway in the most direct manner, and so have a shorter journey to London. This royal road was only used on this occasion, and the wide avenue is now covered with rich grass and is called Queen Elizabeth's Glade.

After driving a mile or two among the grand old trees of the park, we come out upon a public road and soon reach Hampden Common, which is a wide, open space, covered with short grass and, in places, with heavy growths of gorse, which is a short, prickly bush just beginning to show large masses of yellow flowers. On the edge of the open space we see some cottages, and, although all the land here is the property of the Earl, the poor people living in these have a right, which has been possessed for generations, to the use of this common for grazing and other purposes. Wandering about on the short grass, we may see a great many flocks of ducks, most of them young, downy, and as yellow as canary birds. The raising of ducks is a great industry among the poor people in this part of the country, which is not far from Aylesbury, the home of a very famous breed of ducks. A number of beautiful black sheep, with black heads and legs, are grazing not far from us; and as this is one of the English commons about which we have so often read, we naturally look for a gypsy encampment. This we do not see, although it is quite probable that if we were to come some other day we might find one.

We return home by the way of Prince's Risborough, which is quite a little town, consisting mainly of a long street of old-fashioned, two-story houses with queer gables and brass knockers; a funny little market-house in an open space to one side; and rather more houses of entertainment for man and beast than there seem to be men and beasts to entertain.

On another day we shall take a drive of about eight miles to Hughenden, which was the residence of the late Benjamin Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield. Our way takes us through a variety of pretty shaded lanes, with now and then an open road; and sometimes we pass a perfectly green lane, entirely covered with short, thick turf, along which it must be very pleasant to wander on foot. When we reach Hughenden Park we first visit the church, at the back of which is the tomb of the famous novelist and statesman. On the wall of the church is a tall tablet containing a long inscription in praise of the great man's wife, but not a word to indicate that he himself was anybody in particular.

Other parts of the churchyard are occupied by old, old graves and tombstones, and in it stands a picturesque thatched cottage, in which the sexton lives. Farther on is the rectory, a remarkably pretty house, surrounded by fine grounds and shrubbery; and we soon reach the mansion of Hughenden, which, although a very large house, is not pretentious-looking nor very handsome. We pass through great gates of ornamental iron-work, surmounted by the gilded crown and castle of the Disraeli coat of arms.

The grounds immediately around the house are kept in very fine order; the broad gravel

drive is as smooth and hard as a floor, while the grass is cut and rolled so that there does not seem to be a single blade more than half an inch high. Instead of a portico, we see on each side of the entrance, door, which is but a step above the ground, a large space, inclosed with great panes of plate-glass, filled with most beautiful flowers and tropical plants which give a very cheerful and bright appearance to the house.

We are met at the door by a neat little woman dressed in black, who is the housekeeper and looks at first in a rather forbidding way; but when she hears we are Americans who wish to see the house, she smiles very pleasantly and invites us to walk in. English country houses, during the absence of their owners, are generally shown to respectable visitors. This house is occupied at present by a gentleman who will live here until the nephew of the late owner comes of age, but the house is kept in the same condition that it was when Lord Beaconsfield was alive. It is furnished with simple elegance, but there is nothing grand or gorgeous about it, such as we might expect to see in the home of the man who wrote "Lothair," and who made his Queen the Empress of India. There is a room which was furnished for Queen Victoria, when she made a visit here; and some of the girls may take an interest in a chair which was embroidered by the Princess Beatrice.

When we have taken leave of the housekeeper, and have dropped some silver into her hand, we drive out through another part of the park and go on a few miles farther to the important town of Wycombe; and here we have an opportunity of seeing an English country town on market-day. Many of the houses are very old-fashioned, having upper stories projecting two or three feet over the sidewalk, with funny little shops beneath. The main street is very wide, and to-day very busy; everywhere we see farmers who have come, some in spring-carts and some on horseback; all sorts of people are walking among the vehicles, and a great part of the street is occupied by little pens, in which sheep or calves are confined, while cows are standing by the curbstone, the purchasers and sellers talking and shouting around them. Passing the live stock, we see large spaces in the street covered with cheap tin and wooden ware; and, besides these, there are displays of dry goods and all sorts of things which country people would come to town to buy. It is more like a fair than a market, and, although we are rather late in the day to see the best of it, it is a very bustling and interesting scene.

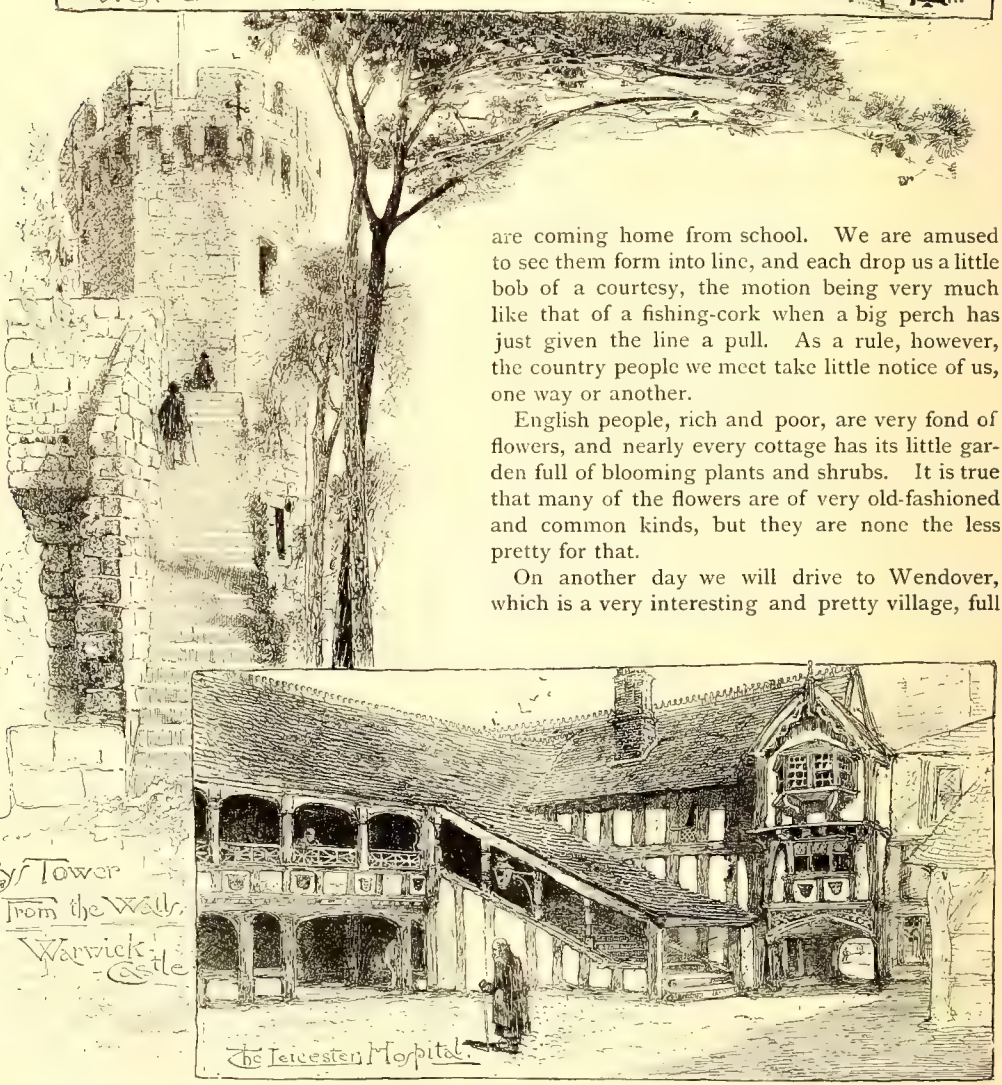
It is now time for ourselves and our horses to have something to eat, so we go to the Red Lion Inn, over the door of which is a great wooden lion, painted red, with a long, straight tail with a tuft at the end like a dust-brush. This is one of the old-time inns, such as we read about in Dickens's stories. We drive under an archway which leads back to the stables; and on one side is a door opening into the handsomely furnished bar, behind the counter of which is a nice buxom Englishwoman; and beyond this is the tap-room, where the farmers sit down to drink their ale and beer. We alight at the door to the right, which leads to the coffee-room, a large room with a long wide dining-table in the center. The furniture is heavy, but very comfortable, and the walls are hung with a variety of pictures, a series of which show the various accidents which used to befall the old stage-coaches. We sit around the table, and when a great joint of cold beef, the half of a cheese, a loaf of bread, some butter, some lettuce and water-cresses, and two or three pitchers of brown stout or ale have been placed before us, the waiter goes away, and leaves us to eat and drink as much as we please. This is the usual fashion in the English inns; a portion is not brought to each one, but we cut what we like from the joint, the loaf, and the cheese, and all are charged the same, whether we eat little or much.

When we have eaten a hearty meal, and have looked at all the dogs, horses, coaches, and portraits on the walls, we "tip" the waiter, "tip" the hostlers who have taken care of our horses, "tip" the bar-maid who brings us our change, and drive away home by a different road from that we came.

We pass a beautiful park belonging to Lady Dashwood, which extends for a long distance, and not far from the road we see the family mausoleum, which is a large temple-like building on the top of a hill. It seems rather queer to meet a common cart with Lady Dashwood's name on it, but all vehicles used for draught on public roads in England must have painted upon them the name of the owner, and we may sometimes see an earl's name upon a hay-wagon or a cart loaded with gravel. Some of the famous and wealthy family of Rothschild live in this county, and whenever we pass one of their farm gates we see the initials of the owner painted upon it. In our country it is very seldom that we can find out in this way the owners of the estates we see.

Very often, when we pass a cottage by the roadside, we notice, through the open door, a woman with a little pillow on her lap making lace. A great deal of lace of a pretty but not very expensive kind is made by the poor women in this part of the country, but they do not get much money by it. Near some of these cottages we meet three or four little girls, coarsely but neatly dressed, who





are coming home from school. We are amused to see them form into line, and each drop us a little bob of a courtesy, the motion being very much like that of a fishing-cork when a big perch has just given the line a pull. As a rule, however, the country people we meet take little notice of us, one way or another.

English people, rich and poor, are very fond of flowers, and nearly every cottage has its little garden full of blooming plants and shrubs. It is true that many of the flowers are of very old-fashioned and common kinds, but they are none the less pretty for that.

On another day we will drive to Wendover, which is a very interesting and pretty village, full

of Queen Anne cottages. There are plenty of cottages of this style around the suburbs of our large cities; but those we see here were built in Queen Anne's time, and I doubt if the village has changed very much since the days of that good lady. If we happen to want any postage-stamps, or some pens and paper, it will be well for us to go into a little shop, which is also the post-office, and see what a queer place an English country shop may be, with its low ceiling, its woodwork darkened by time, its little windows, and the neat old woman with white cap and apron who waits on us.

When we have driven and walked as much as we please through this beautiful county of Bucks, we shall have a good idea of English country life where the influence of railroads and cities is little felt. But we could go into other country places, and find scenes and people very different from those among which we have been. Although England is so small, there is much variety in her landscape and country, as well as in the manners and customs of the people.

We shall visit various places of interest in England, but I can speak of but one of them now. This is Warwick Castle (here pronounced Worrick), which once belonged to the famous Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker." As the family is away (nearly all great country families are in London at this season of the year), we can visit this celebrated castle and get an idea of high life in the English country, both as it is to-day and as it was in the Middle Ages.

This immense building is the finest feudal castle now remaining in England. It stands upon a high rocky bluff, overlooking the River Avon; and when we have walked up through the grounds, we see before us the huge battlements and towers of a real baronial castle. On one side of the entrance is Cæsar's Tower, which dates back to the Norman Conquest; on the other side is Guy's Tower, a fortress one hundred and eighty feet high, with walls ten feet thick. Between these is the arched gateway, with an ancient portcullis armed with spikes, which, by the orders of the present earl, who likes to keep up everything in the olden fashion, is let down and bolted every night. The inner court is a wide, grassy square, surrounded by the towers and buildings of the castle.

We first enter the great hall, which is large and lofty enough for a church. All around the walls we see spears, battle-axes, and other weapons belonging to the ancient earls, some of them once used by the great Guy of Warwick, who lived in the tenth century, and who is said to have been nearly eight feet high. In this hall is an immense iron pot, which is called Guy's punch-bowl. From this room we look, for a distance of three hundred feet, through a line of splendid apartments. These rooms, called the red drawing-room, the gilt drawing-room, and so on, are furnished in the most costly and magnificent manner, many of the tables and other furniture being lavishly inlaid with silver and valuable stones.

Farther on we come to the State bedroom, which was once used by Queen Anne, and among the other interesting things in the room we see the Queen's trunk, which, although a very large and fine one for those days, is as different in weight and strength from our trunks as one of our houses is from one of her fortresses. All these rooms contain valuable paintings by old and modern artists, besides works of art in bronze and marble; and when we reach the corner room, and look out of the window, we find we are almost level with the top of a great cedar of Lebanon which is growing on the river bank beneath us. The boys will want to stop in the armory, which is a long passage, crowded on each side with weapons of many kinds, battle-axes, swords, spears, daggers, old-fashioned flint-lock guns, bows and arrows, and some arms of a more modern date. After passing through some other fine rooms, we go out again into the courts, where a great peacock is walking about on the grass, looking as proud as if he were one of the armed knights who with squires and pages were so often seen there in days gone by.

The town of Warwick is very interesting in itself, and when we enter it from the west it is by a gate which leads us directly through an old church tower.

A most interesting place is the old Leicester Hospital, which was founded by that Robert Dudley whom Queen Elizabeth made Earl of Leicester, and who will be well remembered by every one who has read Scott's novel, "Kenilworth." It was one of his few good deeds. This hospital supports twelve old soldiers and their wives. It is a beautifully picturesque group of old half-timber buildings in excellent preservation, and is now very much what it was in the sixteenth century. In the kitchen, which is the common sitting-room, hangs a piece of embroidery worked by Amy Robsart.

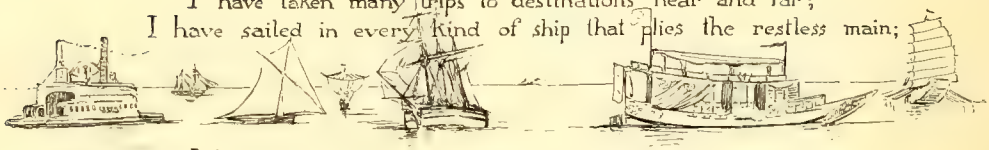
English country life in grand castles, and in the mansions of the aristocracy and the upper classes, is very different from what we have seen. It is, in fact, more stately, more luxurious, and more costly than life in town. The great houses are filled with visitors during the country season, and hospitality is generally extended on a magnificent scale, with the finest cooks, fashionable hours for meals, and all sorts of entertainments. The life we have been leading is simply that of well-to-do people in rural England.

A BIG MONOPOLY

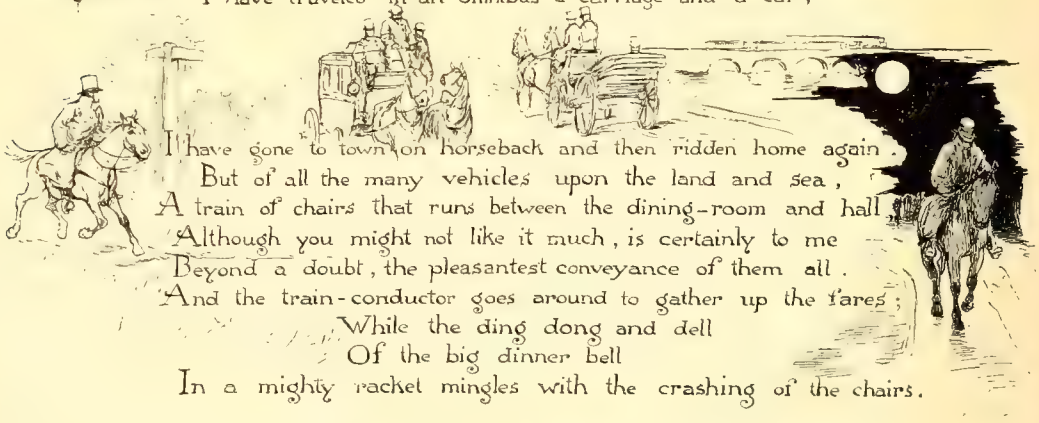


By T. Jackson

I have taken many trips to destinations near and far;
I have sailed in every kind of ship that plies the restless main;



I have traveled in an omnibus a carriage and a car;



I have gone to town on horseback and then ridden home again.
But of all the many vehicles upon the land and sea,
A train of chairs that runs between the dining-room and hall,
Although you might not like it much, is certainly to me
Beyond a doubt, the pleasantest conveyance of them all.
And the train-conductor goes around to gather up the fares;
While the ding dong and dell
Of the big dinner bell
In a mighty racket mingles with the crashing of the chairs.



WINNING A COMMISSION.

By George I. Putnam.

Chapter VI.

BACK IN BARRACKS.

The corps of cadets having again returned to barracks and established itself for the year, the days go by, one very like another, yet very different from those in camp. Let us see how one of these days is spent.

At six o'clock in the morning the corps is aroused from sleep by the discharge of a cannon, and immediately the shrill music of fife and drum is heard across the plain, coming nearer and nearer, until finally the drum-corps reaches the area of barracks; then its members scatter to the halls of the different divisions, and with additional clatter impress upon the heavy sleepers that they must arise and dress.

Again assembling, the drummers sound the last notes of reveille; and as the music ceases, the lines of the companies are formed and the rolls called by the first sergeants. The soldierly virtue of promptitude is evidently not possessed by all, for some unlucky individuals come rushing down the steps and dash into ranks just a moment too late; and to-morrow at parade they will hear their names published in connection with the report, "Late at reveille."

Immediately after the roll is finished, police-call is sounded, and now the rooms are put in order for the day. The cadet in each room who is "orderly" for that week sweeps the floor, dusts, sees that the washbowl is inverted, and performs all the duties connected with making the room tidy.

At fifteen minutes past six, surgeon's call is beaten. Those on the "sick report" repair to the hospital, where they describe their condition to the surgeon, and are "pilled or painted" as the case may require; for quinine pills and iodine are sovereign remedies for nearly all cadet ailments.

At twenty minutes past six the two senior cadet officers in each division inspect the rooms in their charge; and this inspection brings grief to some unwary cadets, for one has forgotten to invert his washbowl, another has no coat on, the table of a third is in disorder, and still a fourth has not piled his bedding properly. All these little delinquencies must be reported, and each of course will bring its penalty.

The first call for breakfast sounds at twenty-five minutes after six; five minutes later the "assembly" hastens the footsteps of the laggards, the companies are again formed, the rolls called, and the battalion, under command of the senior cadet captain, marches to breakfast. Twenty minutes is allowed for this meal, and the battalion then marches back. The ceremony of guard-mounting takes place at seven, and those detailed for guard-duty must attend. For the others the hour from seven to eight is "release from quarters"; and during that time they can walk, read, or occupy themselves as they please.

At eight o'clock the notes of the bugle call one-half the corps to recitations. The sections are formed in the area, and marched to their respective recitation-rooms in the Academic Building, where every section marcher reports to his instructor, "All are present, sir," or "Cadets Jones and Williamson are absent, sir," as he had previously reported to the officer of the day. The members of each section then take seats, while the instructor, after indicating the lesson of the next day, gives out the subjects for immediate recitation. Looking over his book of marks, the instructor of the first section in second-year mathematics says, "Mister Arden." Fred steps quickly to the center of the room, faces the instructor, and receives the statement of the proposition he is to discuss. Then, facing about, he goes to the blackboard on the right, writes his name in the right upper corner, and then puts down such work as may be necessary for the demonstration.

Meanwhile others of the section are given subjects to discuss at the other boards, and others are called up and questioned on the lesson of this and the preceding day. As each one at the blackboards becomes ready to recite, he takes the "pointer" in his hand, and, facing the instructor, stands in the position of a soldier until he is called upon to recite. He then states what he is required to do, and proceeds with the demonstration to the best of his ability. His recitation finished, the instructor says, "That will do, sir!" and marks him on his recitation. The mark awarded a perfect recitation is three, and from this the marks are graded, by tenths, to zero. So when a cadet gets a three, he remarks that he "maxed it," or that he "zagged regardless"; a "two-five" (2.5) indicates a good recitation, and two stands for a poor one, while anything below two shows that the cadet "fessed frigid."

At half-past nine the bugle again sounds, and

the sections at recitation return to their quarters, giving place to the other half of the corps.

Returning to his room, Fred takes his French books down and studies, or, as he would say, "bones," the lesson of the day; for he goes to that recitation at eleven. But suddenly he hears footsteps in the hall below, and they are stopping at each door. The "tac" is inspecting. Fred casts a hurried glance around the room, brushes a little dust off the mantel, places the broom so as



IN BARRACKS.

more effectually to conceal the sweepings behind it, for he has not properly policed his room this morning, and, satisfied that he will not be demerited for any disorder, calmly awaits the inspection. Soon a single tap at the door causes him to spring to attention as the officer walks into the room and notes its appearance. He goes out again without a word, and Fred congratulates himself on "no demerit that time." He is somewhat chagrined at parade the next morning to hear in the delinquency list:

"Arden: Shoes at foot of bed not properly aligned, at A.M. inspection.

"Same: Sweepings of room behind broom at same."

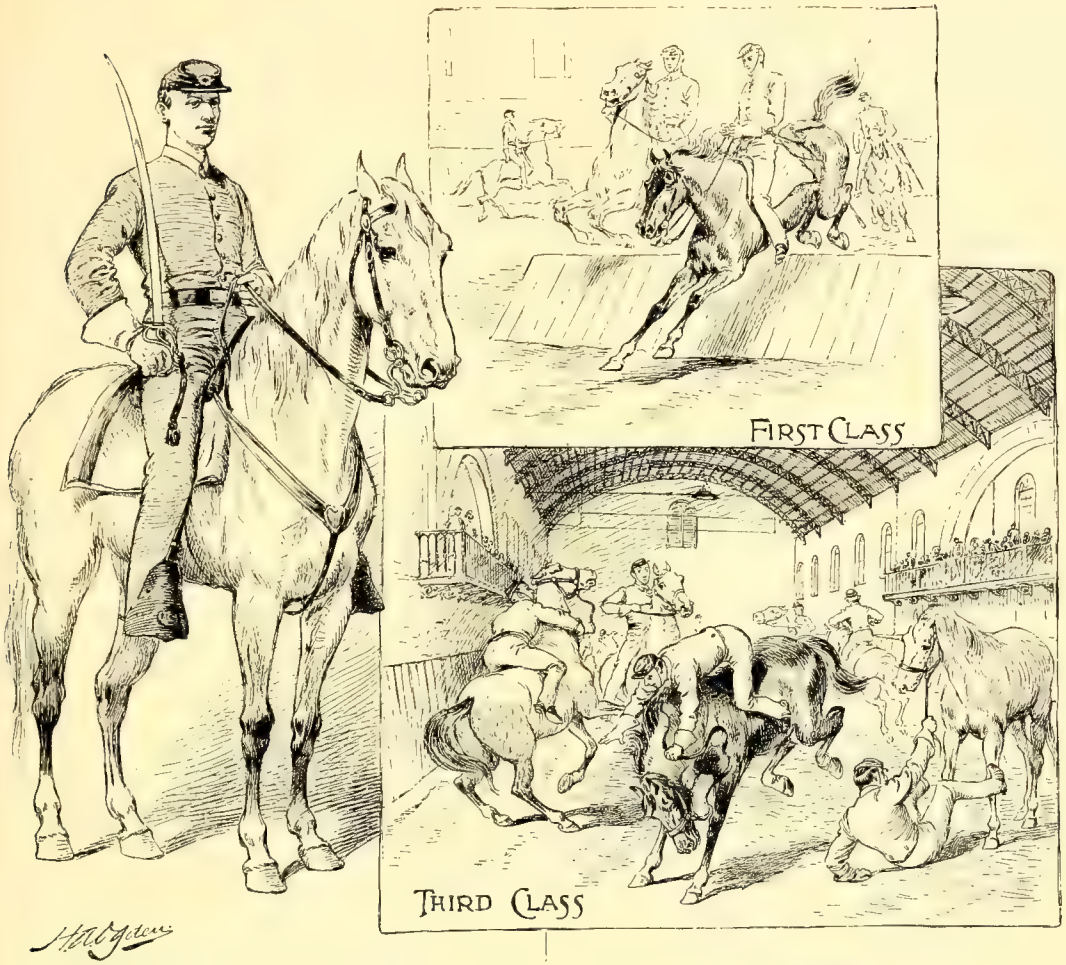
At one o'clock, dinner is served; and at two, recitations again commence and last until four. During these two hours on alternate days, half of the third class receives instruction in drawing, while the other half, divided into two platoons, practices riding at the riding-hall. It is accounted "great fun" to witness the first rides of the yearlings, so we will go down there and laugh at their mishaps.

Mounting the stairs to the gallery, we look down upon a large space strewn with tanbark, at one end of which is a row of some twenty horses with watering-bridles. Soon the performers file in and come to a halt in front of the horses. Do they intend to ride with only a watering-bridle, without even saddle or blanket? They will try to, at all events. The instructor commands:

"Stand to horse! Prepare to mount. Mount!"

In obedience to his command the cadets spring, struggle, leap, and kick, in their endeavors to bestride their steeds. The moment they are mounted, several horses develop astonishing bucking propensities, to the anguish of their riders and the delight of the gallery. Now they start around the hall at a walk. It seems rather tame, does n't it? But soon the command "trot!" is given, and the fun begins. The poor fellows bounce about on the horses' backs like India-rubber boys, and wabble from side to side like jumping-jacks. The trot is accelerated, the horses take the gallop, and dash around the hall, tumbling their riders in heaps at the corners, while those who by chance are still mounted grasp frantically at their horses' manes. Finally, the gait is reduced to a walk; line is formed; the dismounted yearlings, nothing daunted, catch their horses and remount, and then the performance is repeated.

If we had visited the gymnasium and fencing-academy in the morning, we should have seen sections of the fourth class exercising under a rigid system of instruction; and if from there we had gone to the riding-hall at the hour of first-class attendance, we should have seen exhibited the high degree of muscular skill and activity to which the system of training in gymnasium and riding-hall brings cadets. For the first-class cadets ride



like Indians. It is immaterial to them whether they have a saddle or blanket or ride bareback. They leap hurdles, go through the saber exercise, and are adepts at pistol practice; they mount, dismount, vault their horses and pick up articles from the ground, all while at full speed; they ride forward, backward, sideways, and double; lying down, kneeling, and standing up. Visitors at the riding-hall during first-class hours go to admire, not to laugh.



Returning from witnessing the third-class ride, we find that it is four o'clock, and recitations are over for the day. At this hour, except during the winter months, there is infantry or artillery drill for an hour, each day. But when, at the beginning of November, these drills are suspended, the time from four o'clock until parade is "release from quarters," and all enjoy it as best they can. Some start off for brisk, bracing walks. Going

through the gymnasium, we find there numbers of muscular youngsters who have not had enough exercise through the day, and are working off their superabundant energy on the trapezes, rings, and bars. The sound of music attracts us then to the fencing-academy, and a glance in there shows quite a party of cadets dancing with one another to the music of violins and a double bass. Still other cadets will be found in the library, reading. Thus does the corps occupy itself during off hours. Between five and six in the afternoon, the beating of the drums causes all to assemble for parade, and immediately after the ceremony they march to supper.

Twenty minutes after the return of the battalion from supper, call to quarters is sounded, and all cadets are supposed to hasten to the respective rooms and begin to prepare the lessons of the morrow. The members of the guard which was mounted in the morning are posted as sentinels in the halls of barracks, charged with the duty of preventing visiting, and of maintaining quiet and good order through the evening. They are taken off post at fifteen minutes before ten; and at ten, three taps on the drum give the signal for retiring, when all lights must be extinguished and all cadets in bed. Exception is made in favor of the first class, who are allowed lights until eleven; but after that hour, the entire corps sleeps until aroused by reveille the next morning.

(To be concluded.)



KATY-DID—KATY-DID N'T.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

Who was Katy, who was she,
That you prate of her so long?
Was she just a little lassie
Full of smiles and wiles and song?

Did she spill the cups o' dew
Filled for helpless, thirsty posies?
Did she tie a butterfly
Just beyond the reach o' roses?

Slandered she some sweet dumb thing?
Called a tulip dull and plain,
Said the clover had no fragrance,
And the lily had a stain?

Did she mock the pansies' faces,
Or a grandpa-longlegs flout?
Did she chase the frightened fireflies
Till their pretty lamps went out?

Well whatever 't was, O Katy!
We believe no harm of you,
And we 'll join your stanch defenders,
Singing "Katy-did n't," too.

THE PLOWMAN OF THE VOLGA PLAINS.

(From the Russian of Alexis Koltzoff.)

By Henry Tyrrell.

[Alexis Vassilievich Koltzoff, the Robert Burns of Russian poetry, was the son of a cattle-dealer, and was born in Voronej, Southern Russia, in 1809. In summer he tended his father's cattle on the steppes, and in winter he drove them to market. He received little school education, but his intimacy with life on the plains appears in all his poetry. His talent attracted the attention of patrons of Russian literature, and he was about to go to St. Petersburg to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits when death cut short his career. He died in 1842, aged thirty-three years. Koltzoff's songs are among the chief gems of Russian verse.]

Up, my horse, pull!
Three good acres in the field;
To our plow it all must yield,
Moist, dark furrows turning.
See! behind the forest dim
Peeps the sun's uprising rim,
Splendidly burning.

On, my horse, pull!
I am master and servant to thee,
Working behind thee merrily,
Plow and harrow minding,
Sowing still in sun and rain;
Then, in time of ripened grain,
Reaping and binding.

Up, then, my horse!
Hurry on the shining share,
Cozy cradle to prepare
For the seedlets' slumber.
Mother Earth will nurse and rear,
Till their tresses green appear—
Blades without number.

On, then, my horse!
Think of the tall corn, waving bold,
Slowly turning from green to gold,
Hung with plump ears mellow.
We shall hear the sickle soon.
Oh, how sweet the rest at noon,
On the sheaves yellow!

Pull! For thee, my horse,
Good feed, water from the spring.
While we toil, my heart shall sing:
Grant, O Lord, full measure!
Let no blight of hail or rain
Fall upon my field of grain—
'T is all my treasure.

A GUNPOWDER PLOT.

BY JESSIE C. GLASIER.

"HI! Reckon we-all 's gwine to 'membah dis yer day long 's we lib!" shouted Clum, balancing himself for an instant on his woolly head, then turning a handspring that brought him down with a bound on the cellar door, in the midst of the little group assembled there calmly watching an April sunset.



"Yo''re a clumsy chile! Like to jounce yo' sistah off dis doah!" cried 'Vangeline, frowning at him as she smoothed out her stiffly starched white apron and pulled three-year-old Silvia closer to her side.

Clum, however, paid no heed to her reproof. "Jes' look at dat great pink an' yaller cloud!" he broke out. "Looks fer all de worl' like dat 'Tilda Smif when she wuz up in dat gran' charyi't wid her dress spread out all 'roun' her, an' dem big roses on her head —"

"An' de drums a-bangin', an' de whistles tootin'," burst in Abe, rolling his great black eyes at the remembrance.

"Yas; an' de percession marchin', marchin'! I kin see dem red coats an' blue trowsahs yit," went on Clum. "An' oh, de music dat ban' played!"

"An' de Queens o' Beauty an' Maids o' Honah! — dey was the han'somest," put in 'Vangeline. "Laws, but did n' deir crowns shine! 'Deed, I'se mighty glad o' 'Mancerpation Day! Ye don' see sech sights no othah time, now, I tell ye."

The boy stretched at full length on the old cellar door gathered himself up lazily at this.

"It 'll do well 'nuff," he remarked with lofty superiority; "but a percession ain' nowha', to my min', 'thout thar 's some firin'. Now, I 've be'n turnin' the mattah ovah, an' I say, right yer, I cud get up somethin' a heap sight better 'n what you-all 's b'en goin' on so 'bout."

Four dusky faces turned to his in astonishment. 'Vangeline was the first to speak.

"Wataloo Bridges! What foolishness is you a-talkin'?" she demanded with great dignity.

"Like to know whah 's yo' gwine get yo' unifo'ms?" muttered Clum.

"An' de ban' to play fur ye?" piped Abe.

Waterloo fished a bit of sassafras-root from a ragged pocket, and bit it in silence until the curiosity of his brothers and sisters was at what he considered the proper pitch.

"'T ain' the numbah of people in a percession," he announced finally. "Ef I wuz to invite you all to 'sist me, we cud perduce a cel'brashun sech as wuz nevah seen inside the Distric' befo'! Silvy, yer, she sh'd be Queen."

"Jes' 's if dey wan' some udder folks a heap mo' fitten to be Queen!" interrupted 'Vangeline indignantly. "Silvy ain' nothin' but a baby."

"Silvy sh'd be Queen," repeated the Master of Ceremonies, with authority. "Ain' yo' got sense to see Abe cud p'ramberlate her 'roun' in his cart? I sh'd want you ter march ter the head o' the percession, nex' to me. I sh'd be fust, in co'se, an' d'rect the firin'."

"Firin'!" cried all four in a breath.

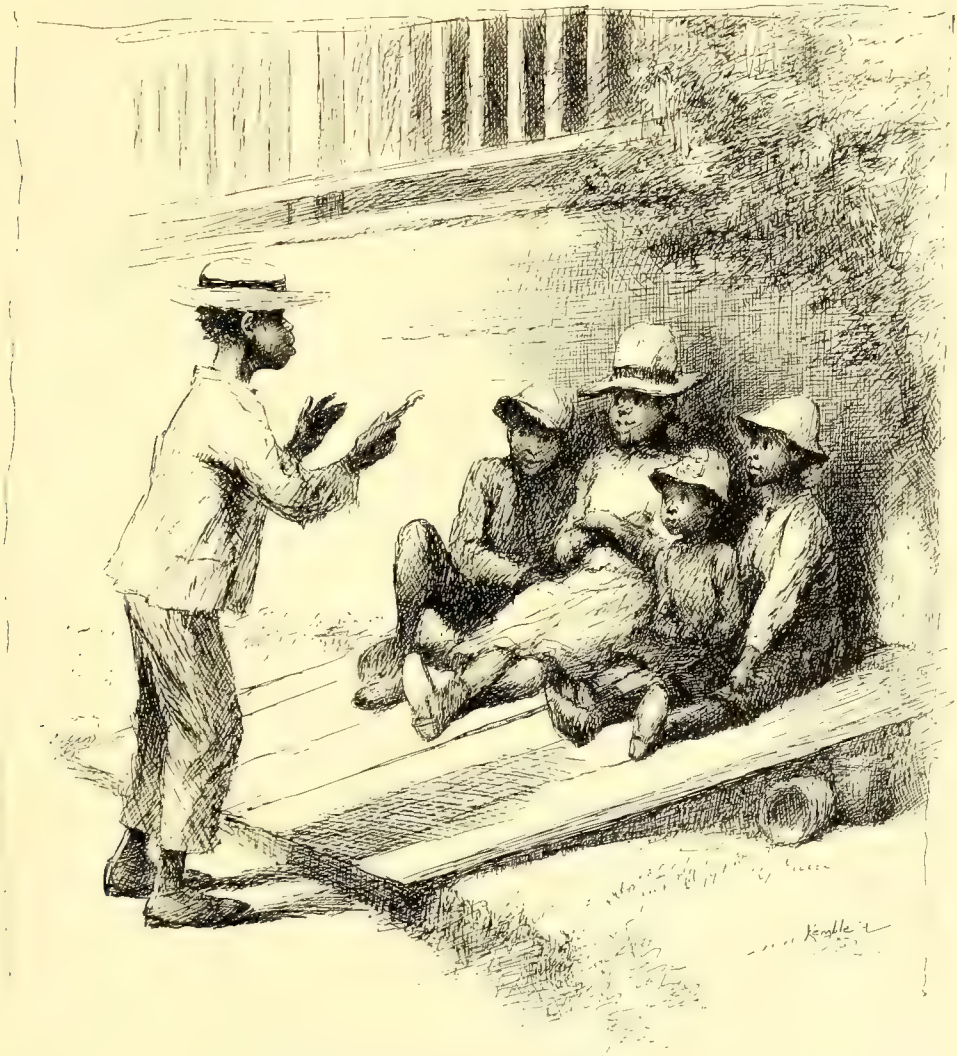
"Did n' I jes' say a percession was n' wuth noticin', 'thout they wuz guns or am'nition o' that natchah bein' discha'ged? I shall procuah powdah, an' I shall — But you child'n wud n't on'erstan', ef I sh'd 'tempt ter explain what 's in my min'," and Waterloo fell to biting a fresh piece of sassafras, with an air of great mystery and superior wisdom.

The little group on the cellar door gazed at their brother in silence. He had been to them an object of awe and admiration ever since he came home from Baltimore, two years before. What marvelous sights had he not witnessed in that great city! What wonderful knowledge had he not gained since then, at the colored school around the corner! What could be more thrilling than to hear him read from his favorite book, a tattered United States History,— spelling out the long names, by the firelight, his eyes sparkling with enjoyment of the story of battle or bombardment! Surely, from that book he must have gained this latest inspiration! Already he had invented much that was wonderful for their amusement; but this new plan

promised to surpass anything yet devised. Was there ever any one so clever, so worthy to be imitated, so much to be admired? 'Vangeline and Clum, Abe, and even round-eyed Silvy, sucking her fat black thumb in her sister's lap, would have said "No!" unhesitatingly.

Waterloo, meanwhile, was turning his splendid project over and over inside his kinky pate. Through most of the twelve years of his life he had cherished one great ambition,— some day he would be a famous commander, a general perhaps, or a captain with a uniform covered with badges, tokens of his valor. He would wear a sword with diamonds in the hilt; he would lead great armies to victory; he would himself perform exploits far more heroic than anything recorded in his beloved history. He gloried in the martial sound of his name, and longed for an opportunity to exhibit his power to command.

If he succeeded in carrying out this plan, now dilating in his brain, might he not be treading the first steps on the road to distinction?



"EF I WUZ TO INVITE YOU ALL TO 'SIST ME, WE CUD PERDUCE A CEL'BRASHUN SECH AS WUZ NEVAH SEEN BEFO'!"

But now Clum's voice broke rudely on his dream of glory.

"How 's ye gwine to get yo' powdah, 'Loo?"

"Ho! That 's easy 'nuff," was the scornful answer. "Ef you child'n cud keep anything to yoreselfs, mebbe I might tell ye mo'," he added with

condescension. His great idea had grown too big for one head to hold in comfort.

"We 'll nebber tell, sho 's yo' bawn! 'Deed, 'n' we won't!" cried the chorus, and Waterloo proceeded.

"Ovah to ouah school thar 's a boy dat thinks a heap o' me, an' he wuks 'roun some days in a sto' whar they sells powdah 'n' shot, 'n' so fofe. He kin manage to sell me some, ef I arsk him. Then I 'll git some jes' the right kin' o' bits o' wood from the rubbish ovah yer to dem new houses, an' I 'll take an' bo' the inside clean outen the sticks — foun' somethin' jus' th' othah day I kin bo' with easy nuff. Then I 'll cram powdah inta the holes, an' plug 'em tight, an' have a fuse —"

"W'at 's dat?" ventured Clum and Abe, together.

Waterloo frowned sternly.

"How often you-uns gwine to interrup' me? Nevah see sech chil'n! What 's a fuse? Why, it 's a — a — you jes' wait, 'n' you 'll see what it is. I'se read 'bout 'em mo' times 'n yo' kin count. I kin fix 'em. Lawzee! Won' they mek a glor'us bangin'! One o' them fired off w'en we 's jus' gwine start out, an' mo' all 'long while we 's a-marchin'— tell ye, it 'ill knock 'Mancerpation Day clean inter the shade!"

"An' I kin blow de mouf organ!" cried Abe, his little thin face beaming with delight. "An' Clum an' 'Vangeline, dey kin toot de horns we had las' Chris'mus. Glory, glory! Won' it be gorgeousome!"

"Reckin we bettah arsk Micky Barnes ter go 'long; he 's got a bran new cart, heap bigger 'n Abe's,— do fust rate to tote Silvy in," put in Clum, turning a somersault to show his appreciation of the plan.

But 'Vangeline promptly crushed his suggestion.

"G'way from yeah, boy! Don' yo' know bettah 'n ter 'sociate wid Micky Barnes? He 's got no mannahs!" she cried, her small nose elevated to its utmost expression of scorn.

But Clum was not to be put down.

"'Loo, w'at 'll de boy do dat 's gwine fotch de powdah? Reckin yo' 'll hafter arsk him to jine de percession."

'Loo looked serious for a moment, then he declared loftily:

"I ain' 'bliged to explain w'at fo' I want it; an' I'se settled in my min' not to have any outside o' de fam'ly in this yer cel'brashun. I 'll get de key to the back cellah," he went on, lowering his voice cautiously, "an' sto' all the fixin's in thar. An' we 'll have it on some day w'en Mammy 's to the Williamses', washin'!"

"S'posin' Miss Elsie 'd fin' it out?" whispered Abe.

"She don' go neah the coal-cellah. An' besides she an' Miss Kate, dey 'll be into the pahla, long o' her granma. They won' need know nothin' 't all 'bout it."

"Laws-a-massy, 'Loo! Wish 't ye cud begin borin' dem sticks dis bery ebenin'. 'Pears like I kain't hardly wait!" sighed Abe, his mournful eyes dilating, and his little frame fairly quivering with eagerness.

"Hurrah fer de percession!" cried the irrepressible Clum, raising a shout in which all the rest joined. Even Silvy, usually silent and wise-looking as a small black owl, took her thumb from her mouth long enough to cry "Rah! Rah!" There is no knowing to what pitch the clamor would have risen if a little white-clad figure, all daintiness and grace, from the fair, curly head to the toe of the small slipper, had not just then stepped out on the porch above their heads, and, leaning over the railing, called in a soft, clear voice:

"It seems to me you 're making a great deal of noise down there. Are n't you?"

"'Deed, Miss Elsie, we done fo'git ou'selfs sometimes," shouted back Clum, as the tumult instantly subsided.

"Miss Elsie's" word was law with any of Liberty Ann's five children. They all loved her. Even Waterloo privately thought her wiser and far more beautiful than any of the queens he had read about in his history, or the princesses of fairy tales. But of all the children, Clum was "Little Missy's" ardent admirer and loyal slave. As for Elsie herself, her loving little heart never held a thought of resenting the half-respectful, half-condescending familiarity of her dusky friends downstairs. And that evening, as she went back into the house singing softly to herself, she only smiled at the late commotion in the area below.

It never occurred to her to wish that Liberty Ann and her five uproarious children did not wash and iron, cook, eat, chatter, and squabble, in three of the basement rooms that ran underneath the whole length of the great old-fashioned house.

When Liberty Ann was a slender, swift-footed young girl, instead of the fat, broad-backed mass of chuckling good-nature that she was now, she had been Elsie's grandmamma's own waiting-maid, and Elsie's mamma's willing nurse. Still later, she had watched over Elsie's own first faltering steps. Kind, faithful Liberty Ann! What was more natural than for her to come back to them, when, after Papa's death, Elsie and Mamma with what little they had left to live upon, returned to the old house, bringing Grandmamma, now feeble and infirm?

Liberty Ann's strong arms, in half an hour's brisk

rubbing, could drive the pain from Grandmamma's aching back and shoulders as no liniment could. Liberty Ann, and no one else, could starch Grandmamma's caps to the exact stiffness she liked best, or bring Elsie's own white dresses and ruffled aprons to glossy perfection. And as for the children — how should they ever do without them when it came to bringing water, and laying fires, answering the door-bell, sweeping the wide halls, the porches and the pavement, polishing the brasses and waxing the floors?

Send away Liberty Ann and the children? Do without them? Elsie would have opened her soft, dark eyes in amazement if you had hinted at such a thing. So would Elsie's mamma, "Miss Kate," as she was still called downstairs. So would Grandmamma herself.

As the fair-haired little figure in white turned back into the house, Abe looked after her with wistful eyes.

"Ef we cud on'y have Miss Elsie fer Queen, now!" he said longingly. 'Vangeline nodded.

"Would n' she make de bery fines' kin', tho'?— wid her yaller curls shinin' an' one o' dem lubly w'ite dresses on, an' flowahs piled up all ober her! 'Clar' to grashus! I kin 'mos' seem ter see her!" cried 'Vangeline, clasping her hands over her knees and rocking to and fro with delight.

"But she 's a heap too b'utiful, Miss Elsie is, ter be mixed up 'long ob a darkey show," she added with a long-drawn sigh.

"She 's too big!" declared 'Loo. "Cud n't git her inter Abe's cart; I saw at wuns she wud n' do fer Queen on dat 'count, else I sh'd rec'mended we arsk her."

"She 's my Queen, an' al'ays gwine t' be," said Clum. "Ain' nobody mo' fitten' t' be Queen, I knows. Laws, dem eyes o' hern sparkle like a fiah-bug! An' dat voice 's so sof'! W'en I grows up, I'se gwine —"

"Wha' 's yo' all at, yo' good-fer-nuttin' youngstahs? March in to bed, eb'ry las' one o' yo'," called Liberty Ann, showing her round jolly face in the doorway, at that moment; and in the children went, to dream of pink clouds that had yellow curls like Little Missy's, and of tin horns that wore blue uniforms and exploded with a crash, scattering yellow roses in all directions.

II.

THE old cellar door where these children held so many conferences belonged to a house that had been the pride of Georgetown fifty years ago. It was still pointed out as "the house that once was grand." Square and high, with broad piazzas at side and rear, and in front a spacious portico looking out upon the broad Potomac and the blue Virginia hills, this old homestead was a mansion of the true Southern type. Many a time in the old days had its lofty ceilings and polished floors rung with the sound of laughter and the tread of dancing feet. But gone were the merry-makers that tripped down its great oak staircase and thronged its wide halls in the days when the grandeur of Southern hospitality was a proverb.

Gone, too, was the crowd of sable retainers — slaves, the old house would have called them — that once trooped in and out, laden with close-covered dishes that sent appetizing whiffs all the way across the yard, from the kitchen to the "great house."

The soft summer twilight fell no longer on stately matrons and soft-eyed girls in fluttering muslins, grouped with their admiring cavaliers on the wide verandas, perhaps discussing the future of their beloved Georgetown. For who could have been blamed for prophesying at that time that this bustling port, with its packed warehouses and busy wharves, its mills and its markets, would yet surpass any of the provincial Atlantic cities? Already it had far outranked the neighboring scattered handful of buildings and crooked web of streets that called itself the Nation's Capital.

Many changes had the old mansion looked upon in its half century of varied experience. From its eastern windows it had watched Washington City rise, fair and stately, along the muddy wastes that in earlier years had been a laughing-stock. To the south, it had seen long files of soldiers marching down the street, over the bridge, on into Virginia. And when the cruel war was over, once a year in the fair April weather the old house had looked down on crowds of joyous black faces, beaming upon the sable procession that marched past with flags flying and bands of music pealing out their gayest strains in honor of the day when slavery's curse was lifted from the District forever.

"Emancipation Day" meant holiday and festival each year to the colored population, far and wide; but the streets through which the darkies, of all shades and ages, trooped in their gayest finery on the day of their last grand parade would never again look as they did when the old house was new. To the mansion this was the strangest change of all. Down by the river the empty warehouses crumbled along the idle wharves. Strangers smiled to see the grass growing thick between the stones in some of the steep, unused streets; to them the once proud and active city was simply "Old Georgetown" now. The very sunlight fell over the quaint town softly, as on the face of an aged man asleep.

In front of the mansion, the street-level had long

since been changed, and the great house, with mortar crumbling here and there from its pale brown sides, was left perched high on a terrace, whence it seemed to look down with lofty condescension on the block of cheap modern houses which had sprung up on what had been once a part of its own master's estate.

But that was in the happy by-gone days. "Ole Marse" died years ago; and now, as we have seen, there was no one but "Ole Miss," and her widowed daughter with one fair-haired child of her own, for the great house to shelter in its spacious upper stories; and in the basement, one old negro woman and her five "pickaninnies," where once you might have counted scores.

But upstairs, the two plainly dressed women lived quietly, even happily; and pretty Elsie throve and grew sweet-faced and thoughtful, with her flowers and books, the old family piano, and, occasionally, a favorite playmate, for company.

Sometimes, on rare occasions, a bevy of merry boys and girls played at hide-and-seek in the halls, and the house was filled with the echoes of childish laughter, as in the old days.

But these merry-makings were even less frequent, now that "little Missy" had reached the wise age of thirteen, with inches and dignity beyond her years. Great, therefore, was Clum's surprise and consternation when, on the very morning fixed upon for the wonderful celebration downstairs, the bell rung,— not once, but half a dozen times,— and he himself had to open the ponderous front door to nine little maids, each with a work-bag on her arm.

Poor Clum! How should he know that this was the Mission Band Sewing Society, organized only the week before with Elsie at its head, now meeting for the first time for a day of serious work?

Tears stood in Clum's eyes, as he imagined what would happen now. Soon there would be running and romping all over the place. There was not a corner of the old house that these girls might not peer into, in search of fun and adventure.

"'Peared like dis yer mawnin' nebber would come," mourned Clum. "An' now, w'en we 's jus' gwine to start, Miss Elsie's comp'ny has ter come, an' knock eb'ryt'ing to Jerryco!"

It was ten o'clock already. Liberty Ann, who usually took herself off "to the Williamses'" at seven, had been groaning all the morning with a "misery" in her back, and was only just gone. Even Waterloo began to look dejected. After all his ambitious plans and hard work, only three of what he called "bomb-sticks" lay hidden away in the coal-cellar. He had meant to have at least a dozen; but the rusty auger had refused to bore through many of the cross-grained bits of pine, some of which had split with an angry crack at the first attempt.

But he had powder left. Some day he would show them what he could do with that. In any case, a great commander should never let himself be discouraged by trifles.

"Don' you look so mis'able peakéd," he said encouragingly to Abe, whose little, weazened face and mournful eyes showed to great disadvantage in contrast with his roly-poly brothers and sisters even when poor Abe was in the best of spirits.

"An' yo', 'Vangeline," went on General Waterloo, "deck Silvy out in the fancy fixin's you'se got ready, an' yo'se'f likewise. I don' po'pose ter 'low Miss Elsie's pahty ter int'fere with ouah 'rangements."

The children brightened. Even Abe looked almost cheerful.

"Mebby dem gyurls ain' reely gwine to kerry on sech a howdy-do. 'Pears like dey 's b'havin' deirselves mighty quiet up daiah," commented 'Vangeline.

"An' mebby Miss Elsie won't tek notus like 's if they wan' nobuddy 'roun'," suggested Clum. Waterloo nodded.

"That 's 'xac'ly my 'pinion. Now, Cap'n, has yo' got the charyi't ready?" he asked, turning to Abe.

Every one of the "Cap'n's" white teeth glistened.

"Yis, Gin'rul, de charyi't shall be at de do' right pres'ntly."

"An' yo', Cunnel C'lumbus Bridges, is de ban' in marchin' ordah?"

"It am, for a fac'," grinned Clum. "An' de 'freshments, dey has be'n 'tended to. 'Vangeline, she tuk an' kerried off a great piece o' cohn-cake right 'fore Mammy's eyes, dis mawnin'. An' dey 's col' ham, an' dat hunk o' jell'-cake Miss Elsie gimme yistaday — Glory! Dis mus' be de Queen o' Sheby, sho'!" and Clum tumbled over backward in admiration as the door opened and 'Vangeline walked proudly in, leading Silvy by the hand.

Such cast-off finery as could be begged or borrowed had been made to do duty on this great occasion. 'Vangeline was royal in a dress of purple and yellow calico; a cast-off sash of Elsie's was fastened to the back of her gown, and she wore a scarlet felt hat that had once belonged to a market man. Two bead necklaces — one blue, the other green — completed her truly sumptuous costume.

Little Queen Silvy stood smiling and complacent in one of Elsie's outgrown white dresses, and pointed with delight to the gay wreath of tissue roses on her woolly head, and the pink and blue ribbons that looped up the stiff, flaring skirt. A thin veil hung behind her head, suspended from the wreath, and her face gleamed black against this filmy background.

The spirits of the little company went up with a bound. General Waterloo marshaled his men, and with a swelling heart brought out the first of the three "bomb-sticks."

"Stan' outen de way!" he commanded, as he touched a match to the twine fuse. In breathless silence the children huddled together in the doorway.

"*Bang!*" came the sharp report. Abe shivered in his tracks, and Silvy began to cry; but Waterloo looked about him proudly. It was a glorious success!

"For'a'd, march!" he cried. Queen Silvy was bundled into her chariot, and with braying horns and joyful hurrahs the procession filed out through the garden and down the street.

Meanwhile, upstairs, in the cozy sewing-room, Queen Elsie had opened her parliament; that is to say, the society was at work. Needles were flying briskly, and the laughter and chatter were at their height, when a strange, muffled sound from the basement caught Elsie's ear.

"*Clum!*" she called, putting her face out at the window. There was no answer. She saw nothing to alarm her.

"When I get to the end of this seam, I will go down," she thought; but before she stood at the foot of the stairs, the children were out of sight.

"Why, how queer! It smells like Fourth of July!" she thought, as she hurried through the basement. "Is that smoke? It can't be!"



"THE PROCESSION FILED OUT THROUGH THE GARDEN."

But smoke it surely was, and it came from the coal-cellar; that was plain. A burning bit of pine had been thrown into a pile of chips in one corner of the room. A merry blaze was eating its way through the rubbish.

Quick to see and act, Elsie tore an old blanket from its nail in the wall. Such a fire could be smothered — she had often heard that. She would not cry out and alarm the house. There! A final energetic stamp of the small slipper, and the danger was over.

Elsie looked around at the piles of kindling-wood



"W'Y DON' YE LICK 'LOO, MAMMY?"

and coal, and shuddered. Then the big red barrel in the corner caught her eye. That held the gasolene for the summer stove! And on top of the barrel, in an old tin can — she knew that strange stuff, like grains of coarse black sand!

What if she had not come downstairs just then? What if the little blaze in the corner had crawled on, growing strong and fierce?

As the thought of what might have happened swept over her, Elsie grew dizzy and faint. She had just strength enough left to seize the can of powder and rush to the outer door. Trembling from head to foot, she sank down at the head of the cellar steps.

What did it all mean? the strange noise? the powder? Where were the children? Mamma must know about this!

Elsie's brain was in a whirl. The fresh air revived her somewhat, but she was still deathly pale when she made her way into her mother's room.

When Liberty Ann came home at dusk, weary with her long day's work, she was surprised to find the basement empty. No fire, no light, no supper, no 'Vangeline, no Waterloo were to be seen! And down into the darkness and loneliness came Miss Kate's voice, stern and authoritative as Liberty Ann had never before heard it, calling to her to come upstairs at once.

"Pow'ful cur'us doin's — pow'ful cur'us!" muttered the old woman as she climbed the stairs heavily.

If Miss Kate could be stern, so could Liberty Ann, when occasion demanded. When she entered the basement again, she walked with a firm step. There was a gleam in her eye as she mounted a chair and took down a stout leather strap from its nail over the cupboard. With this in one hand and a lantern in the other, she went forth to administer justice.

"W'y don' ye lick 'Loo, Mammy?" whimpered Clum, shivering with dread as his mother's strong arm dragged him from his hiding-place behind the wood-pile.

Liberty Ann held the strap suspended in mute astonishment.

"C'ristofer C'lumbus Bridges! Does I on'erstan' yo' ter arsk why don' I lick yo' bruddah Wataloo?" she demanded.

"He wuz de mos' ter blame," sobbed Clum. "Miss Kate said so. She made him tell whar he got de powdah, an' all 'bout how he fix dem sticks, an' she say ef de hull house hed done blowed up, 't wuz his blame. 'Cause, Miss Kate say he wuz de oldes', an' she say he 'rigernated de plan, an' she say we all did n' know no bettah 'n to —"



"RECKIN WE ALL 'S GWINE TO 'MEMBAH *dis* DAY, TOO."

"Did n' know no bettah?" interrupted his

mother, her wrath rising every moment. "No, in course yo' did n'! Ain' none ob yo' got de sense to study up sech a t'ing fer yo'selfs! Yore bruddah Wataloo am wuff two dozen o' yo' all, an' den yo' arsk me why don' I lick him! An' him de on'y chile I'se got to 'pend on an' be proud of in my ole age!"

Ten minutes later, Clum crawled painfully up the steps to the old cellar door. Abe was there, half asleep in the twilight, the tears not yet dry on his cheeks.

"Reckin we-all 's gwine 'membah *dis* day, too!" sniffed Clum, mournfully, rubbing his bare smarting ankles, while his brother gave a melancholy grunt, and again closed his eyes with an air of injured innocence.

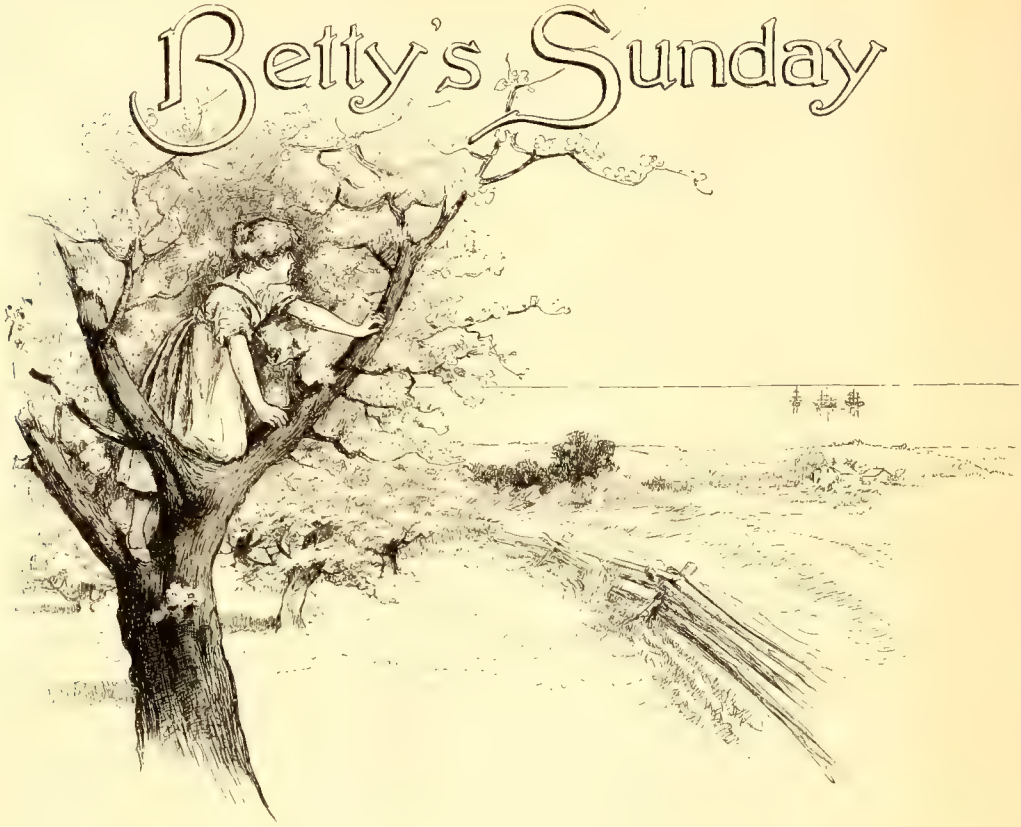
MY LADY FAIR.

By Martha Day Fenner.



Ah, well-a-day, my lady!
How goes the world with you?
The wee, white clouds are fleecy,
The far-off sky is blue.
I passed the young lambs frisking,
And wondered if they knew
That I had eyes for no one else,
My lady-love, but you.

Betty's Sunday



By A. J. H.

SEVENTY-THREE years ago, when our grandmothers were little girls at school, working samplers and reading how

> "David, Josias
> And young Obadias,
> All were pious,"

a very wonderful thing happened at Farmer Lathrop's,— Betty was left in sole charge of the house one Sunday morning! Such an honor had never fallen to her lot before, and never, since she was old enough to take her father's hand and walk along the road to the little white meeting-house on the hill, had anything but a severe storm excused her from going. That June morning was bright and cloudless, and Betty was as well as a healthy little girl of ten could be — yet her mother had told her to stay at home!

This was the way it happened. Saturday afternoon, Mr. Lathrop had brought in a little lamb that had been badly hurt among the rocks at the upper end of the pasture. The little creature was of a valuable breed, and Mrs. Lathrop had spared no trouble to cure it. It was better this morning, but not well enough to be left alone, and so Betty was installed as nurse. Her duties otherwise were light; for the brick oven, which was still warm from Saturday's fire, held the baked beans, brown bread and delicious Indian pudding for the Sunday dinner. Many were Mrs. Lathrop's directions and charges, however; and her parting word was an injunction to Betty not to forget that it was Sunday because she did not go to church.

The little girl stood in the doorway, watching her father and mother as they walked slowly up the street. Other people were in sight also, and Betty began to feel painfully conspicuous. Everybody must wonder why she staid at home, she thought; so she retired to the shed and looked at her patient. The lamb was asleep and Betty went into the kitchen. But it was impossible to stay indoors such a morning, so she went around the corner of the house into the garden, where the tall clumps of tiger-lilies and prince's-feather would screen her from view. She must not pick one stalk of sweet-william or London-pride without permission, but it was pleasant to walk between the rows

and admire them. She went slowly along until she came at the same time to the end of the garden and the beginning of the orchard. The orchard was a very fascinating place. The trees were old,



BETTY RECEIVES A CALL FROM AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and the crooked boughs afforded many good seats for little people.

I am afraid Betty forgot what day it was, for she went straight to her favorite tree and climbed to her usual perch among its branches. She looked leisurely around the circle of her view,—at the pastures where the cattle were feeding, at the meadows which must be mowed the next day, at the garden and the house, coming last to the sight she liked best, the broad blue harbor.

What did she see there that morning that almost

made her fall from the tree in surprise? Far out, near the "outer bar," lay three large vessels! Brought up among sailors, as she had been, Betty knew at once that she had never before seen vessels like those. Suddenly, something she had heard her father say about the war came into her mind, and she jumped down from the tree and ran at her best speed to the attic, where Uncle Alex's big spy-glass was. The good captain had given it to his brother when he came home from his last voyage; and, pleased with Betty's interest, he had taught her how to turn it on its standard and to adjust the slides to suit her eye.

She hastily pulled and pushed the parts into place and stood on tiptoe to look. In an instant she seemed to be on deck among hurrying sailors and men in queer red coats. Along the sides of the vessels were black holes — no, boxes! — no, *cannon!* — like the one on the green by the church! Betty cried aloud in her fright, "The British!" Reasoning that large vessels must sail faster than small ones, she thought she had no time to lose. She had heard too many stories about the war and the dreaded British not to know what she must do.

In the cellar was a broad, shallow pit, in which her mother packed away butter at some seasons of the year. Two of the huge stone jars were empty now, and in them Betty deposited all the silver in the house, her grandmother's gold beads, her father's great leathern pocket-book, and everything else that she thought of special value. Up and down many times went the little feet, and it was only when her task was over that she remembered how long she had left the lamb alone. It did not seem to be any worse, however, so she gave it some milk and went again to the open kitchen door. Suddenly a slow, regular sound of hoofs broke the Sunday stillness, and a moment later a horseman came in sight. Little Betty could only stare at the splendid gray horse, stepping so slowly and proudly, and at its rider's scarlet coat, cocked hat, and shining sword. To her still greater surprise, this dazzling vision rode directly up the driveway to the door where she stood too frightened to move. Perhaps the British officer had a little girl of his own at home, or perhaps he found something amusing in Betty's round, astonished eyes and puckered mouth. Certainly he smiled, and said pleasantly:

"Why are you not at church, my little girl?"

"There!" thought Betty, "I knew everybody would ask!" But she made her queer little bobbing courtesy, and answered demurely, "Please, sir, I had to take care of the lamb."

"I should think somebody would have to take care of you, instead. Will you give me some water, please?"

Betty ran to the well and sent the great bucket down in a hurry. In a few moments she returned, holding carefully in both hands a blue mug, ornamented with raised white figures, which her great-grandfather's father had brought from Holland. The officer drank the cool water with evident pleasure, and looked so long and so curiously at the cup that Betty's heart sunk.

"Why did n't I get him a tumbler?" she thought. But the officer, to her relief, returned the empty mug, raised his cocked hat, and rode away. As she looked after him, thoughts came very fast into her active little brain. Suppose more red-coats should come riding by! They all might not be so kind as this one, and all the men of the village were at church.

"Why, I am the only person that knows the British have come!" she thought suddenly. "If I could only get to the meeting-house first and tell them — I *can!* It is twice as far by the road as it is through the fields, and his horse goes very slowly."

In less time than it takes to tell it, Betty had given a quick glance at the lamb and run swiftly out of the back door and down across the pastures, without even stopping to get her hat. Old Brindle raised her sober head in surprise as the little figure flew past, and Speckle, the calf, took it for a challenge, and performed a series of awkward gambols, quite unobserved, on his side of the fence.

Betty did not once turn her head, but ran on at her best speed till she came to the churchyard wall. She had always before walked slowly and reverently in this quiet place; now she stumbled among the mounds, caught her foot in a blackberry vine, and narrowly escaped falling. At last she came out in front of the meeting-house. The long, dusty road was quite deserted; she was in time, and the hardest part of her work was before her.

Parson Bradlee had just said, in his deep bass voice, "Thirdly, my brethren," when he saw an apparition at the church door which almost made him forget to go on. A little bare-headed girl, very red in the face and almost breathless, was creeping in! While the minister coughed to cover his long pause, Betty decided what to do. Her father's pew was too near the pulpit for her to go there, and he would be so horrified to see her that he might not listen to what she had to tell. Two pews from the door sat the High Sheriff of the county, so called, in Betty's opinion, because he was over six feet tall. She stole to his side, laid her hand on his arm, and, before the astonished man could speak, poured out her story in a breathless gasp:

"The British are here! I saw their vessels out by the outer bar, and one man has just stopped at our house. I ran through the fields to get here first, but he 's coming!"

Mr. Parkman drew the little girl into the pew and stood up straight and tall in the aisle. The minister stopped in the middle of a word, and curious heads turned from the seats in front.

"Perhaps, if we look very fierce, he 'll be afraid of us and take his men away," quavered Joe Snell, from a safe position in the extreme rear.

"Hush! there he comes!" said two or three voices, and they watched the approaching horseman in silence. He rode leisurely, glancing carelessly at the houses he passed, and seemed quite unaware of the hostile party until he was close



BETTY RAN ON AT HER BEST SPEED.

"The British are here, Parson!" said the sheriff. "Their ships are in the bay, and one man at least is in the village. The women and children must stay quietly in the pews," he added in a louder voice, as a confused murmur arose; "and the men must follow me!"

He led the way to the door, the other men pressing close at his heels.

"I wish it were the fashion to carry guns to church now, as they did in the Indian times," said bold Dick Fraser, running down the steps in his zeal.

upon them. The company did not present a very warlike or formidable appearance, huddled together on the church steps, and the officer seemed more amused than alarmed at this display of strength.

"State your business, sir!" said Mr. Parkman, stepping forward.

"You will readily admit that this is not the day for business, so of course I have none," was the calm reply.

"Why do you frighten quiet people in this way?" asked the sheriff with growing anger.

"I am the one to be frightened, I think; there are so many of you," with a smiling glance at the crowded steps.

"In any case, you wear the uniform of our enemies, so I am justified in keeping you a prisoner until you can satisfactorily explain your presence here."

With these words Mr. Parkman walked forward to seize the bridle; but at that moment the horse began to curvet and rear in a very formidable and mysterious fashion. The Englishman seemed to have nothing to do with the performance; but Mr. Parkman was forced to step out of the reach of the flying hoofs. As soon as he did so, the horse wheeled and flew up the road at a speed which rendered pursuit on foot quite useless. The officer turned in his saddle as he sped down the hill and raised his whip with a mocking gesture toward the gilt cock on the church vane.

"Look out for your fine bird!" he cried. "It will *lay* before many days!"

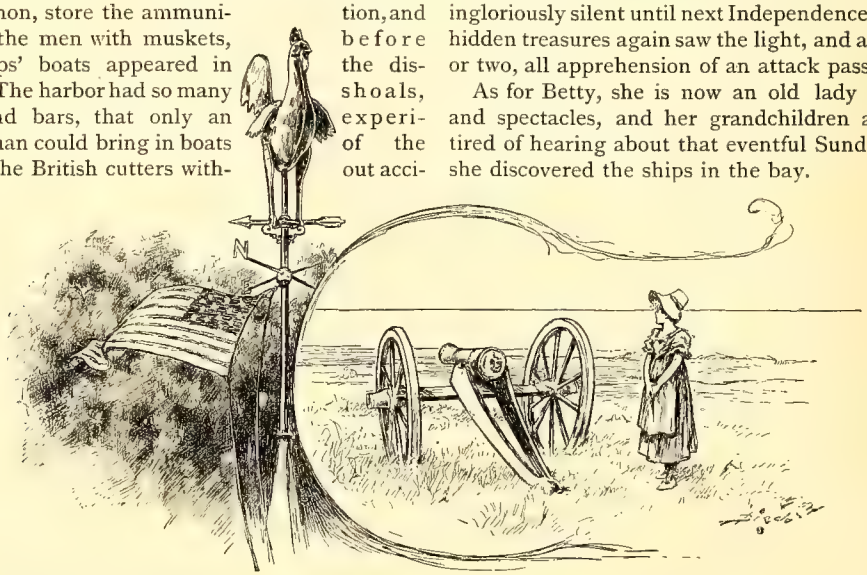
Taking no notice of this joke, Mr. Parkman rallied the staring and discomfited group of men and sent the women home to prepare the dinners for which no one had much appetite now. Deciding, after a brief consultation, that the attack would probably be made by sea, teams were at once prepared to draw to the beach the three cannon that the town could boast. Betty, watching impatiently the slow-moving oxen with their heavy loads, was sure they would be too late; and there would have been reason for such fears, had not the tide been in the Yankees' favor. It was "going out" when Betty first saw the ships, and now it was what Joe Snell called "dead low water."

No large boats could get to the beach for two hours at least, so they had time to place and load the cannon, store the ammunition, and station the men with muskets, before the ships' boats appeared in the distance. The harbor had so many shoals, flats, and bars, that only an experienced man could bring in boats of the size of the British cutters without accident. The men in charge seemed to realize the perils of the situation, and the boats came forward very slowly, eagerly watched by the excited little group on shore. Whether the officer in command of the attacking party thought the danger of landing his men singly within easy range of the enemy's guns would be poorly repaid by the capture of an unimportant village, or whether an expected land-force had failed to appear, was never explained. Whatever the reason, the boats advanced to within a short distance of the shore and then turned and retraced their way to the ships, without a shot from either side.

Thinking this was probably intended to throw them off their guard, and that an attack would be made during the night, Mr. Parkman stationed a line of pickets to be relieved at regular intervals. No one in the village, excepting the little children, slept that night. The mothers had been busy all the afternoon packing away their treasures and preparing bandages and other things likely to be needed if there were a battle.

All that summer night the men on shore strained eyes and ears for any news of the enemy's movements. Slowly the hours passed and no sound broke the stillness, even the footfalls of the sentinels being lost on the soft sand. When the day broke at last, all eyes turned anxiously toward the outer bar. Could it possibly be true? The blue waves were crested with foam under the fresh north wind, but not a vessel of any sort was to be seen! Evidently the British had gone to seek more promising fields, and the home guard had nothing to do but to return to private life again, to the relief of the old men and the disappointment of the younger ones. The oxen plodded patiently back with their burdens; the cannon were placed in their old positions to be ingloriously silent until next Independence Day; the hidden treasures again saw the light, and after a day or two, all apprehension of an attack passed away.

As for Betty, she is now an old lady with cap and spectacles, and her grandchildren are never tired of hearing about that eventful Sunday, when she discovered the ships in the bay.



MISS LILYWHITE'S PARTY.

By George Cooper.

"May I go to Miss Lilywhite's party?"
But Grandmamma shook her head:
"When the birds go to rest,
I think it is best
For mine to go, too," she said.

"*Can't* I go to Miss Lilywhite's party?"
Still Grandmamma shook her head:
"Dear child, tell me how.
You 're half asleep now;
Don't ask such a thing," she said.

Then that little one's laughter grew hearty:
"Why, Granny," she said,
"Going to Miss Lilywhite's party
Means going to bed!"

JUAN AND JUANITA

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Chapter IX.

Nita's wound made her feverish the night after the quarrel, and Juan could not sleep for thinking of what he had done. He arose several times and insisted on bathing her arm freely with cold water, he made her a bed of fragrant grasses piled high around her, he woke her more than once to ask anxiously how she felt. "This is the way in which I have kept my promise to the mother, always to take care of Juanita!" he thought in bitter self-reproach. He made himself very unhappy lest the wound should not heal well, and further trouble be in store for Nita. He could hardly wait for the light to come that he might run off into the nearest wood in search of certain leaves which the Comanches use for medicinal purposes.

When Nita awoke, Juan was gone, but in about an hour he came running swiftly toward camp holding out his peace-offering, the leaves he had been in search of and had only found five miles away upon the plateau. Bruising them between two flat stones, he made a kind of water-poultice of these leaves, which he bound upon his sister's arm. And he insisted on repeating this expedition and surgical operation every day for a week.

Juan's affectionate care made Nita so happy that it seemed almost worth while to be shot in order to be so kindly nursed; and being accustomed to see the gravest illness and most severe hurts silently endured, she made no sort of lamentation or complaint. She insisted that her wound was nothing, and would have occupied herself very much as usual, had she not seen that it worried Juan to have her use her arm. As it was, she kept quiet; and this with Juan's poultice so aided the beautiful process by which Nature soon repairs the wrongs done a healthy body, that a complete cure was soon effected, to her comfort and Juan's great joy.

Meanwhile she had to sit and look on while her brother busied himself in making two things in which they were both deeply interested,—a pack-saddle and saddle-bags for Amigo. With his usual cleverness and ingenuity, Juan in three days deftly fashioned the first out of a wolf-skin he had secured and tanned. In three more days he made a serviceable, if not particularly handsome, pair of bags out of the doe-hide. And then came the necessity of trying both on the being for whom they were intended, and of reconciling him to their use.

It was not from any stupidity or a desire to shirk unpleasant duties that Amigo proved to be a difficult subject for training as a beast of burden. It was only that he was a dog. When

everything was ready, Juan whistled to him, and he came running out of the bushes readily enough and bounded up to where the children were sitting, Juan, with the pack-saddle in his hand, eager to adjust it, Nita longing to have a share in the transaction and deeply interested to see how it would succeed.

Both children began talking to Amigo as though he had been a human being, and no human being could have looked more intelligent than he did as he stood there listening, wagging his tail, smiling in their faces while they explained the necessity they were under of exacting from him a service he had never rendered before. He stood perfectly still while Juan put the saddle on; and both children were so delighted by his docility and appearance that they capered about him in high glee, laughing heartily to see their old friend in so queer and new a part, and charmed with the entire success of Nita's plan for securing a porter.

However, they congratulated themselves prematurely, for becoming tired of standing still and being admired, Amigo suddenly sat down — when lo, off slipped the saddle! And thinking the children's little game at an end, Amigo bounded off up the river bank again. He was called back, and Juan set to work to remedy the fault.

It was not easy for the amateur saddler to manage this, and Juan spent an hour contriving a set of harness that would serve his purpose.

Tie and strap as he would, the saddle usually slipped off when Amigo sat down, as he did frequently; or it would be shaken off, for Amigo soon came to think the whole thing a nuisance, and was minded to get out of it if he could.

Finally, by an ingenious system of straps, Juan arranged the saddle in such a way that, run and rub and wriggle as Amigo might, there was no getting it off; and then he cut some fresh thongs of leather and bound the saddle-bags firmly into place. Amigo was then much patted and praised, and half-coaxed, half-forced to trot down the valley for about half a mile and back again, with Nita and Juan holding him in leash. Then he was released and given a large piece of turkey as a reward for what, on the whole, was good behavior. This was the first lesson and it was repeated every day, the load which was to be carried being gradually added and the distance increased.

For a few days either Juan or Nita always ran alongside and kept fast hold of a leathern strap fastened around Amigo's neck; but seeing that the dog was beginning to understand what was required of him, Juan took off the strap, and, by a judicious system of rewards and punishments, eventually converted the sensible shepherd-dog into an excellent pack animal.

At last a day came when the children had no longer an excuse for staying in the cañon, and they began to think of moving on. They were no longer weary or footsore, they had as much dried meat as they could possibly carry, and there was no reason why they should not start at once. Nita was more willing to go after Estrella had taken leave of them in the manner described in the preceding chapter, and Juan felt that he ought not to waste any more time; so one night, when all the cañon was dimly suffused with moonlight and a mocking-bird close by was pouring out a very rainbow of song over the heads of the children, it was decided that the journey should be continued on the morrow.

"We will take advantage of these fine nights to travel only partly by day; and now that we have so much food and can carry so much water, I don't believe we shall suffer as we have done," said Juan. Then came a long pause. Juan was revolving the journey in his mind and thinking out his plans. Nita had no such responsibility and had almost dropped asleep, when she was roused by an energetic shake from her brother. "Nita, Nita, I have been thinking. I have got such an idea! When I saw those Lipans starting off, why did n't I think of it, and follow in their trail? But no! that would not have done, either. They would have made all the game so wild that we should have starved."

"Whatever on earth are you talking about, *hermano mio?*" * inquired Nita, much surprised and confused by all these allusions. "Follow the Lipans, indeed! You must be crazy. What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, don't you see? They did not go toward Mexico, and I saw them set their faces toward the East, and never thought why. Oh, it is too much, such stupidity!" exclaimed Juan with vehemence.

"Well, what if they did? I am sure I did n't want to follow them, or have them follow us, either," said Nita with entire sincerity.

"But don't you see?" persisted Juan. "They struck for the nearest point — the nearest settlement. That must be much nearer to us here in Texas than Mexico is, and if they can go there, so can we. I can't imagine what made me such a dolt as not to see it before; I shall change our course and travel east. There are Mexicans in Texas, I have heard, and we can easily get to Mexico in some way. *Viva*, Nita! It is a capital thought. It is all as clear as daylight to me now."

The morning star was still shining brilliantly in the first auroral flush of coming day when Juan and Nita once more stood together on the plateau above the cañon, which they left in darkness.

* My brother.

They had crossed the river and walked down three miles to another opening which they had previously explored and knew would take them out on the prairie beyond.

The pleasant murmuring sound of the river running over a series of rocky ledges and finally leaping into a pool below followed them for some time, as did the odor of the roses which grew as luxuriantly there as at their abandoned camp; and when they finally reached the plateau and saw the great wide plain stretching away dimly before them, Nita's first impulse was to beg Juan to go back to the cañon. It seemed a dreadful thing to start out into that dark, unknown country. But he was not one whit dismayed, and broke into a whistle, which he presently cut short to say, "A good early start this, Nita! We turn southward now, and we ought to get a long march done and over before noon — What are you doing?"

Nita, yielding to a natural impulse, was staring over the side of the precipice. Juan joined her, and also looked down into the mysterious abyss.

"Don't you think we — we had better go back?" suggested Nita timidly.

"No!" replied Juan with much emphasis; "I think we had better go on," and he marched away at once across the prairie, with Amigo trotting along at his heels. As the light grew brighter, Nita's heart grew lighter, and the brother and sister were soon walking with more spirit and talking with more cheerfulness than they had done since they first started on their homeward journey.

"I think that the worst is over for us," said Juan. "With Amigo's help we can carry enough water and provisions to last for ten days at a time." In this faith the party traveled for an entire week without other stoppages than such as were necessary. In a few days the character of the scenery about them began to change for the better, and they soon entered a lovely country, richly wooded, looking for all the world, with its short turf and fine oaks, its glades and dells and its exquisite undulations, like an English park; though the similarity was not noticed by the little Mexicans.



AMIGO BECOMES A BEAST OF BURDEN.

They had left the high table-lands behind, and had entered the delightful region adjoining. They noticed that the evening star no longer cast a shadow. The heat was still very great, but had lost its peculiar, oppressive quality, and there were no more bare, shelterless prairies to traverse, arid wastes,

oppressive to the imagination, stretching away in desolate monotony to the very sky-line.

Every day carried them farther into this beautiful country; and although they only looked at it from the practical and personal standpoint of its capacity to sustain three travelers cast upon its tender mercies, yet even so, it was so bright and cheering that insensibly they were much affected by its charming aspect. For some time they were very independent and made no demands upon it, pushing steadily on, with no thought of anything except to get over as much ground as possible. They were quite free from care for the present, but Juan was not sorry to see that the country was full of game of all kinds, from buffaloes to rabbits. The sight of it excited Amigo very much, and at first he was for chasing every rabbit and fowl that crossed his path, but he soon learned that he must control himself and not give way to such impulses. It was wonderful to see how well and faithfully he bore his burdens and played his part.

On the ninth day the children came out upon a beautiful valley, and had hardly traversed three miles of it when they were rejoiced to see a river curving boldly into it and running away in a southeasterly direction. Now they could see its long bend sparkling in the sunshine; at the next turn it would be concealed by its own wooded banks; but there it was! There were water, shade, rest — all manner of delightful things, and they pressed on toward it with the utmost eagerness. When they came near, Amigo's sorely tried principles gave way under the strain of a new and overpowering temptation. He dashed off toward the stream, and in another moment would have been in it, had not Juan rushed after him and caught him just in time.

"Poor old fellow! does he want a bath? Well, wait a minute, just one minute, until I get off this saddle," said Juan, as he fell to untying and unbuckling a dozen or so straps. The moment he was free, Amigo gave a tremendous bound and rush, and the next instant had plunged into the water and was swimming downstream in a state of evident ecstasy that amused the children immensely. It was not very long before they were indulging in the same luxury, and a luxury it was after their long journey.

The shadows were now lengthening, but were far from bringing peace and quiet to the place. The children found it full of stir and motion. Turkeys were coming in, all gobble and yelp, to roost for the night; squirrels were chattering overhead; coveys of quail flew up under their very feet, making Amigo jump "out of his skin," as Juan said; whole flocks of ducks went squawking and quacking past them, and suddenly three successive clouds of white pigeons swept over them, flying so near the ground that Nita was forced to dodge her head left, right, left again, to avoid being struck. They were probably on their way to their roosting-places hundreds of miles away, and were naturally in a hurry, for at best they can't get much sleep. Pigeons keep late hours,—they come in long after dark, and take so long to settle down for the night, with all their fluttering, crowding, changes, and confusion, often breaking the limbs of stout trees by sheer weight of numbers, that it must be nearly daylight before they finally close their eyes. Juan caught sight of some deer feeding in the distance, but concluded to sup on turkey. Before the sun dropped quite out of sight behind the distant mountains, he had two on spits before the fire; and after the dry fare of the previous week our travelers greatly relished these delicious birds.

The night was not only fine and clear, but moonlit and wonderfully brilliant. In that latitude, and at that altitude, moonlight means a great deal more than the feeble, glimmering light that gives such an effect of mournfulness and desolation to even the most prosperous landscapes in northern countries. This was not a tearful, unhappy moon in reduced circumstances, but the beautiful Queen of the Night, shining afar in splendid state, and flooding the world with a light as clear as, if incomparably softer than, that of her rival the sun. The wind from across the river was balmy and delightful, the place was full of sweet repose, and absolutely peaceful. The children were tired, young things, and were soon lulled to sleep, their last feeling being one of perfect comfort and security.

How long Juan slept he never knew. He was, by education at least, a Comanche, and an Indian never seems to sleep at all in the sense of losing all consciousness of what is happening around him; so perhaps it is not remarkable that Juan, whose right ear was next the ground, suddenly opened his eyes, then sat up, then laid his ear down to the earth again, and again sat up and looked eagerly about him.

He had heard a sound that he very well knew, and he was awaiting further developments. He had to wait quite a while for them to come; and in the interval he gently awoke Nita and told her in a whisper that he had heard the sound of horses' feet. He then placed himself so that he could clap his hand over Amigo's mouth and smother a bark if need be.

"Oh! Juan! it 's Indians! It is the Comanches," whispered Nita in abject fright.

"Comanches? Nonsense! There is n't a Comanche within a hundred miles of us," he replied.

"Then it is the Apaches," said Nita, fastening upon another tribe, also the terror of the border

settlements. "Oh, do let us run and hide somewhere! Don't stay here, Juan!"

"Run, indeed! I am surprised at you, Nita. Never run so long as you are not seen or can hide. S-sh, not another word!" With this, Juan proceeded to practice the silence he had enjoined, and Nita could hear nothing but the rustling leaves about her. There was a long silence, and then Nita heard, at first very faintly and then quite distinctly, the sound of which Juan had spoken. Her heart beat with the utmost violence as it grew louder and clearer, but she did not disobey Juan and shriek or cry. She just edged up as close to her brother as she could and caught hold of his arm.

In another moment the children saw something that they never afterward forgot. The boughs at some little distance on the right parted, and a herd of wild horses came trotting along under the wide-spreading boughs of the fine oaks and cottonwoods of the grove. The leader of the band, a snow-white stallion, with long flowing mane and tail, came first and was not far from them, when Amigo, as Juan had foreseen, gave a bark, or rather attempted to give one. Juan's hand was so promptly applied that only a stifled snort escaped; but, slight as the noise was, it reached the leader; instantly wheeling, he ran back a short distance, the herd doing the same. The children were in deep shadow and could see them perfectly, especially the leader.

The beautiful creature stood there for several minutes, like a spectral horse, his flanks flecked with the flickering shadows of the leaves overhead, his head full in the moonlight, his whole attitude one of exquisite freedom and grace, his large, brilliant eyes making a circuit of the wood about him with anxious intentness. Hearing nothing but the night-wind, and seeing nothing to alarm him further, he evidently concluded that he had been mistaken in supposing that there was any danger, and with a bold toss of his mane, he bounded forward again with a light, swift movement, indescribably charming, and plunged into the river. He was followed by the whole herd, of course.



THREE SUCCESSIVE CLOUDS OF WHITE PIGEONS SWEPT PAST THEM."

Juan and Nita caught a passing glimpse of a fine black stallion and some mares and colts as they flashed by. They heard the splash of water, and were about to get up and go down to the river to get another look at the beautiful wild creatures that had so fascinated them, when suddenly a sound as of breaking boughs reached

them, and then a terrific scream of mingled fright and pain,—unlike anything they had ever known or imagined — a shriek, human in its agony and despairing in its tone, rent the quiet night.

Nita fell back against the nearest tree in almost mortal terror, and Juan sprang to his feet, whistled for Amigo, and dashed off in the direction of the river. Afraid to be left alone, Nita rushed after him with all her speed.

While they had been quietly sleeping, a leopard, or jaguar, had been in hiding in a dwarf-oak not fifty feet away, waiting for the herd of mustangs to come in to water; and as the last colt passed below, he had sprung upon its back and driven his cruel claws deep into its flesh. Maddened at finding itself ridden by such a master, the poor colt galloped frantically out of the wood and up the bank of the river, plunged into the water, turned back to the bank again, reared, snorted, bounded into the wood and tried to rub the leopard off against the trees, rushed out on the bank again, shrieked again, and finally dropped down and rolled over in a death-agony, not five hundred yards from where the children were standing.

The herd knew very well what had happened, and scattered in every direction. The mother of the colt and the leader of the band, on hearing the first shriek, both wheeled about in the river and ran back toward the leopard; but as soon as they got scent of him, and heard his growl, they swerved aside and galloped after the herd with all their might, the leader looking more beautiful than ever, his wet white coat glittering in the moonlight, his long white tail held out almost at right angles from his body, his very mane stiff with fright, as he raced up the bank and disappeared in the woods.

The grace and beauty of the lovely creature held Juan's eyes as long as he was in sight, and it was with throbbing pulse and a beating heart that at last he turned to see what had become of the leopard.

The children were on the edge of the wood and were concealed from view, but could plainly see all that was happening on the bank — too plainly, Nita thought, as with chattering teeth and dilated eyes she followed the movements of the actors in the tragedy.

Some dark, moving objects were still to be seen in the silvery stream spread out before them,— the horses that had taken that way of escape,— but all their attention was now claimed by the leopard, which, having killed the colt, was dragging it off, quite unconscious of being observed — luckily for the observers.

Like his African relative, he was a large, powerful, beautiful beast, with a yellow hide that glowed golden in that mellow light, and was dotted with jet-black spots.

With majestic evil grace, he carried the colt a short distance, walked all around it as if to regard it from every point of view, and then carefully covered it over with leaves, and walked slowly away toward his den, which was on the other side of the river in a rocky cliff.

If the children had watched this performance with the utmost intentness, so had Amigo. He bristled up and would have growled and barked more than once but for Juan's vigorous measures.

For some time after the leopard had vanished, Juan kept still and laid his finger on his lips, fearing that their dangerous neighbor might come back again to look after his prey. But at last Juan left the shelter of the tree that had screened them, and began to talk freely to Nita of what they had seen. Great was her astonishment to find that he had positively enjoyed a scene that had terrified her half to death. He was full of satisfaction at having seen a leopard for the first time.

"They are very scarce, you know, and are getting scarcer every year, Casteel says. Was n't he a beauty! How I should like to tackle him if I were a man! And that white horse! Oh, if I could only catch it and tame it! What a war-horse it would make!" he said; and when Nita had confided in turn all that she had feared and suffered, she begged him to leave that dreadful place without a moment's loss of time.

"It is rather a dangerous neighborhood, and we 'd better get away from it," he agreed.

But Juan first uncovered the colt and cut a great bunch of hair from its tail. Feeling uneasy about the leopard, they only waited after this to get their packs and saddle Amigo, and they started off down the river; nor did they stop until they had put a good ten miles between themselves and a terrible enemy.

(To be continued.)

A FOURTH OF JULY RECORD.

By Lilian Dynevor Rice.

1 WAS a wide-awake little boy
Who rose at the break of day;

2 were the minutes he took to dress,
Then he was off and away.

3 were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,
Although they were steep and high;

4 was the number which caused his haste,
Because it was Fourth of July!

5 were his pennies which went to buy
A package of crackers red;

6 were the matches which touched them off,
And then — he was back in bed.

7 big plasters he had to wear
To cure his fractures sore;

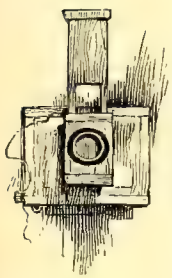
8 were the visits the doctor made
Before he was whole once more.

9 were the dolorous days he spent
In sorrow and pain; but then,

0 are the seconds he 'll stop to think
Before he does it again.

THE AMATEUR CAMERA.

By Alexander Black.



On the irregular bluff which rises opposite Blackwell's Island and overlooks the East River is the house of a busy New York physician. In an upper window may often be seen a glistening mahogany box, to which is attached some simple but delicate mechanism. This box is a camera, and its wooden eyelid has but to wink within the hundredth part of a second to imprison upon the hidden glass plate, a perfect picture of the river with all its activity and bustle at that moment. In his consulting-room below stairs, the doctor is able to see what is happening upon the river, and when he hears the bellowing of a Sound steamer, and sees it pushing its pompous white nose through the river, he will (unless, perhaps, he has stolen its portrait before) touch an electric knob near his inkstand,— the wooden eyelid winks, and the picture is taken! When the doctor has time, he goes up and takes out the plate.

Every neighborhood in town and in country now has its enthusiastic amateur photographer, whose friends look patiently at his prints, and smile a little at his zeal. Every amateur photographer is enthusiastic, because photography is really a very fascinating as well as a very useful pastime. It is a very companionable pursuit. The camera becomes an object of affection, to be cherished as a stanch friend. And it makes friends with all sorts of folk. I could tell you of a boy of twelve who has made some capital pictures, and without an expensive outfit, just as I could tell you of many sage elderly men who find the art a source of quiet delight.

The best thing you can do if you wish to take up photography is to make the acquaintance of one of these amateurs. You will find him willing to tell you all about it. Indeed, he will very likely overpower you at first with recipes and advice. And you will scarcely find two people who will tell you the same thing. It will be best at starting to follow implicitly the directions of some one successful amateur, and then, when you have mastered the first principles of the processes, to experiment for yourself. Professional photog-

raphers are often ready to be very kind to those who make a pleasure of the pursuit, and a great deal is to be learned in a short visit to a regular gallery. The difficulty in this case is that the professional not only works on a much larger scale and with materials very different from those which it is possible for the amateur to employ, but he deals, for the most part, with a different class of subjects. An amateur will be more apt to know the particular kind of mistakes the beginner is likely to make, and will anticipate them in giving hints at the outset.

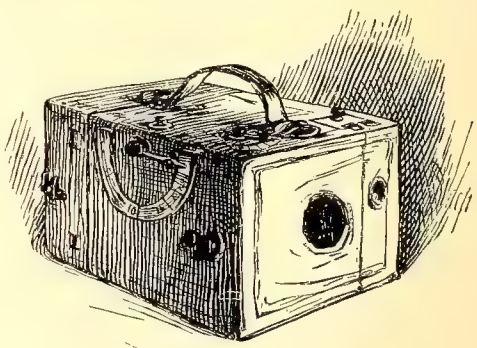
With such purpose I set down here a few suggestions for those ambitious boys and girls who think of taking up photography.

I.— APPARATUS.

THE kind of apparatus required is the first thing the would-be photographer wishes to know. There is an old saying about the poorest workman being readiest to quarrel with his tools. If you are careless, you can not make good pictures with the best camera in the world. If you are prudent and sincere, you can make admirable pictures with the cheapest of lenses and a common box. Patience will go farther than any chemicals yet discovered; so that it is advisable, unless you have no occasion to consider prices, to get an unpretentious outfit at the start. I have seen some superb little views made with a nine-dollar camera. Very good work has been done with cameras costing even less. But the lens is the most important part of the camera, and very cheap lenses are apt to twist the lines of rectangular objects in a very annoying way. Whatever you pay for the box part of the camera, be sure that it is strong, light-tight, and easily adjustable. When you come to set up a camera out-of-doors on a cold day, you will be very thankful for every little mechanical convenience by means of which the exposure can be made in a hurry,— before your fingers get so cold that you can not unscrew the tripod when you wish to pack up. Very handsome boxes can now be had for eight, ten, or twelve dollars. It is not a very good idea to pay more for a box than for a lens. The required capacity of a lens is regulated by the size of the box, or, rather by the size of the plates to be used. There are a dozen good reasons for using a $3\frac{1}{4}\times4\frac{1}{4}$ inch camera — that is, a box for $3\frac{1}{4}\times4\frac{1}{4}$ inch plates — in preference to one of larger size. Expense and portability are two important considerations. The plates for a $3\frac{1}{4}\times4\frac{1}{4}$ camera now cost about forty-five cents a dozen; whereas, for a 4×5 inch camera they cost about twenty cents a dozen more. Some of the most charming bits of scenery, of street life, and of portraiture I have ever seen have been made on $3\frac{1}{4}\times4\frac{1}{4}$ inch plates. At least the amateur should be content at the start with a 4×5 inch camera, with which pictures are made that fit very nicely in an ordinary portrait album.

I am speaking now of a beginner's materials. After a time, if the young photographer masters all the mechanical difficulties and finds the pursuit congenial, he may wish to use larger plates, and may then try a 5×8 inch box, or compromise upon a very useful size — the $4\frac{1}{4}\times6\frac{1}{2}$ inch box. A "kit" is a slender frame by means of which a small plate can be used in a large plate-holder, thus economizing in material where the full-sized plate is not needed. Each lens has a certain "cutting" power; that is, it will produce an accurate image up to a certain size. The scope of the lens is thus a very important element of its value, and must be learned and carefully considered by the buyer.

Of varieties of camera there is no end. One of the most remarkable inventions of recent years is the "Detective" camera, of which the first was made by Mr. William Schmid, of Brooklyn, N. Y. This camera has no "legs," but is carried under



THE "DETECTIVE" CAMERA.

the arm, and the pressing of a knob makes an instantaneous exposure. With one of these, views may be made from the rigging of a ship in motion, from the window of a railroad train, or under any similar conditions. They are intended for use out-of-doors only, though they may be operated indoors without the use of the instantaneous attachment. They cost from forty-five to eighty-five dollars.

Several varieties of the "Detective" are now sold, each having its own name and peculiarities. In each case the inventor has labored to secure two elements — secrecy and portability. An ingenious invention recently made is a small camera to be secreted in a false vest, in which a false button

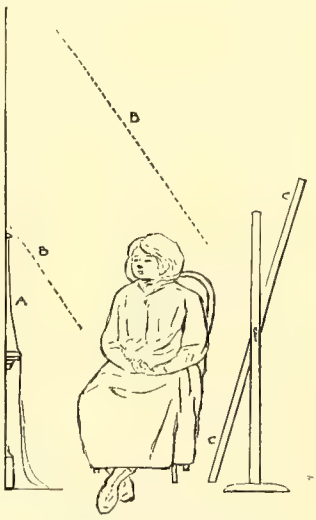
forms the opening to the lens. But most inventions of this latter sort, while they can be turned to practical use in some directions, are mere toys; and the beginner is advised to confine his first operations to a tripod camera.

The discovery that negatives could be made upon paper as well as upon glass has made it possible to take two dozen or more pictures without the changing of plate-holders, to do away with much heavy baggage, and in other ways greatly to simplify out-of-door work. These paper negatives have not yet been made to do all that glass negatives will do, but it is probable their manufacture will be rendered perfect before long.

II.—Taking Pictures Indoors and Out.

It is easier to make pictures out-of-doors than in the house, because there is more light out-of-doors, and it is more evenly distributed. With each lens comes a series of thin metal plates, pierced by holes of various sizes. One of these stops, or diaphragms as they are called, is slipped through a slot in the barrel of the lens; the size of the aperture to be used depending upon the amount of light and the amount of exposure. Thus, if there is bright sunlight, and you are going to use the cap,—that is, open and shut the opening with the hand,—you can use a very small diaphragm. If you use a "shutter," an appliance for making rapid exposures, the diaphragm will have to be a great deal larger, according to the power of the lens; and if the light is not very strong, it may be best to leave out the diaphragm altogether. The smaller the diaphragm, the "sharper" the negative will be. After you have had a little experience, you will be able to judge of the amount of "light in the box" by looking on the ground glass, and to regulate the size of the stop and the time of exposure accordingly. In the case of moving objects, a rapid exposure becomes absolutely necessary, and will be the first consideration. If the exposure has not been sufficiently rapid, the moving object or the part of the object which moved most rapidly (the feet and legs in a trotting horse, for instance) will be blurred. The greater the distance of the object from the camera, the better are the chances of catching the movement accurately. Thus an express train moving at the rate of a mile a minute may easily be photographed at one hundred yards, while at six feet a man walking is a very difficult subject. There is better light in summer than in winter, more in the open country than in the streets of a town, and more on the sea than anywhere else. It is never advisable to photograph against the sun, that is, with sunlight falling on the face of the camera. Certainly, never allow the sunlight to strike the lens itself, as such an accident will surely "fog" the plate. It is better to have the light come from behind the operator. In every case keep the focusing-cloth over the box while putting in and taking out the slides.

Indoors, the problem of exposure is not only more perplexing, but the object to be photographed has to be specially lighted,—the dark, or shadow, side has to be lighted up by reflectors, else all the shadows will be hard and black. If you can find any place in the house where a skylight sends down light from above (as in a professional gallery), instead of letting it in from the side, like a window, that is the place for you to make portraits or groups. If you have no place but a window, cover up the lower part with a thick shawl, and place the chair for the sitter two or three feet away. This will give an effect somewhat approaching that of a top light. Then light up the shadow side by placing a high-backed chair, a screen, or a clothes-horse, with a bed-sheet or something of that sort over it, on the side of the sitter away from the window. It is well to place the reflecting arrangement at a slight angle, so that the reflection will, in some degree, be thrown upward. There is, of course, no reason in the world why the ingenious amateur should not build himself a comfortable reflector by stretching some white muslin on a wooden frame, and adjusting this to two uprights so that its angle may be readily changed. As the amateur very rarely employs a "head-rest" for the sitter, he should be careful to see that the patient is seated snugly against the chair-back. The exposure indoors must be ten, twenty, sometimes fifty times longer than out-of-doors. That is to say, where one might make a picture in the twentieth part of a second in the open air, it would be necessary to expose the plate for a full second indoors,



TAKING A PORTRAIT AT AN ORDINARY WINDOW.

A. Covering of lower part of window; B B. Angle of light; C C. Angle of reflector.

and this would be a very short exposure for the house. With a medium-sized stop in a fairly lighted room, it is not easy, even with rapid plates, to get along with less than four seconds' exposure; and the probability is that you may have to give seven. In taking children, the exposure has to be so short that it is generally necessary to work with the open lens, without stop. It is usually necessary, too, in the case of little people, to have the head rest against something, whether the something be a visible chair-back or some unseen object. Hang behind the sitter some curtain, shawl, or sheet, being careful not to allow creases or wrinkles to show too plainly. This will give relief to the portrait, and keep out of the picture objects which might mar it. In the case of inanimate objects, fine effects may be secured with a very small stop and long exposure. If you are photographing an interior, and can take your time, use a very small stop and expose the plate for fifteen minutes, half an hour, half a day if necessary. If a light window comes within range of the lens, you will have an opportunity to display your tact, since the negative will be ruined unless something be done to diminish the glare of light. You may be able to blanket up the intrusive window, excluding every particle of light, and then get illumination from an adjoining window, or through doorways from other lighted apartments. If you have patience, you will then take a small wall-mirror, and, keeping it in motion, cast its reflection into the dim parts of the room during the period of exposure. In the mean time, you may have sheets hung so that they will reflect light while themselves not within range. If the light is too strong in any one part of the room, the corresponding part of the negative will be "cooked" perhaps before the other parts are half done, and the result will be unsatisfactory. The easiest way to photograph an interior is, of course, to photograph *from* the side at which the light enters, or across the angle of light. After the general interior has had sufficient exposure, it is sometimes feasible to remove the coverings from the windows (after carefully replacing the cap on the instrument), and to then give the whole one more second's exposure, according to the strength of the light at the windows. In such a case the light should be so arranged that strong streams of light and lines of shadow do not produce an unpleasant effect on the floor or elsewhere. Remember while you are at it that photographing interiors is the most difficult feature of photography.

III.—To Photograph a City Drawing-room.

The diagram below shows several methods of photographing an ordinary city drawing-room. In making a picture from the points A or B, none of the four windows (1, 2, 3, 4) will require to be covered. If the camera is placed either at C or at E, one window must be covered so as to exclude all light, while the other three do the illuminating. The shades of the windows not covered may be raised or lowered so as to make the shadows agreeable. After a long exposure with the window covered, put on the cap, remove the coverings, and expose again for one or two seconds or less, according to the light coming in and the size of

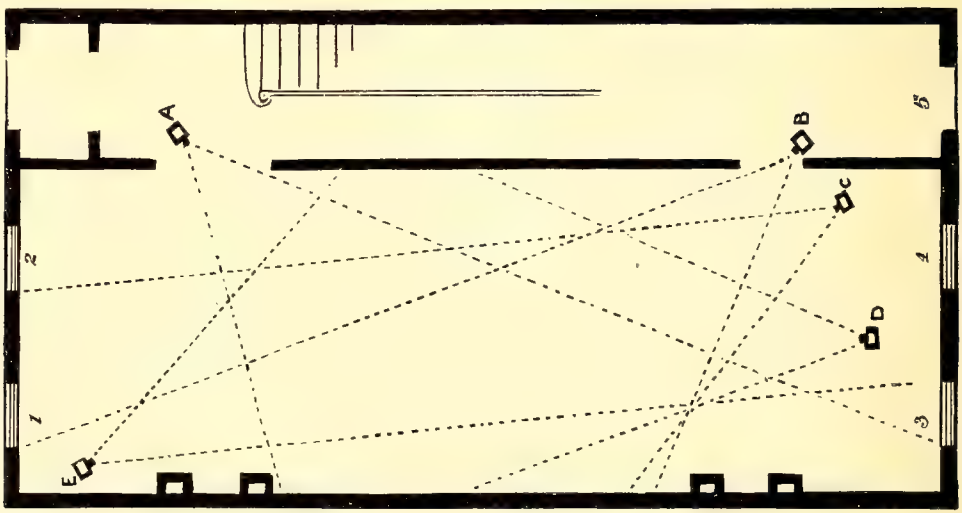


DIAGRAM FOR PHOTOGRAPHING A CITY DRAWING-ROOM.

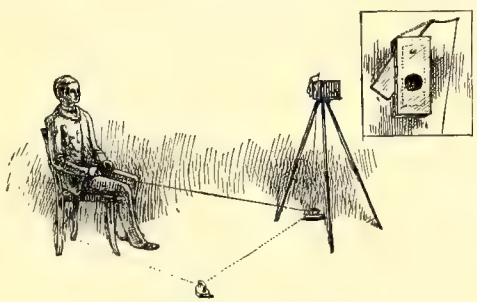
the stop in use. Operating from the point D, two windows must be sealed in the same way. Some black or deep red material is best for so covering the windows, as the space they occupy on the plate will then be kept blank until the time comes for allowing the plate to receive an impression of them. If the opening 5 be a door, it can be used as a means of letting in light which may be reflected through the doorways by the aid of white material hung at an angle of forty-five degrees. These general principles may be applied to the photographing of any sort of an apartment.

IV.—How to Take Your own Portrait.

THE illustration on this page shows one method of photographing yourself. The camera must be firmly planted, and the box solidly screwed to the tripod, that there may be no jar. By passing the string through the handle of a flat-iron or some other weight on the floor or ground immediately under the camera, the chances of jarring are largely overcome. If you wish to take the entire figure, or to take a group, of which you form a part, pass the string around the leg of the chair on which you sit, or around some other solid object behind or beside you, thence through the handle of second flat-iron (see dotted line) not within range of the lens, to the iron under the camera. The object is, of course, not to have the string photographed. The separate sketch of the "shutter" will indicate how one of these may be made. This is a "time" shutter; that is, it is for making exposures when there is not light enough to use the "drop," or instantaneous, shutter. The movable center-piece should fit snugly between the outer and inner pieces, and yet should work easily. At the top is a light spring, yet sufficient to bring the shutter gently back as the string is loosened.

V.—Developing the Plate.

NOW comes the tug of war. All that you have done so far will go for nothing if you are not cool and careful in the operation of developing. A perfectly dark room is wanted to begin with. At night it will only be necessary to draw the blinds of the room to make it sufficiently dark. But in the daytime every chink that might let in the faintest ray of light must be covered. Blankets and shawls will be very much in demand. A large closet with no windows is sometimes useful. If the young photographer is camping out, a dark nook near a stream will answer, unless the moon is high and full. The first of the dark-room properties is a ruby glass lantern. The red "non-actinic" light emitted by a lantern of this kind does not affect the plates during the time required for development. At the same time, let me advise beginning the development with the lamp-flame turned low, especially if the plates are "extra rapid." Then there must be a developing-tray and a tray for "fixing." The developing solution turns black the parts of the plate touched by the rays of light; the "fixer" then clears off the superficial white coating and makes the whole permanent. Recipes for development, like patent-medicine cures for rheumatism, are amazingly numerous. There are two varieties of developer in common use. One is called the "iron" developer, because it contains, among other things, protosulphate of iron (photography is quite an education in chemistry); the other is called the "pyro" developer, because it contains pyrogallic acid. "Condensed" developers in bottles are sold, and are a good substitute for the developer prepared by the photographer himself. An amateur can not do better at the



NOW, LOOK PLEASANT YOURSELF!

outset than use this ready-made solution. I have used both Cooper's and Carbutt's prepared developers and have found both excellent. As formulas are easily obtainable wherever materials are to be bought, and as directions always accompany each package of plates, I shall not encumber this sketch with details. I shall only advise having the developer a little weak, when you are uncertain as to the exposure, and giving plenty of time, in preference to hurrying matters. If you can watch an experienced photographer, amateur or professional, develop a plate, before going about it yourself, the experience will be invaluable to you. Use plenty of cool water in washing the plate, being careful to let it flow over the surface gently. If you can not secure a room with running water, have a bucketful on one side of you and a waste-dish on the other. In the case of the woods at night, a stream will answer for both bucket and dipper. For fixing small plates, one ounce of crystal hyposulphite (not *-sulphate)* of



A LARGE FAMILY OF SMALL CHILDREN. (COPY OF A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. ALEXANDER BLACK.)

soda, dissolved in about eight ounces of water, is to be used. Half an ounce of alum dissolved in the same amount of water is sometimes used to immerse the plate in after developing and before fixing, to harden the film; but I have found it just as expedient to put the alum in with the "hypo" (without extra water). In summer the alum is especially necessary, as the film is then exceedingly tender when wet. The fixing preparation may be kept for some time. The developing has generally gone far enough when you can see the outlines of the image from the back of the plate; the fixing is finished when all the white has disappeared, that is, when the cream-like substance can not be seen from the back of the plate.

To render negatives permanent and easy to handle, it is advisable to varnish them. This may be done by first warming the glass, and then pouring on the varnish until it has flooded the face of the plate. All that will then drip off may be returned to the bottle. Practice this process on some spoiled plates first, as the negative may be ruined by a blunder.

VI.—PRINTING.

WHEN the negative is dry, you are ready to print. For this process you must have the assistance of the sun. "Ferro-prussiate" paper requires no special preparation, and after printing, only needs to be washed. Pictures made on this paper are called "blue prints," and are permanently val-



"MY PIGTAIL." (COPY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.)



"TICK-A-TICK!" (COPY OF A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN AMATEUR.)

uable. For the regular grayish or silver prints, silvered paper is necessary. The difficulties and uncertainties attending the silvering of the paper make it advisable for the amateur either to get "ready-sensitized" paper, or to procure a silvered sheet from a photographer. I recommend the latter course, since ready-sensitized paper is somewhat uncertain when it comes to "toning." A single sheet, silvered and "fumed" ready for use (cutting into sixteen 4×5 inch pieces), should not cost more than twenty-five cents.

The "toning" of the silver prints is a simple though delicate process, for which formulas are easily procured. Remember that if the negative is weak, if the plate lacks densely black as well as transparent parts, the print can not be made so deep in color as could one from a strong negative —a negative which you could leave in the sun for a longer time. It is particularly necessary in the case of the toning and the fixing which again occur here, that you should first have watched an experienced hand do the same work. Leave the prints all night in changing water. If you have the opportunity, "mount" them in the morning while they are wet. In case you can not mount them then, they must be thoroughly wet again before they can be mounted. The paste (made from starch) should be like stiff jelly, the water on the paper supplying moisture sufficient to loosen it up. There are ways of mounting prints dry, but the method I have suggested is the easiest and probably the best.

Do not hesitate to trim down the prints. Very often a figure, group, or other subject is greatly improved by the cutting away of superfluous and uninteresting parts of the picture. The trimming should be done before the toning. Touch the surface of the paper as seldom and as gently as possible.

VII.—SUGGESTIONS.

THE best suggestion I could offer as to the selection or arrangement of subjects would be to study the illustrations in *The Century*, in ST. NICHOLAS, in Art Exhibition catalogues, or in any well-illustrated book or magazine. Pictures in black and white alone give the best ideas of composition, because they must rely for their effect upon composition, light and shade. One is liable to be deceived by color in considering the effectiveness of a scene. Objects or scenes, the beauty of which lies mainly in their color, are not so good material for the photographer as objects or scenes having an interest or a picturesqueness independent of



"THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER HAS HEARD SOME ONE SAY THAT THE MOST NATURAL POSITION IS THE BEST."

the color. But do not fall into the habit of being too prim about making selections. Almost anything that is photographed well is interesting to the beginner and to other amateurs. There is one



INSTANTANEOUS VIEW OF CHILDREN PLAYING RING-TOSS ON SHIPBOARD.

important fact to be remembered, however, in trying to make good portraits at close quarters: The professional photographer uses for portraits a special portrait lens, but the amateur generally does this work with a lens made for taking views. These view lenses "condense" very much; that is, they exaggerate the perspective by taking in so wide a field. As a result, if great care is not taken, a hand or a foot that is nearer the camera than the rest of the body is magnified in a very uncomfortable way.

Imagine the young photographer seating his boy friend before the instrument. He has heard some one say that the most natural position is the best, so he permits his sitter to face the camera, lean back in the chair, and cross his knees. The result will be very funny, since the near foot will loom up in most awful proportions, while the head, being some three feet further away, will occupy a comparatively insignificant position in the background.

Sometimes in taking a simple profile, if the head is placed too near the camera, the visible ear of the sitter, not having a chance to get so far off as the nose,—which has, let us say, two and a half inches of an advantage,—is given an alarming size. Then, in a full-face view, the poor nose has the worst of it. On this account, a "three-quarter" view is the best for an amateur working with a view camera; though if a fair distance is allowed between the sitter and the lens, there need be no difficulty of either sort.

Be scrupulously clean and exact in every process. I might emphasize exactness in development and cleanliness in toning. In toning, keep one dish for fixing only, one for the gold-bath, and one for washing or for holding the prints between the other processes.

Do not hesitate to make experiments. Many of the advances in photography have resulted from the seeming blunders of amateurs.

To those who, at college or at home, are engaged in scientific studies, the camera will afford a means of interesting experiment. The camera has been one of the greatest teachers of this century. It has, for instance, taught Meissonier, the great French painter, that the horses in his "1807" are not galloping as horses actually do gallop. It has taught the scientist who photographed a flying bullet that the reason the best of marksmen can not hit a suspended egg-shell is that a cushion of compressed air precedes the bullet and pushes the shell out of the way. And in a thousand other ways



INSTANTANEOUS VIEW OF A MOVING TRAIN OF CARS.

it has been confirming or upsetting scientific and artistic theories. Let the amateur therefore pursue

his investigations freely in this field of experiment, and see what discoveries he may make therein.

Keep a record of the date, subject, light, brand of plate, and time of exposure in the case of each negative. These entries may be made in a memorandum-book, or on the envelopes in which the negatives are filed away, and will be of great value not only in determining what to do on similar occasions, but in recalling the period and circumstances under which the picture was taken.

There are five hundred or more hints I should like to give you, if there were space for them, but I am not sure that the time occupied in reading them might not be more profitably spent in a struggle with the difficulties at which they would be aimed.



JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

By James Otis.

Chapter IX.

HOMELESS.

It was a sorrowful-looking and but partially dressed group that the firemen saw standing in front of the burning building when they came up at full speed, the engines panting and puffing as if eager to measure strength with the fiery tongues of flame that were already creeping through the windows and doors. Some of the neighbors had given the alarm, neither the directors nor the boarders having had sufficient presence of mind to do so; and in a few moments after the inmates of the boarding-house had been driven out of it, half a dozen streams of water were being poured into it by as many engines.

It was too late then to save any more of the household goods, since even the firemen did not dare attempt to enter the building until the fury of the flames had been subdued somewhat; and Jenny stood weeping over a small heap of fragments, which was all that remained of her boarding-house. It is probable that Mrs. Parsons felt quite as sad as any one, but she was far too practical to remain very long out-of-doors on a cold night mourning over her losses. Besides, it was necessary to find a better shelter for November than one very thin bed-spread afforded, and so the old lady began looking about for a place of refuge before the fascination of the flames had ceased to hold the others spell-bound.

Some of the neighbors generously offered shelter to those who had been driven from their home; but Mrs. Parsons and November were the only ones who accepted the invitation until the fire was nearly extinguished, and Jenny's boarding-house had been transformed into a blackened, smoking, shapeless mass of ruins.

Poor Jenny bewailed rather the destruction of the house where she had hoped to earn a livelihood for her mother and herself than the absolute value of what had been destroyed. Ikey mourned the loss of his overcoat, which could be so conveniently laced up behind; and Tom stood with a rueful countenance as he realized that he owned nothing whatever save the shirt he had on when the flames prevented him from re-entering his bedroom. Pinney was sad in a general way; he had saved nearly half of his limited stock of clothing, but he grieved because of Jenny's sorrow and that he was homeless.

Duddy and Jack were sad because of the wrecking of what, in their opinion at least, had promised to be the best-managed boarding-house in the city; and Sam was the only one who could see anything cheering in the conflagration. Since the house had been burned, of course the question of forcing Master Tousey to resign from the board of directors could no longer be brought up, and his loss was far less than that of any other member of the company. His principal regret was that he had not been wise enough to sell his share to Duddy when the subject was under discussion, and thus have received back his precious dollar and eighty cents.

One grief the boarders and the directors had in common, and that was occasioned by the loss of November's skates. Very strangely no one had thought of those valuable articles in the brief time before the flames forced them to leave the building; but after it was too late there was not a boy among them who did not feel that the baby's loss was great indeed. It is true that November could not use the skates, but every one of his admirers felt certain he would soon have "grown up to 'em"; and the first thought of all was to replace them at the earliest opportunity.

When the fire was under control Pinney went to where Jenny was standing sorrowfully by the fragments of a bureau, and, touching her lightly on the shoulder, said softly:

"I 'd try not to feel very badly about it if I could, Jenny. When you come to think of it, the house was n't such a very nice one, after all, an' you know we fellers 'll whoop 'round lively till we can start another."

"I do try, but I can't help feeling badly, Pinney," replied the young landlady. "I thought so much of the place, 'cause I believed I could earn money, an' Mother would n't have to go out working; but now it 's gone, and we 're worse off than we were before it was started."

Poor little Jenny burst into tears again, and Pinney could show his sympathy in no other way than by smoothing her shawl with his hand, until Tom and Duddy came up to insist that she should go into the house where her mother had sought shelter.

As a matter of fact, it was quite time for all the homeless ones to screen themselves from the piercing cold, and the boys gratefully accepted an invitation to spend the remainder of the night in the

kitchen of the same house wherein Jenny and her mother and November had been provided with a room and a bed.

At first it seemed impossible for the boys to sleep, so excited were they all; but their eyes were closed in slumber before morning, and the German woman who had given them shelter found them stretched out on the floor in front of the stove, blissfully unconscious of their loss, as she went to prepare breakfast for her unfortunate guests.

When the question of going to work was brought up, the unpleasant fact that neither Tom, Ikey, nor Pinney had sufficient clothing in which to make a comfortable appearance on the street presented itself, and for some moments the greatest consternation prevailed. Before they went to sleep, it had been decided that the original stockholders (with the exception of Sam, who was replaced by Duddy) should do their best to provide Jenny with funds to start another boarding-house; but if three of the party were to be prevented from working because of lack of clothing, the prospect of raising funds was a dismal one.

"I 'll tell you how we 'll fix it," said Duddy, after it had been definitely settled that there was not among the entire party sufficient garments with which to provide Tom, Ikey, and Pinney with outfits; "the rest of us will go down town, an' I 'll ask all the fellers if they 've any clothes to spare. I 'm most certain Tim Dyer has two coats; he 'll give us one of them, an' p'rhaps we 'll get enough to rig you all out."

This was clearly the only thing that could be done, since no one thought for a moment of asking Jenny for the money that had been given her the night before. To purchase new clothing, even if they had sufficient funds, was an extravagance of which none of the boys would have been guilty, and the three destitute lads gladly agreed to remain where they were until their friends could solicit contributions in their behalf.



"THEY WERE ALL EAGERLY EXAMINING THE ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHING." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

It was not until the boys had started out, some to go to their regular work, and Duddy, with two or three others, to forage for clothing, that Mrs. Parsons and Jenny made their appearance. Neither they nor November had suffered from the exposure of the night previous; and even before breakfast had been eaten, Jenny and the three ex-directors were planning how they might start another establishment on the plan of the one that had been burned.

"If I can get an overcoat, an' Tom an' Pinney

can scare up some clothes, we 'll work so hard that the money 'll come rollin' right in. Then you can look for another house, an' in two or three weeks we won't even know we were burned out." Ikey spoke very hopefully; but the bright look faded from his face as he asked, "Where will you an' November an' your mother stay till we can rake up the cash?"

"We must hire a little room somewhere," said Jenny, trying hard to smile, "and — and — I 'm goin' to sell papers, too."

"You sell papers!" repeated Tom, while Ikey and Pinney stared at her as if positive their ears had deceived them.

"I 've got to do somethin', of course, or how could we pay the rent of even the smallest room?"

"But you must n't sell papers, an' that settles it," said Tom very decidedly.

"It 's the only thing to do that I know of — I mean, it 's the only chance that would make me sure of earning money enough each day to buy bread for mother and the baby."

"It can't be done!" Tom shook his head, while Ikey and Pinney did the same by way of showing that they agreed with him. "We would n't stand that anyhow, — would we, fellers?"

"Of course not!" said Ikey scornfully, as if the very idea was absurd, while Pinney repeated the words after him emphatically.

"I don't know jest what we can do," continued Tom; "but we 'll talk it over when Duddy comes back, an' you see if we don't hit on somethin'."

"Wait till Duddy comes back!" said Ikey and Pinney in concert as if the affair had been finally settled.

But Jenny continued, "I thought it all over this morning, and Mother said I might do it; for you see we must have money, an' even if I could get a place as cash-girl in a store, I could n't have any wages until after I had been there a week. Now we must have enough to pay for a room right away ——"

"Well, you 've got what we gave you last night," said Tom quickly.

"Yes; but I would n't use that till I knew how I could pay you back."

"See here, Jenny," and Tom spoke impressively, purposely raising his voice so that Mrs. Parsons, who was talking with her hostess at the other end of the room, should hear him, "we fellers won't have you out on the street sellin' papers in this cold weather. Duddy is one of the firm now, an' he 'll kick about it, an' so will every last one of us!"

"We all own a share in the baby," added Pinney, "an' we don't want you to leave him while — say, fellers, do you s'pose Sam will think he owns any of November now?"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Tom; "Duddy took that part, too, when he took Sam's place." Then Tom went into an elaborate explanation of how and by whom November was owned; and before Jenny found an opportunity of again introducing the subject of selling papers, Duddy and Jack appeared.

That they had been successful in their mission could be seen by the load of antique garments which each carried.

"It seemed 's if every feller had somethin' he was achin' to get rid of," Duddy said, as he deposited his burden on the floor and looked around with an air of triumph. "They did n't know anything about the fire till we got down town, an' I tell you they stacked things up in great shape when they heard how much we 'd lost. Some of the fellers is talkin' 'bout raisin' fifty cents apiece an' lending it to Jenny so 's she can start over ag'in."

No one paid very much attention to the latter portion of Duddy's story, for they all were eagerly examining the assortment that had been so generously given by boys to whom even the most ragged pair of trousers was valuable. There was sufficient clothing to provide an outfit for half a dozen, and it was not many moments before Tom, Ikey, and Pinney were ready to begin work once more. It is true they did not make a very fashionable appearance; but they were well protected against the inclemency of the weather, and that was sufficient.

"Comin' down town?" asked Duddy, after he had turned each of his friends slowly around in order that he might admire the general style and misfit of the newly acquired garments.

"Yes; we 've got to work harder 'n ever now; but before we go there 's one thing to be settled." Then Tom repeated what Jenny had said about selling papers.

Duddy looked at the young landlady in mingled astonishment and reproof for several seconds; then he asked her gravely:

"Be I one of this firm now or not?"

"The boys say you have taken Sam's place," replied Jenny meekly.

"Then you can't go out sellin' papers 'less we let you, an' it 'll be a mighty long day before I 'm willin'. Jest wait till night, an' if I don't show you somethin' fine, I 'll be s'prised. But there 's no use talkin' 'bout your sellin' papers."

"But Mother an' I must find some place to live in, and I have got to earn the money to pay for it," explained Jenny.

"Hire this woman to keep you here till termorrer," said Duddy.

"But where will you boys sleep?" Jenny asked.

"Down at the Newsboys Lodgin' House if we

can't crawl in somewhere for nothin'," said Duddy. "Don't you fret 'bout us, 'cause we 'll be all right. Now we 're goin' to work, an' you be sure to stay in the house to-day, 'cause we might wanter see you very partic'lar, an' we must know where to find you."

Duddy beckoned the others to follow him as he left the room, and the homeless boys were soon on their way down town.

Jenny was greatly puzzled to know just what to do. She laid the matter before her mother, and the old lady decided that it could certainly do no harm to remain where they were for one day, as Duddy had already proposed. An arrangement was made with their good-natured hostess for board with her, and Jenny reluctantly consented to remain idle twenty-four hours. But her brain was as active as ever, and by evening she had decided to carry out her plan in spite of the boys, when Pinney, his eyes opened to their widest extent and excitement showing on every feature of his countenance, unceremoniously burst into the room.

"Say, Jenny!" he cried in his shrillest tone, "there 's a lot of the fellers out on the sidewalk a-sayin' they want to see you. May I let 'em in?"

"Pinney White," said the old lady severely, as she peered over the top of her spectacles at the breathless boy, "you are up to some of your nonsensical shines again, and don't you dare to deny it."

"'Deed I 'm not," replied Master White. "This is somethin' very 'portant, and Duddy says as how they *must* come up in style."

"But we can 't have a crowd of boys traipsing in here," said Mrs. Parsons decidedly. "It was bad enough when we were in our own house, and I 'm sure it would never do here where we 're hardly more than visitors ourselves."

"But they 've *got* to come!" cried Pinney, looking really distressed.

Mrs. Parsons was about to make some reply, when the old German woman put an end to the discussion, by insisting that the delegation should be allowed to enter, and Pinney rushed out of the house in high glee.

A moment later the heavy tramp of footsteps on the stairs told that the visitors were coming in a swarm, and even the complaisant hostess began to look doubtful.

Pinney acted as master of ceremonies, opening the door and standing on the threshold as if to welcome the guests; while the remainder of the directors marched in arm in arm, followed by seventeen boys, each with a broad grin on his face.

The visitors remained in the room several moments without showing any disposition to make known the reason of their coming, until Pinney reminded them of business by saying loudly:

"Jenny, these fellers have come to see you for somethin' very 'portant, an' if you 'll keep still now, they 'll tell you."

Jim Chick, thus recalled to the duties of the position for which he had been selected by his friends, stepped forward in an easy, if not graceful, manner, and said, as he handed Jenny a small but heavy package wrapped in an old newspaper:

"When the fellers heard about the house bein' burned by the fire, they felt pretty bad, 'cause you see a good many was reckonin' on comin' to board with you."

"It 's very kind of them," Jenny managed to say, as Jim paused for an instant, evidently waiting for a reply.

"That 's so; but you see they thought it would n't do you very much good if they did n't do anything but feel bad, so seventeen of us raised sixty cents apiece — I don't jest know how much that makes; but it 's all in the paper — an' we 're goin' to lend it to you till you get another place started."

"But I can't take this money, when I don't know how I can pay you; for — for — " Jenny was wholly at a loss to know what to say. The generosity of the boys, many of whom she had never seen before, affected her deeply.

"There won't be any trouble 'bout payin' us back," Jim said carelessly; "for we 're all comin' to board in the house when you get another place, an' then we can eat it out. See?"

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Parsons. "I never thought boys had so much sense."

Jenny tried in vain to explain that she could not receive the money before she had even found a house. The boys would hardly listen to her.

"Don't try to make 'em take it back, for it won't do the least bit o' good," Duddy whispered. "You can begin, the first thing in the mornin', to look for another place."

Jenny finally ceased to protest against receiving this unasked-for loan, and during the half hour that the boys remained, she gave each one an opportunity of at least touching November, which was considered by all as a great privilege.

It is impossible to say how long the boys might have lingered, had not Duddy, seeing that the noise and general confusion was beginning to disturb Mrs. Parsons, rather broadly hinted that the visit should be brought to a close, by saying:

"Come on, fellers; it 's time we cleared out of here."

Then the noisy company at last filed out of the room, giving a yell, when they reached the street, that might have done credit to Comanche Indians.

CHAPTER X.

A FRIEND INDEED.

THE morning after the newsboys had proved to Jenny how strong were their sympathies for her, the stockholders were hard at work when Duddy was seen coming up Broadway at full speed. He was in the street, skillfully avoiding the horses and vehicles, since he could run faster there than on the sidewalk, which was thronged with pedestrians. His friends knew, from the look of excitement on his face, that something remarkable had occurred.

"See Duddy run!" screamed Pinney. "Somethin' 's up, sure. I would n't wonder if he 'd had a lead quarter passed on him, an' he wants us to help punish the feller that gave it to him."

It so chanced that all the directors were in the immediate vicinity, and Tom shouted while his friend was yet some distance away:

"What 's the matter, Duddy?"

"Wha-wha-what d' yer think?" asked Master Duddy Foss as he halted, panting and breathless, in front of his brother directors. "What d' yer think Mr. Barstow says?"

As a matter of course no one had any idea what the lawyer had said, and, without waiting for an answer, Duddy continued, "He says he will lend Jenny a whole hundred dollars to start another boardin'-house with, if all of us fellers promise to work hard an' pay him back!"

"What?" shouted the boys in chorus; and had they been told that the Brooklyn Bridge was stolen and carried away, they could not have appeared more astonished.

"It 's the truth," replied Duddy emphatically. "Come 'round the corner while I tell you all about it."

So excited were the directors by this time, that they almost tumbled over one another as they rushed pell-mell to an unoccupied doorway on Barclay Street.

"This is the whole story," said Master Foss, as soon as he could get his breath; "an' you 'll know it 's true, 'cause we 'll all have to go down to his office with Jenny. You see, I did n't carry him any paper yesterday, for I had to get you boys clothes, an' after I 'd done that, it was so late that he 'd bought one. When I saw him this mornin', he asked me in a cross-like way why I was n't there the day before."

"Did n't he know 'bout the fire?" asked Pinney eagerly.

"Course not. What would a swell like him know 'bout a fire down in Carpenter Street? I told him though, an' then he said as how he was sorry 'cause he spoke so sharp. He asked me all about Jenny, an' how you 'd started the house, an' what we meant to do now. An' when I told him everything, he said he 'd lend Jenny money to get another place if we 'd all promise to pay him back. We must go right up and get her, for he 'll be in his office all the morning, an' we wanter make sure of the cash before he has a chance to back out."

"How do you know that he 's willing to lend as much as a hundred dollars?" asked Ikey doubtfully, so improbable did the story seem.

"'Cause that 's what he said!" cried Duddy. "He asked me how much I thought it would take to start another house, an' I told him as much as ninety dollars. Then he said as how ten on top of that would n't be more 'n enough, so he can't offer any less, can he?"

"We 'll soon know what he 's goin' to do, if we go down there with Jenny," said Tom. "Let 's get some of the fellers to take our papers off our hands, an' start right after her."

Fortunately, Jim Chick appeared in sight just at that moment; and after the matter had been hastily explained to him, he promised to take charge of the directors' stock-in-trade, it being understood that he was only to pay for what he sold. Then the boys started toward Carpenter Street at full speed, while Jim made haste to sell his wares, and at the same time to spread among his business acquaintances the startling news that Duddy Foss had seen a man "what was goin' to help him open a reg'lar swell boardin'-house."

When the boys arrived at the German woman's house, they found that Jenny had not yet gone out house-hunting; and Duddy told the wonderful story in the briefest possible space of time. It was some moments before his listeners could realize their good fortune; but when he had once succeeded in convincing them, the young landlady was soon ready to go with the Board of Directors to Mr. Barstow.

If Jenny had been willing to run through the streets, the boys might have been reasonably contented; but their patience was sorely tried at being obliged to walk, although at a rapid gait, to the lawyer's office.

They arrived at last, however; and found Mr. Barstow alone and disengaged. He did not wait for Duddy to remind him of his promise; but said at once:

"I suppose you have come to attend to the business of which I spoke to Duddy. This is my proposition: I will loan Jenny Parsons an amount sufficient to open a boarding-house — say even one hundred dollars, for which each of you must become personally responsible. It is purely a business transaction, in which I invest my money with a stock company that agrees to give six per cent. in-

terest, while I take as security the notes of the directors. You must pay the interest every three months, and I shall demand the right to examine your books at any time I may think proper."

Ikey looked up in alarm; the expression of joy that had been on his face, from the moment Mr. Barstow began to speak, faded into one of dismay.

"I don't believe I could keep the 'counts if we



"ALL YOUR MONEY!" SAID PINNEY INDIGNANTLY. "YOU PUT IN TWO DOLLARS AN' EIGHTY CENTS!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

was to have a hundred dollars to spend," he said sorrowfully. "It 's been 'bout as much as I could do when every feller paid in ten dollars."

"But you must do it, Ikey," said Duddy. "You 've kinder got the hang of it now, an' if you lay right down to it, you 'll come out square."

"If you are doubtful of your ability to keep the books of the concern, I shall expect you to submit your work to me at least once each week," said Mr. Barstow. "You can come here every Saturday at noon, and perhaps I may be able to give you some useful hints; but you must not expect me to aid you except by suggestions." Turning to Jenny, the lawyer continued, "When you have found a suitable house, let the owner or agent come to me for the rent. I will sign the lease, and sublet it to you. After that, you can buy such furniture as may be necessary, and have the bills sent to me. Here is your authority for purchasing the goods in my name."

The lawyer handed Jenny one of his business cards, on which he had written:

"The bearer, Jenny Parsons, is hereby authorized to purchase in my name such goods as may be necessary to furnish a boarding-house plainly but comfortably. All bills are to be submitted to me before the articles are delivered. F. H. BARSTOW."

"Duddy shall report progress each morning," the lawyer added, "and I claim the right to inspect your work at any time. I shall loan you only such an amount as may be necessary for the purchase

of furniture and fuel, and for the first month's rent; but what you need for running expenses, Miss Jenny, you must get from the Board of Directors. Now you had better set about finding a house at once."

Jenny would have tried to thank the lawyer for his wonderful generosity; but he showed so plainly, by rising and opening the door, that the interview was at an end, that she could do no less than follow the directors into the street.

The boys were inclined to be extravagant in their joy when they were out of Mr. Barstow's office; but Jenny was unusually quiet. The loaning of the money had been treated by the lawyer so thoroughly as a matter of business, that she realized the full responsibility that rested upon her, and said seriously:

"Would n't it be terrible if we could n't pay the money back?"

"But we can," replied Duddy confidently. "When the place is started, we shall make no end of money, and it won't be any time at all before we can square up with him. S'pos'n' we all go 'round to find a house?"

"I think it would be better for you to go to work, as usual," Jenny said. "You know Mr. Barstow does n't loan us anything for food and such things; and we shall need more money than we have before we can take a houseful of boarders."

But none of the directors felt that it was necessary for them to work very hard, on that day at least, and were more eager to make known to their friends and acquaintances the good fortune that had come to them than to engage in any other occupation. Duddy painted the future boarding-house in such glowing colors that, had it been open then, it would have been filled to overflowing with boarders.

Sam was the only one who did not rejoice at the news.

"I tell you what it is, Ikey," he said while Duddy was again explaining his views on the new boarding-house; "I ought to have a share in the concern, 'cause I lost 'most everything when the other one was burned. I told Duddy he might have my place, for he was jest about crazy to git it; but I did n't mean to back out for good."

"You said 't was no use to try to start another," replied Ikey quietly. "When Tom asked if you 'd take hold an' help Jenny, you said you did n't want anything to do with it."

"I don't know as I said those very words," answered Sam, adding, "but even if I did, I meant all the time to go in with you."

"Now, Sam, you did n't mean anything of the kind," interrupted Pinney. "You said you would n't go in with fellers that never gave you a show to have things as you wanted 'em."

"That's jest the way I spected you 'd talk, Pinney White," protested Sam, in an injured tone; "I put all my money into the concern, an' lost it, so now you want to put me out."

"All your money!" repeated Pinney indignantly. "You put in two dollars an' eighty cents, an' got a whole week's board out of it. When Duddy took your place, he had to pay back what you 'd borrered of Ikey."

To this Sam had no reply that seemed to fit the case; but changing his manner he said, with a menacing gesture:

"I 'll find out whether you fellers can cheat me so. You jest wait till I tell that lawyer the whole thing, an' then we 'll see whether you get your swell house or not."

Master Tousey strode majestically away as he ceased speaking, leaving Ikey and Pinney in a very uncomfortable frame of mind; for they feared that Sam, by telling the story in his way, might possibly prevent them from receiving the loan.

Tom and Duddy, when told of the threat, professed to think that it was nothing more than foolish talk; but they both looked disturbed, and it is just possible that Master Foss might have paid Mr. Barstow a third visit on that day, if his attention had not been suddenly called to a very serious matter.

"Say, fellers, have you seen that 'tisement 'bout a baby?" called out an acquaintance, who suddenly came running across the street at full speed.

"A — baby?" repeated Pinney, his face growing pale despite the bronzing it had received from wind and sun.

"Yes, a baby! An' it looks a good deal to me as if it meant the one you fellers found," shouted the new-comer.

"Why don't you tell us what it is, an' not stand there talkin' 'bout what you think?" asked Tom nervously.

"It 's nothin' but jest a 'tisement. You can read for yourselves," said the boy, as he handed the paper to Tom, and pointed out the article.

The directors, all of them looking frightened, crowded around Tom while he slowly spelled out the following:

"LOST — A BABY.

"On November 18, a child eleven months old was taken from its home, and, it is believed, was left at some house in this city. Any information concerning it will be thankfully received by a sorrowing mother, and the informants will be liberally rewarded.

"GILES & BEACH,
"Attorneys-at-law."

It was not until each of the directors in turn had read the notice, that the paper was given to the owner, and then five very disconsolate-looking boys stood silently gazing at one another.

"It 'll be rather hard if you have to give the baby back jest when you 're goin' to get a new house, won't it?" suggested Jim Chick, looking as sad as if he owned a share in November, instead of being only a prospective boarder.

"Who says we 've got to give him back?" demanded Pinney fiercely. "Nobody knows whether that means our baby or not. Besides, I guess we 've a better right to him than anybody else; for he 'd 'a' frozen to death if we had n't taken him into the house that night."

"But there 's the 'tisement," persisted Jim.

"I don't care for a thousand of 'em; that makes no difference. November belongs to us, an' that 's all there is to it. Did n't we keep him from gettin' frozen? Did n't we buy milk for him so 's he 'd have somethin' to eat? Are n't we takin' care of him, an' did n't we give him all the name he has? I 'd jest like to see the feller that says we don't own that baby."

Pinney actually glared upon the crowd as he stood in a threatening attitude.

"What do you think, Tom?" asked Ikey in a whisper.

"I don't know what to think," said Tom, with hesitation. "Of course we 're not sure that it means November; but I s'pose we ought to find out."

"What do you want to go tryin' to find out for?" shouted Pinney. "Let 'em come an' see if he 's theirs an' if they can get him. I 'm jest as much of a director as any other feller, an' I say that nobody shall get our baby."

"We 'll find Jenny and see what she thinks," Tom said gravely. "Here, Joe, here 're two cents for the paper. An' now, fellers, let 's go home."

At first Pinney stoutly declared that he would not permit the others even to consult Mrs. Parsons and Jenny on the subject; but when he saw that they were determined, he followed, scolding at the highest pitch of his shrill voice against those who would try to take November from them. All the good fortune of the day was forgotten in the fear that they might lose the baby.

Jenny was not at home when the boys entered the house. She had been in for a moment after her return from the lawyer's office, and then had started out at once in search of a house.

As the boys were unwilling to tell the sad news to Mrs. Parsons alone, they waited on the sidewalk for the young landlady, heedless alike of cold and wind.

When, a short time after dark, Jenny came up, walking briskly and looking as happy as a girl can look, Tom handed her the paper, having first folded it so that the advertisement could be plainly seen, and said:

"Go into the house an' read that."

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked, as she observed her partners' sorrowful looks.

"Read that and you 'll find out," replied Tom, as he pushed her gently toward the door. Then, as Jenny entered the house, the directors trooped in silently behind her, waiting anxiously to hear what she would say.

"Why, Tom, this must mean November," she cried in excitement, as she read the advertisement and handed the paper to her mother.

"You look as if you was glad," said Pinney in an angry tone.

"And so I am! We all ought to be thankful that we can give him to his very own mother. Only think how badly she must have felt when he was taken from her!" said the sympathetic girl.

"Bless me, what does the child mean?" asked Mrs. Parsons in querulous tones, as she nervously and vainly fumbled in her pocket for her spectacles, which were on her head. "Tell me what the matter is, Jenny, for I never can find my specs when I want them."

"I 'll read it for you, Mother," replied Jenny; and when she had done so, the old lady said joyfully:

"I knew we should learn some day who his parents were! Can you find those men who have advertised, Jenny?"

"I don't believe I can to-night; but I 'll start out the very first thing in the morning."

"Then you believe that means November, do you?" asked Tom in a sorrowful tone.

"Of course it does. It 's not likely it can be for any other baby," said Mrs. Parsons; "it 's a very fortunate thing that you boys happened to see the advertisement."

"Do — do — you mean that you 're going to give him back?" asked Pinney.

"Certainly we must," replied the old lady.

"Then I 'll see what I can do," and Pinney shook his fist angrily. "I say he 's our baby, an' there shan't anybody get him, if I have to stand there with a club to keep folks away!"

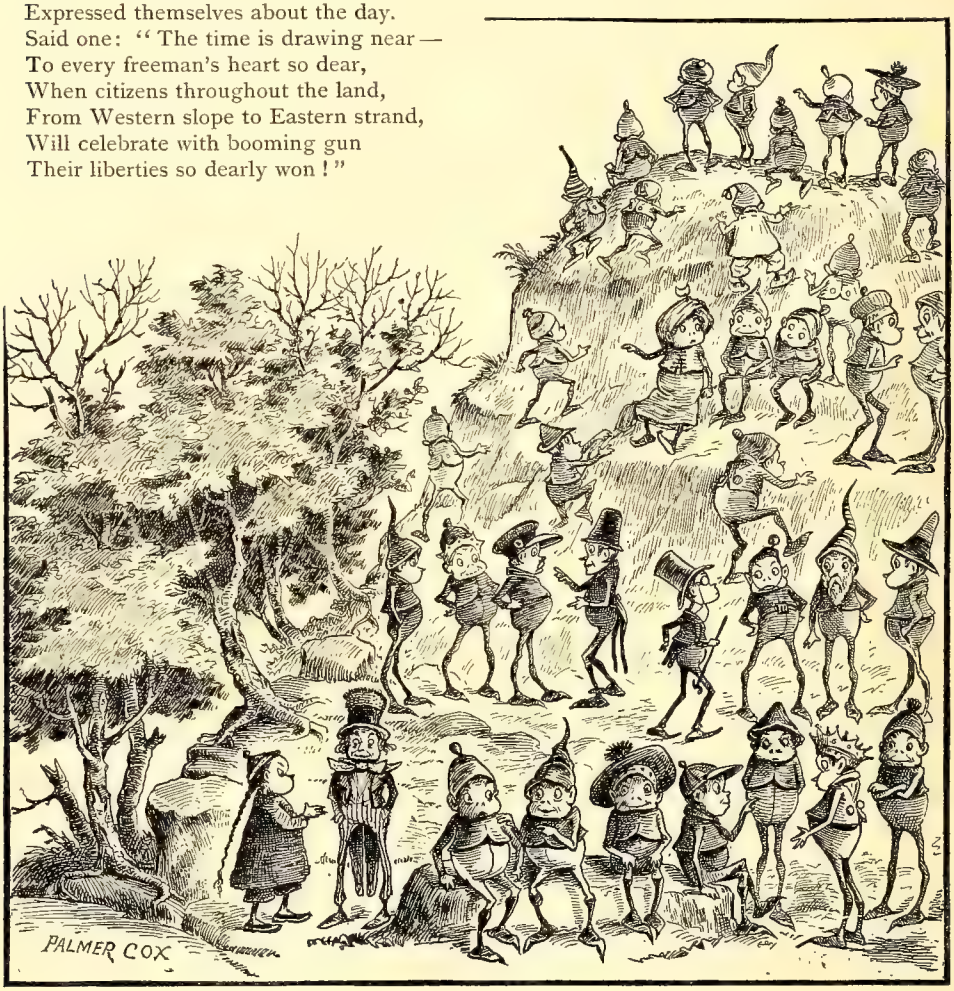
(To be continued.)

THE BROWNIES' FOURTH OF JULY.

By Palmer Cox.

When Independence Day was nigh—
And children laid their pennies by,
Arranging plans how every cent
Should celebrate the grand event,
The Brownies in their earnest way
Expressed themselves about the day.
Said one: "The time is drawing near—
To every freeman's heart so dear,
When citizens throughout the land,
From Western slope to Eastern strand,
Will celebrate with booming gun
Their liberties so dearly won!"

"Trust me to lead you to a place
Where fireworks of every kind
Are made to suit the loyal mind.
There, Roman candles are in store,



"A fitting time," another cried,
"For us, who many sports have tried,
To introduce our mystic art
And in some manner play a part."
A third replied, with beaming face:

And bombs that like a cannon roar;
While 'round the room one may behold
Designs of every size and mold,—
The wheels that turn, when all ablaze,
And scatter sparks a thousand ways;

The eagle bird, with pinions spread;
The busts of statesmen ages dead;
And him who led his tattered band
Against invaders of the land
Until he shook the country free
From grasp of kings beyond the sea.
We may from this supply with ease

And, acting on the plans they laid,
A journey to the town was made.
The Brownies never go astray,
However puzzling is the way;
With guides before and guards behind,
They cut through every turn and wind,
Until a halt was made at last



Secure a share whene'er we please;
And on these hills behind the town
That to the plain go sloping down,
We 'll take position, come what may,
And celebrate the Nation's Day."

That eve, when stars began to shine,
The eager band was formed in line,

Before a building bolted fast.
But those who think they turn around
And leave because no keys are found
Should entertain the thought no more,
But study up the Brownie lore.

Ere long, upon the homeward road
They hastened with their novel load;

And when the bell in chapel tower
Gave notice of the midnight hour,
The ruddy flame, the turning wheel,
The showering sparks and deafening peal

The largest planets shrunk away;
While twinkling orbs of lesser flame
Appeared to hide their heads in shame.
At times, in spite of warning cries,



Showed Brownies in the proper way
Gave welcome to the glorious day.

The eagles, through the gloom of night,
Looked down like constellations bright;
The rockets, whizzing to and fro,
Illumed the slumbering town below;
While, towering there with eyes of fire,
As when he made his foes retire,
Above all emblems duly raised,
The Father of his Country blazed.
Before the brilliant, grand display,

Some proved too slow at closing eyes;
Some ears were stunned, some noses got
Too close to something quick and hot,
And fingers bore for days and weeks
The trace of hasty powder's freaks.

But there, while darkness wrapped the hill,
The Brownies celebrated still;
For, pleasures such as this they found
But seldom in their roaming 'round;
And with reluctant feet they fled
When morning tinged the sky with red.

HOW POOR PUSS WAS RESCUED.

By Florence H. Smith.

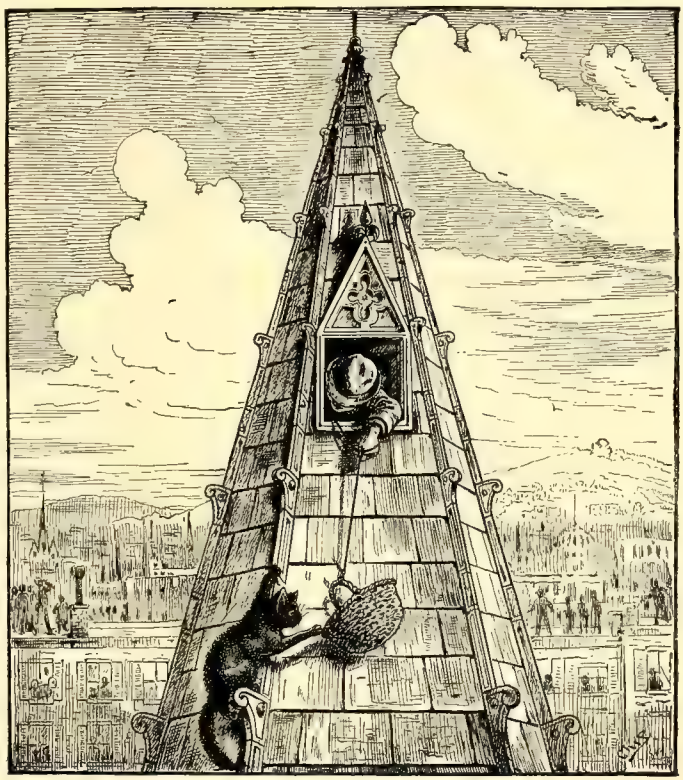
One beautiful summer evening, the avenues of a large city were thronged with people on their way to the different churches. At a certain corner, however, several persons were standing, gazing apparently into the air. Others soon joined them, until so large a crowd was gathered that the way was completely blocked.

The attention of two policemen was attracted, and they, too, went to see what was the matter; but once on the spot, they stood like the rest, with open mouths and eyes, and faces upturned to the sky. Soon the windows along the street were thronged with people, and a number of persons were seen on the tops of the houses in the neighborhood, all intently gazing in one direction.

And what do you think they saw? Clinging for dear life to a jutting ornament, near the top of a tall church-steeple that pointed straight up into the soft evening air, was a black cat. "How did it get there?" was the first question every one asked; and "How will it get down?" was the next.

The poor creature was looking down, and at frequent intervals it uttered a pitiful cry, as if calling to the crowd below for help. Once, it slipped and fell a short distance down the sloping side of the steeple, and an exclamation of pity came from the crowd, now intensely interested in its fate. Luckily the cat's claws caught on another projection, and for the moment it was safe.

Some looker-on suggested that it be shot in order to save it from the more dreadful death that seemed to await it; but no one was willing to fire the shot. Ere long a little window some distance above the place where the cat was clinging was seen to open. Two boys had determined to save it; they had mounted the stairs to where the bell hung, and then by a ladder had reached the window. They had taken a board up with them, and they now pushed one end of it out of the window and lowered it till it was within reach of the cat. Then, by encouraging words and signs they tried to persuade the creature to step on the plank. Puss seemed to understand, and put out one paw, but drew it back immediately; and at that instant one of the boys



accidentally let go his hold, the board turned over, and the cat would certainly have been dashed to the ground had it trusted to that means of escape.

The boys withdrew the board, and soon re-appearing at the window, were seen to be lowering a basket down the side of the steeple. Pussy, having now ceased to cry, watched it intently as it slowly came nearer and nearer. When it was within reach, the cat carefully put out one paw and took hold of the side of the basket, then as carefully repeated the action with the other paw, then drew itself up, and with a violent effort flung itself over the side and into the bottom of the basket. The next moment it was safely drawn up to the window, amid loud cheers from the spectators below.

The Japanese Dolls.

Verses by Clara G. Dolliver.

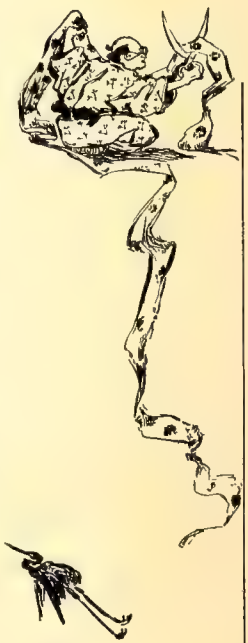
I. The Lady Doll.



I 'm a lady of rank from Japan,
Please be as polite as you can.
My beautiful clothes you may scan,—
My garments of tinsel and crape,
In purple and red like the grape,
And cut in most elegant shape
By a queer little dress-maker man.
But please do not handle my fan;
'T would be reckoned quite rude in Japan.

My lips are just parted to show
My little black teeth in a row,
With a gloss like the back of a crow;
And if you look close and are wise,
You may see in my long narrow eyes
A great deal of well-bred surprise
That other folks' teeth are not so.

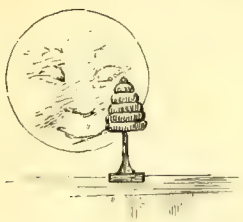




II. The Baby Dolls.



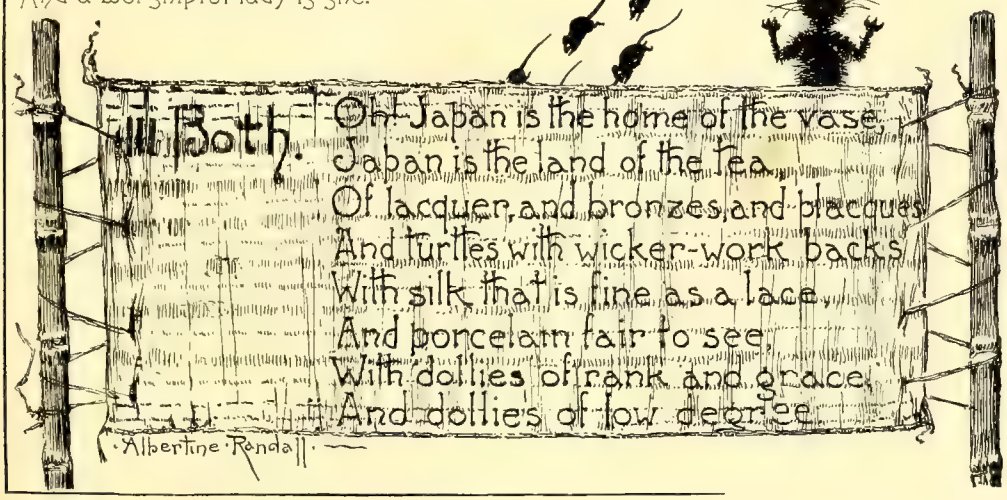
Very common young fry are we three,
Very limp at the elbow and knee,
Clad in cheap cotton gowns as you see,
Made up in great haste with a baste
And tied with a rag at the waist
Without any pretension to taste.
It would be out of taste, we agree;
For in Tokio, over the sea,
Few dollies are lowly as we.



Though made of such very cheap clay,
Baked with dozens besides in a tray,
We are quite roly-poly and gay.
Our flimsy sides shake when 't is said
That our fringe on the crown of the head
Is n't hair, but young bristles instead:
And it causes us little dismay
That our joints wobble 'round, they do say,
In a most unaccountable way,—
As we never use these in the day.

But the mice and the pussy-cats see
Funny frolics at night when we 're free,
And the moon looks in over the tree.
The lady-doll tied in her case,
With a cover of silk on her face,
Is too haughty to join in the race.
We are glad we are not in her place;
It 's so jolly more lowly to be.
Though she says it suits her to a T,
And a worshipful lady is she.



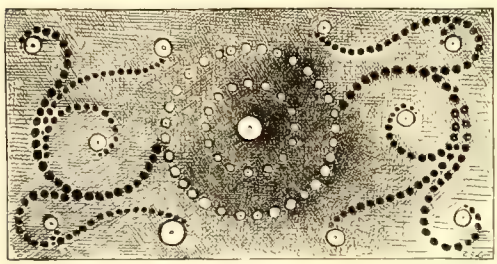


BEAD AND WIRE INLAYING.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

THERE is a very curious and effective style of ornamental, or decorative, art, which — though occasionally practiced in Turkey and other Eastern countries — is by no means very common even where it is best known. It may be called bead-inlaying, and it is so easy that any boy or girl ten years old can achieve excellent results in it by following these simple directions:

Take a piece of wood, let us say beech or mahogany or pear-tree or, indeed, any of the fine-grained kinds. Let it be half an inch in thickness and twelve inches in length by six in breadth. Draw on it your design. This done, follow the pattern with a series of holes, bored in the wood with a straight round awl or a drill or a gimlet, as close together as possible without splitting the wood between

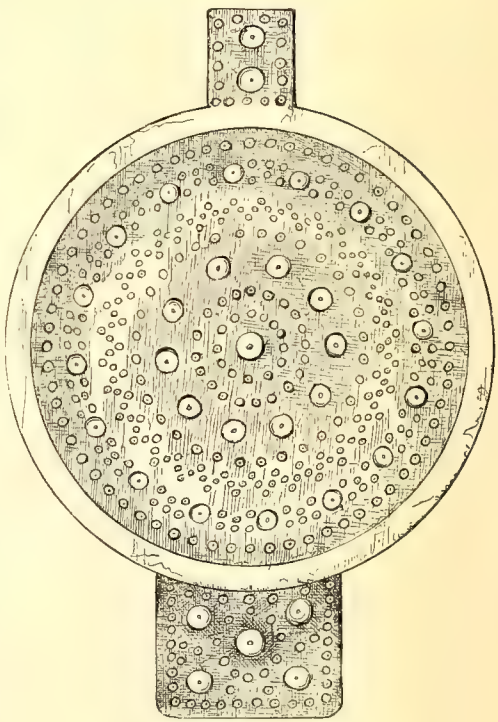


A PANEL DECORATED WITH BEAD AND WIRE INLAYING.

them. Then put the beads into the holes so that their perforations will show. To secure the beads in place, the holes may first be filled with glue or varnish. The work will then be very durable. If you choose, the holes in the beads may be filled with a mixture of fine transparent glue and any coloring matter, such as umber or chrome. The beads should be sunk rather deeply into the wood. When the wood splits easily, or it is desirable to make the holes very close together, the holes may be bored with a hot iron rod. It will often add to the effect if a line, or fine groove, be cut with a penknife or a parting, or V, tool around the edge of the bead pattern. The ground may also be stamped, or indented, with a wood-carver's stamp.

Small boxes or caskets, thin panels for albums, indeed any kind of wooden surface, may be thus decorated. The drawing on this page represents a plate used by the attendants in a Turkish bathing house for receiving the gratuities of customers as they go out. The money is taken in the circular part of the plate and slides through the handle into the pocket of the *tellak*, or attendant. Great numbers of bathers must at times go out together, to render such a contrivance necessary, and this plate is at least a century old, yet every bead is in its place and somewhat worn — which indicates the lasting quality of such work when carefully made.

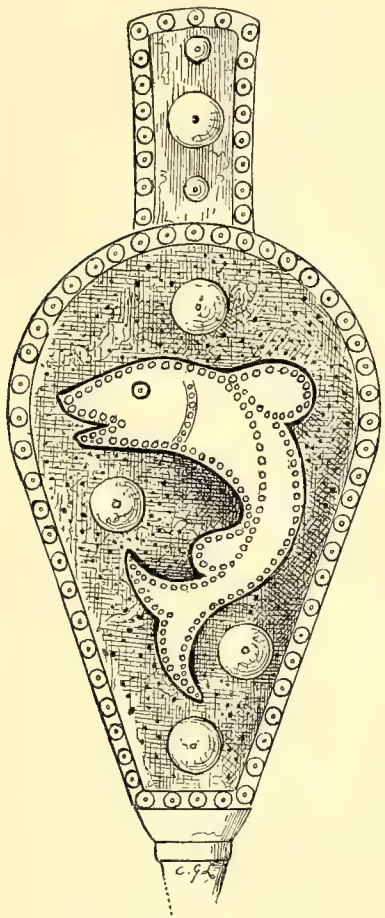
It is evident that no great skill or knowledge of art is needed to inlay beads. Such taste, in regard to colors and their contrasts, as ladies use in selecting designs in embroidery is of course required; but there are, I suppose, few people who do not believe they possess competent knowledge for this. In a piece of dark wood, white or light beads of course make a better show than dark beads; very dark brown or black beads look well on a light yellow or pale yellowish brown surface.



A TURKISH MONEY-SCOOP.

The Oriental work acquires great richness from the occasional intermingling of real coral beads with those of glass.

This art, trifling as it seems, is capable of considerable extension in ornament of different kinds. Indeed it will be found that the general effect of well chosen colors in such work is much richer, quainter,



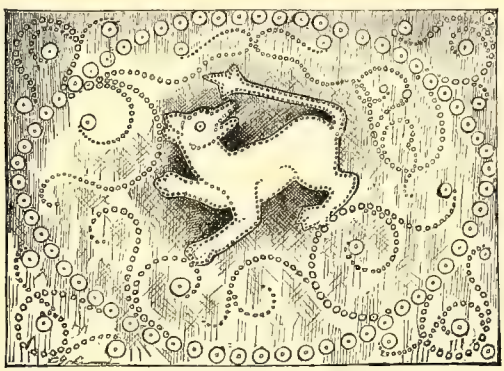
BELLOWS WITH DECORATIVE BEAD WORK.

and far more artistic than would generally be supposed. It does not appear to be either trashy or trifling; in fact, many persons would not suppose at a casual glance that it was made with beads at all. When a very small brass-headed pin or tack is passed through each bead, the appearance of the whole is very much improved. Such tacks may be obtained with convex, or half-round heads not larger than those of pins.

Of course, work of this kind need not be strictly limited to beads. The different kinds of the marbles used by boys may similarly be set in wood; and they are made in an endless variety of color. A cabinet thus studded would be increased in value far beyond the cost of the marbles, though they were the most expensive agates. Marbles and beads may be set together. To make the holes for the former, a center-bit or auger should be used. Long, straight beads may be used with good effect. To set them, make grooves with a gouge, and coat the grooves with mastic or Turkish cement, or with strong varnish, and press the long beads, or bugles, into the cavities.

Bead-inlaying is very suitable to picture-frames, hand-mirrors, hanging shelves, letter-boxes, and, indeed, to all plain surfaces of wood. It will bear handling and cleaning. If beads are broken or knocked out, they may be readily replaced.

It is a perfectly well understood principle in all *repoussé*, or sheet-metal, work, that knobs, balls, and shining points are especially adapted to it, because they reflect light and catch the eye; and great numbers of sixteenth century plates and salvers are ornamented with grapes, apples, or other round fruit. Bunches of grapes are very easily imitated with large beads. If a stem or vine is needed to connect them, it may be made by scratching or cutting a fine groove in the wood, coating it with cement, and laying in it wire of any metal. This is hammered or rolled or pressed thoroughly into the wood, and then sometimes polished off with a file. Insignificant as this industry may seem, thousands of people in Morocco and other Eastern countries make a living by ornamenting pipe-



A DESIGN FOR A BOX-COVER.

bowls and other objects, by it. Sometimes, as in a wooden pipe in my possession which came from Algiers, the wire is twisted in a cord, and afterward filed. German silver wire is excellently adapted to this work. Almost any pattern which can be drawn in simple lines may thus be imitated in wire, and striking pictorial effects produced. Picture-frames may be made very beautiful by such inlaying, especially if wire of different sizes and metals be employed.

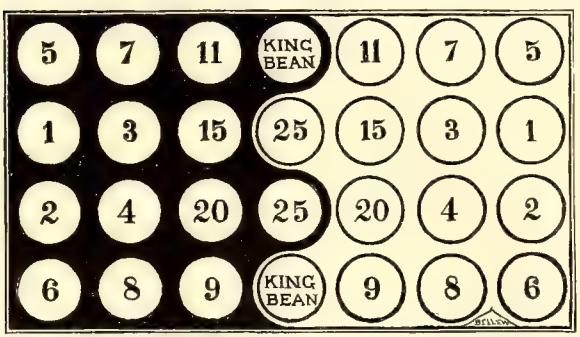
In this connection let me remark that no kind of industry or art can be regarded as trifling when a poor person can make a living by it, or when any number of people, old or young, find in it amusement, relaxation, or instruction. I have known many families in which the practice of the minor arts was discouraged under a mistaken impression that it caused a waste of time, or induced tastes and habits which disqualified the young from forming "business habits." This is a great mistake. All practical arts, however small, induce habits of patience, industry and self-control. They form habits of thinking; for, as men have composed books while making shoes, so others can not help pursuing trains of thought while carving, basket-making or setting beads. And it is gradually being found out and recognized that hand-work of any kind, but more especially that which interests us, develops the constructive faculties; that is to say, makes us apt with the fingers, and quicker at perceiving anything, or at inventing or finding out ways and means to make or do anything.

From this point of view, even setting beads and inlaying with wire may have their good effects as moral discipline.

THE KING-BEAN GAME.

By Frank Bellew.

GET a clean pine board of about ten by eighteen inches, and mark it out in circles of about two inches diameter, as represented in the chart. Half the board should be blackened with ink or paint, as indicated, and the circles colored white. The other half the board should be white, and the circles in it colored a light blue or red. Then make two darts, about six inches long, out of pine wood, with a feather at one end and a needle at the other. Soak a number of split beans in water until they are quite soft, and place one in every circle. Attach a thread to each of the beans you place in the circles marked "King Bean."



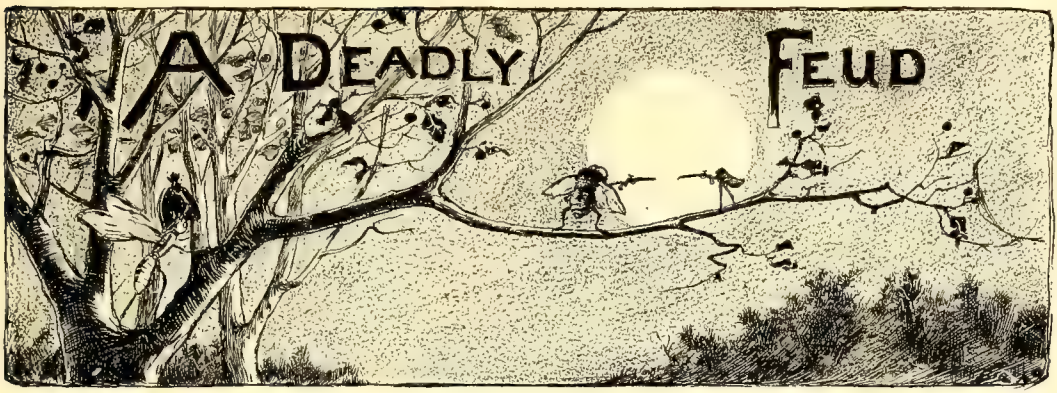
To play the game, the two players now seat themselves on opposite sides of a table on which they have placed the bean-board, each holding a dart in one hand and a string attached to the nearest King Bean in the other. Having decided which is to play first, each player in turn shoots his dart at his adversary's beans; all the beans on the dark half of the board belonging to the player whose King Bean is on that side, and all the beans on the light half belonging to the other player.

When a player spears an adversary's bean so that it can be carried off the board on the point of the dart, he counts the number marked on the circle from which it was taken. If he misses, he counts



nothing; and if he strikes on his own ground, instead of his opponent's, he loses five; that is to say, five is deducted from his score. When a player spears his opponent's King Bean, he counts one hundred. But a player, if he thinks his adversary is trying to spear his King Bean, may pull it away by the thread. If, however, he pulls it away on a false alarm before the other shoots, or when the dart strikes within one of the other circles, he loses five; that is, five is deducted from his score. But if the dart strikes within the King Bean circle, or if it strikes in the space between the circles, but not on the player's half of the board, neither counts. It is the object of each player to mislead his opponent on this point, and make his adversary believe he is about to attack the latter's King Bean, when, in reality, he is aiming at something else. Whoever first scores one hundred and ten wins the game.

Small counters of felt or stout cloth can be used instead of beans, and will last much longer.

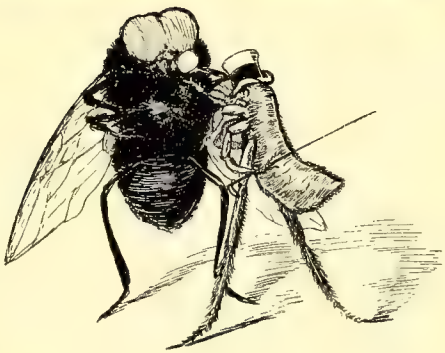


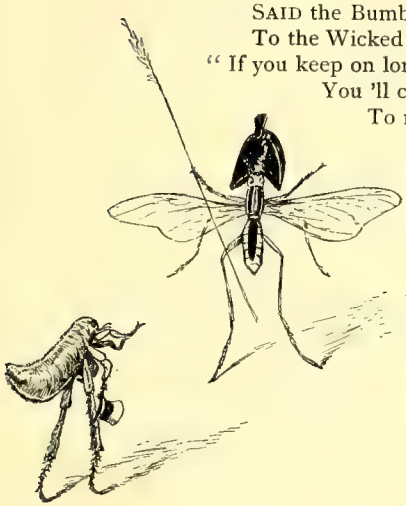
A JINGLE.

By Isabel Frances Bellows.

I.

Said the Bumblebee
To the Wicked Flea,
"If you keep on long this way,
You 'll certainly come
To make your home
In the county jail
some day!"







II.

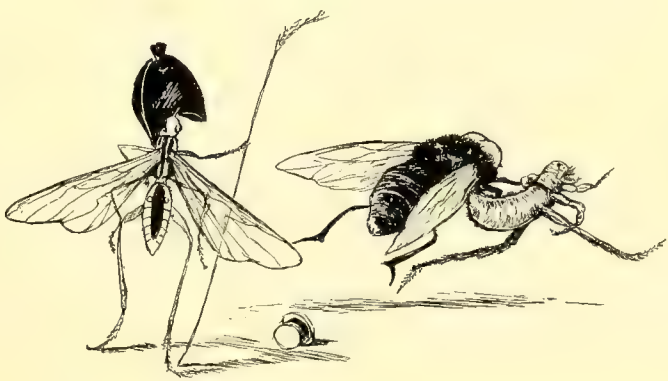
Said the Wicked Flea
To the Bumblebee,
"You 're a fat old meddling
thing!
And if you will fight
With me to-night,
Two pistols I will bring."

III.

When out came the Gnat,
In a shiny hat,
With a whip of barley straw;
And in awful tones
He threatened their bones
With the majesty of the law.

IV.

And the Bumblebee
And the Wicked Flea
Shivered with fear and dread;
And clasping each other
Like brother and brother,
Precipitately fled!





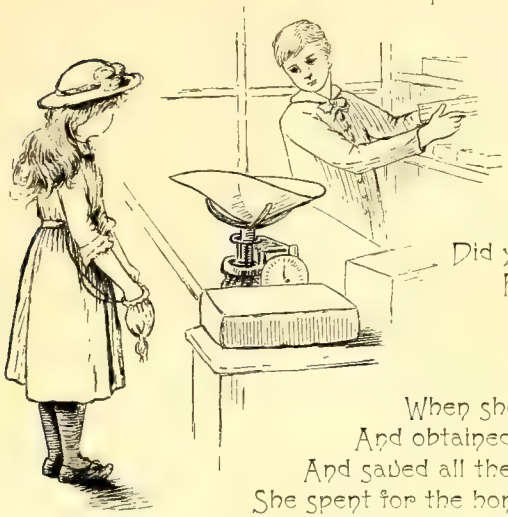
A MAKING-UP.

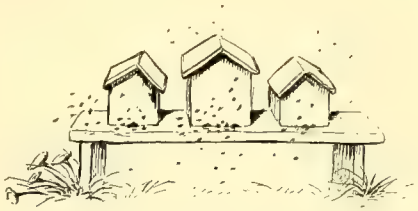
By Anna M. Pratt.

"Dear Mr. Spider," said little Miss Muffet,
"Excuse me for running away from the tuffet,
That was 'cause I was young;
I 'm now very old—just four years to-day.
Mr. Spider, I 'll give you a spoonful of whey
If you 'll hold out your tongue.
Won't you taste of this curd? It 's much nicer than flies."
Here the spider determined, with tears in his eyes,
He would give tit for tat;
So he turned out his toes, took his hat in his hand,
And made her a bow so exceedingly grand!—
They were friends after that.

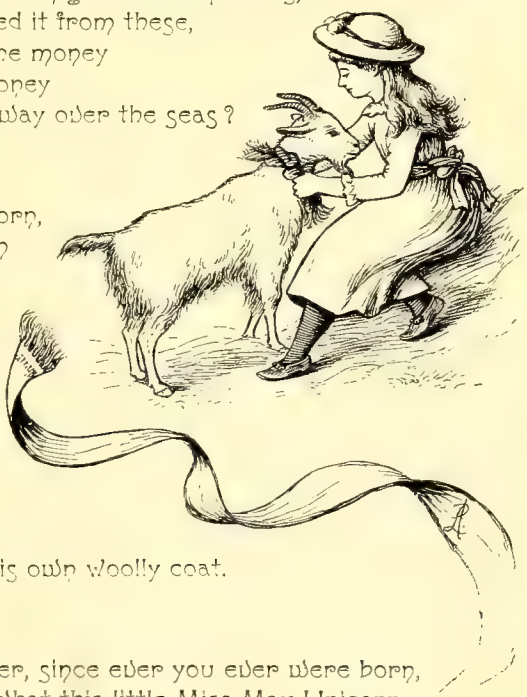
SILLY MISS UNICORN.

By N. P. Babcock.





Did you ever, since ever you ever were born,
Hear about little Miss May Unicorn?
Who spent all her money
For honey
(How funny!)
When she might have kept bees,
And obtained it from these,
And saved all the money
She spent for the honey
To send to the heathen way over the seas?



Did you ever, since ever you ever were born,
Hear how this little Miss May Unicorn
Suspecting that "Billy"



Was chilly?
(How silly!)
Bought a scarf for the throat
Of that old billy goat,
When all he required,
When cold or when tired,
Was to settle himself in his own woolly coat.

Did you ever, since ever you ever were born,
Hear what this little Miss May Unicorn
Once did to a dolly





Named Polly?
(What folly!)
She bandaged its eyes
While making mud pies,
For fear that the dolly
Would laugh at her folly,
When a dolly, you know,
Can not laugh if it tries.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my Yankee hearers. As the Fourth of July is at hand, and the Deacon does not approve of fire-crackers and cannon, it occurs to me to fire off a brisk newspaper "fact" by way of a celebration. If it sets you investigating, it will not have exploded in vain. Now, all attention!

HURRAH FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE!

"A NOVEL flower has been found on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, at the San José Hacienda, some twenty-two leagues from the city of Tehuantepec. This floral chameleon has the faculty of changing its colors during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at the zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. This red, white, and blue flower grows on a small tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume."

[By the way, the newspaper does n't tell us how it happens that a flower so exactly suited to the soil of this great Republic should be confined to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.]

And now, having set off my little "fact," I will, with your permission, send up a small flight of fable-rockets, prepared for you by Mr. Austin Bierbower. Each rocket, I must tell you, has a little stick of a moral, which — if it does not hit you on the head in falling — you may search for and pick up at your leisure:

THE SQUIRREL AND THE NUT.

A SQUIRREL cracking a nut said, "I have made a discovery! This kernel was never before seen." "There are many things not in sight," replied the kernel, "which are nevertheless not new."

THE HAWK AND THE FARMER.

A HAWK, stealing a chicken, was reproved by a farmer for taking that on which he had spent no labor. The hawk replied, "I have spent as much labor to get that chicken as you spent to raise it."

THE AMIABLE QUAIL.

A QUAIL, being missed by a gunner, said, "I grieve for your bad marksmanship; but, in this case, I gladly forgive your miss."

AN OLD WEATHER SIGN.

NOW you shall hear from Anna M. Pratt. The lady has a pretty good explanation to offer concerning an old weather sign in which almost everybody has a little faith,—more or less:

When the fair young moon appears
Sliding down the sunset sky,
The weather-wise look up to see
If the coming month will be
A wet one or a dry.

If the silver crescent lie
Slantwise in the fading west,
"Ah!" say they, "'t is very plain
This month there 'll be but little rain;
The sign is manifest.

"For when the hunter's powder-horn
Will hang upon the curving moon,
It means the weather will be fair;
But if he can not hang it there,
The rain is coming soon."

Why the hunter should himself
Of his powder dispossess
And let the pleasant days go by,
To hunt beneath a dripping sky,
I vainly sought to guess.

Till at last 't was told to me,
By one versed in sylvan lore,
That no rustling leaf betrays
The hunter, when on rainy days
He treads the forest floor.

Thus the old folk read the sign,
Many years ere you were born;
And fair weather was foretold,
If the crescent moon would hold
The hunter's powder-horn.

A VACATION MOVEMENT.

TOMMY BROWN, of the red schoolhouse, has suddenly become an artist. The approach of vacation has inspired him to produce his first work of art. Here it is, and, as Tommy says, it speaks for itself.



If you see the dear Little Schoolma'am coming, boys, you need n't stop cheering. She is as glad as you are.

HOW DO QUAILS HIDE?

THE Little School-ma'am has heard that a gentleman of Texas, named Henry Ray, has discovered the secret of the quail's being able to hide so well. He was walking in a field when a covey of birds was flushed or, in other words, startled from its resting-place. One alighted near him, and the moment it did so, seized a dead oak leaf, crouched to the ground and managed to hide itself completely under the leaf. Mr. Ray said that he had to go and turn over the leaf before he could believe the evidence of his own eyes.

Now, my young observers and inquirers, after this, don't forget to take special notice of quail whenever you happen to be near their possible haunts. You need n't turn over every oak leaf in the woods; but keep your eyes open, that 's all.

BUT BEFORE THAT.

JOHN and Ed, aged respectively eleven and nine, were shelling peas for the cook. Said Ed:

"John, where do plants come from?"

"From seeds, of course!" was the reply.

"Well, where do seeds come from?" persisted Ed.

"Oh, they come from other plants, and those plants come from seeds, and those seeds come from plants. But what *I 'd* like to know," continued John, "is where the *first* seed came from."

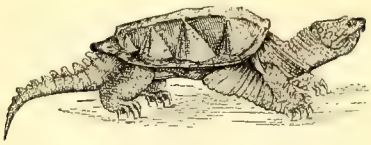
"Does anybody know that, John?" queried Ed.

"No," said John, as he shelled peas vigorously. After a moment's thought, he added, "Well, I don't see what *good* it would do if anybody *did* know, unless he could get a patent on it and charge folks for telling them."

Now, these two boys were brought to the red schoolhouse by a lady, and *she* says, and the Little School-ma'am says, and we all say — don't we? — that John is n't likely to waste time in learning things that are not taught at the red schoolhouse.

IS IT A MISFIT?

WE talked last month about many animals that are born with ready-made suits. Most of them, you remember, are admirably adapted to the wearers. But, with all due respect to Dame Nature, is n't the coat of the snapping-turtle a trifle too small for him? The Little School-ma'am says that it either needs to be "let out" in the back or to be "pieced" at the neck. He not only can not sink his head into his coat-collar as other turtles do, but, struggle as he may, he must always leave some part of his graceful figure exposed to wind and weather. For this reason he is called the alligator-terrapin, and I 'm



told that many of the Agassiz Association boys know him as the *Chelydia serpentina.* Comment is unnecessary.

Now, who can tell me of any animal that has a coat which seems to be too big for him? The Deacon says that it has always appeared to him that the coat of the rhinoceros is not a very snug fit; but, then, it may make up in durability for its lack in style.



DEAR JACK: I wonder if your young hearers can repeat rapidly and correctly this little sentence, which was given to me by a newspaper-man not long ago:

"The sea ceaseth, and dismisseth us with his blessing." Yours truly, ALBERT H. S.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

IN justice to Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, whose article, "The Drummer on Snowshoes," was printed in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, we ought to state that the small picture entitled "A Partridge Drumming," on page 416, is not, like the other illustrations of the article, the work of the author himself. Mr. Thompson drew his pictures after very careful personal observation of the partridge and its habits, and he states that the bird shown in the drawing does not bear much resemblance to a partridge and that the attitude is not correct. Mr. Thompson therefore should not be held responsible for any inaccuracy in the illustration.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BELLEVILLE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Kentucky girl, but I live in the "Germany of America," as Belleville is called. There are more Germans here than Americans.

My auntie gave you to me Christmas, and I love you so much. I am so anxious for "Juan and Juanita" to reach home safely. I have one little brother who calls "Juan and Juanita" "John and Johnita." He is such a funny little fellow. Last summer, when Mamma was canning fruit, she missed him; and what do you suppose he was doing when we found him? He was pushing our little young kittens into a fruit-can, and said he was "tanning tats." He meant "canning cats." I hope we can take dear ST. NICHOLAS as long as we live.

A constant reader, SARAH DEANE W——.

ROCKLAND, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose you remember receiving a letter last November from Mabel E. Snow. She and her papa and mamma and her brother used to live here, and are expected home soon. Three years ago they went to California, and then, I think, to Alaska.

When I saw her letter, I thought that if little Mabel Snow could write to you I could.

I am twelve years old, and love to read *very* much,—so much that they call me a bookworm. I try not to read much, but I 'm afraid—

I have a friend who is about as much of a bookworm as myself. One of her great ambitions is to see Damascus, the oldest city in the world. *I* would rather go to Germany, though. I do not know why, but it seems to have a sort of fascination for me. When I can find a book or story about Germany I seize upon it eagerly.

We have two pets—a cat and a dog. The cat is very small, and a part of her pretty fur is white. Her name is Pansy. The dog's name is Wildfire. He is black, with the exception of a white spot on his breast that we call his shirt-front. His hair is very curly and silky. He is a cocker spaniel. We have also a beautiful black horse that we call Crescent, because of a white spot of that shape on his forehead. He is very handsome, and holds his head high up in the air.

Dear old ST. NICK, I "love you more than tongue can tell," as we children say. Good-bye. From JESSIE C. K——.

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a few lines to tell you how much we all like your magazine. We have several magazines at our school, but I like ST. NICHOLAS best. The stories are all so nice I can hardly choose which is best, although I think "Juan and Juanita" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" are the most interesting

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years; that is, we have drawn it from our school library for that time.

Our little brother (four years old) loves to look at the pictures in ST. NICHOLAS, and likes the "Brownies" best. He always looks for the "dude" and the "Chinaman."

Your admiring reader, JULIA C——.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My great-uncle, in New York, has taken ST. NICHOLAS for my brother and myself for a year. I like ST. NICHOLAS very much. My mother has begun to read to me "Juan and Juanita," and I think it is very interesting.

I have four little brothers and one little sister, whose name is Loulette.

Now it is spring, and the peasant-girls, in their bright costumes, are coming down from Dalecarlia to make the gardens, and one sees their pointed caps everywhere.

Our mother is an American, and my oldest brother and I have been once to America and would like to go again.

I am nine years old.

From your little friend, ANNIE B——.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nine years. I never read so delightful a story as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I wish Mrs. Burnett would write a sequel to it.

I am very anxious about "Juan and Juanita." I hope they will get to their mother, have plenty of food, and *never* meet the Comanche tribe.

I remain, your interested reader, KATE O——.

P.S.—ST. NICHOLAS "Dog Stories" are splendid.

CHARLESTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I have never seen a letter in your book from this place yet, and I have concluded to write. At my school, every month, the pupils contribute to buy your attractive magazine, and that is how I get it to read. I am twelve years old.

I did not get the beginning of the story entitled "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and so I did not get it to read; but I like "Jenny's Boarding-house," and "Juan and Juanita" very much. In the May number I liked the story about "Sherman's March to the Sea," because Father was in the army with Sherman. My brother, who is nine years old, likes the "Brownie Band" the best, for the little funny men that belong to the "Band."

I found all the letters of the alphabet, in the May number, in the "Monogram." I always like to read the "Letter-box."

I remain, your eager reader, ORVY D——.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that you will become quite vain if everybody says you are the dearest old Saint in the world; but, just the same, I really think you are.

Last June I went to England and staid till November. I think I saw everything in and out of London, and must say, even if you object, that I like England almost better than America. The weather is not all fogs and rain; and surely you have no "Westminster" and "Tower" here. I will never forget my first impression, when I went from Tilbury Docks to London. It was such a lovely morning, and the country, with the green grass and darker green hedges, with here and there an old manor among the trees, looked like some

picture. And "coming in," the chalk cliffs looked so dazzling in the sun, and Portland Prison so grim against the sky, that it needed little imagination to believe the cliffs fairy-land, and the prison the castle of a cruel giant. I staid with a lady ninety-seven years old, in a house which was nearly two hundred years old. It was built of brick, all covered with ivy, and in the midst of lovely large grounds, with lake and shrubbery.

I am, your affectionate reader, NELLIE C——.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the May number of ST. NICHOLAS there is a description of a method for suspending a bottle from a table by means of a match and a string. It states that the feat can be done with a match one inch in length. It can be done with a shorter stick than that. I took a four-ounce bottle and suspended it with a match-stick cut down to a half-inch in length. I advise all my brother and sister "ST. NICHOLASES" to try it.

I think ST. NICHOLAS "Dog Stories" are very nice. In fact, I think the same of all your stories.

Hoping that you will tell your readers what I have written about the bottle and the match, I remain your faithful reader and friend,

"BOW-WOW."

TALLADEGA, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been coming to my home regularly for more than five years, and I have always liked you. I am especially interested in the story of "Juan and Juanita," and wish to read it first of all. "Jenny's Boarding-house" is also very nice. My younger brothers became quite excited while listening to the "Story of the Merrimac and Monitor" in the last number.

Not far from our house is a field in which General Jackson and his men fought with the Indians seventy-four years ago. In the center there is a wall of stones inclosing a small, square piece of ground, which marks the place where Jackson's men were buried. I used to go there very often to hunt for Indian relics, and I have quite a number of arrow-heads which I suppose the Indians used in that fight; also, a piece of a tomahawk. Some of the former are very small, not much more than half an inch long, and the points are so fine that they are usually broken off before we find them. I think these must have been used in shooting birds.

At the time of the earthquake at Charleston last summer, there were a few slight shocks felt here. I know they were slight, from the accounts given of great earthquakes, but I assure you it was no slight matter for me. We live in a good-sized, two-story, brick house, and it was shaken quite badly. At first I could n't imagine what was the matter with the house, but soon decided it was a cyclone, and that I 'd better wake up my two brothers, who had gone to bed, and run to the cellar. I think I never was so frightened as I was that night, especially when three other shocks, though very slight, followed the first. I pity, with all my heart, the poor people of Charleston, who have to endure so much anxiety every night, and I congratulate myself that I do not live there.

Your admiring reader, MARY D. F—— (15 years).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you for very long. I like you very much. My favorite story is "Juan and Juanita." I hope "Jenny's Boarding-house" will be as nice. I was much interested in the account of "Harrow-on-the-Hill."

I have no brothers or sisters. My only pet is a goat. His name is Pegasus, after the flying horse, but we call him Peg. I keep him at my aunt's in the country.

From your interested reader, CARA B—— (age ten years).

CRADOCK, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have never seen any letters in your "Letter-box" from little girls in South Africa, so we think you will like to hear from us.

We think you are just fine, and we can't tell you how much we like you.

You are always sent to us by a friend who lives in the Transkei.

We have got a little dog called Ruby, and he has got a short tail, and is so very fat; and he teases the cat so it 's always thin.

Mary is seven years old and I am nine.

Your loving little friends, FLORA AND MARY TOWNLEY A——.

HARROW.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been meaning to write to you for a long while, but now that a description of Harrow has come out in your paper, I must, as a stanch Harrovian, say how much I enjoyed reading it. The pictures of Harrow are very good indeed. I should have known them anywhere. I liked the description very much, too; and it will give your readers a very good idea of Harrow. It is such a nice place, it is no wonder the boys are so patriotic.

I call myself an Harrovian, but I am not in the school, as I am a girl of fourteen; but my father has been a master here for twenty years, so I have lived here all my life, and love it as much as any boy. We have one of the large houses, as they are called, which holds forty boys. Frank Irwin, who writes to your paper, was in it for a short time. The boys' side of the house is shut off from the part occupied by our family.

We are a family of ten — six boys and four girls. I am the third in order. One of my brothers is in the school, in the upper fifth.

I like your paper very much indeed. It is the best I know.

Your loving reader, ELSIE B——.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, though I have a foreign name and was born in Pekin, China, though of course my name has got nothing to do with my birthplace. I think that I have traveled a good deal for my age, as I will be thirteen in June, and I have been in China, India, France, Switzerland, Germany, and England, besides my own dear land of America. I can talk French, as I have passed four years in Geneva, Switzerland, and of course can understand everything I read in French in ST. NICHOLAS. That little "Leçon" about the hand took me back to the time when I was a beginner in the French language, for that was one of the first things I learned to speak.

Some time ago I made a few verses about the daisy, and, bad as they are, here they are!

THE DAISY.



The stately rose is fair to see,
The lily hath a charm for me,
The pansy speaks to me of rest,
But yet I love the daisy best.

Is it the charm of white and gold,
Is it a secret that can't be told,
That lurks within her little breast
And makes me love the daisy best?

She stands amid the long, green grass,
With sunny smile for all who pass,
And children bring their homage meet
To Marguerite, sweet Marguerite!
My Marguerite!

I remain, yours very affectionately,
CAROLINE E. SCHERESCHEWSKI.

SAVANNAH, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little brother, and he is four years of age. My father is a planter on the Savannah River. There is a barn near our house, and we children delight in calling out names, which are echoed back to us from the barn. My little brother asked Mamma, "Where all dem little echoes stay?" I think that "Juan and Juanita" is such a nice story, and I hope that "Jenny's Boarding-house" will be as interesting. In fact, I think I enjoy each new ST. NICHOLAS more than the last one.

Your devoted reader, LILY D. B—— (aged ten years).

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have seen so many nice little letters in you, I thought that I would write and tell you how I appreciate your stories. I think that "Juan and Juanita" is just splendid. They must have been very brave to face the Indians with so much energy. I have not taken you very long, but what time I have, I could not give you up. I am, your subscriber, ADÉLE P——.

GALVESTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am Adéle's little sister, and am eight years old. She reads me all of your nice stories.

Your little friend, MARGIE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen a letter in Latin for some time, I will send one. Though not very good, perhaps some of your readers can translate it.

MENDON.

CARUS ST. NICHOLAS: Tu pro quattuor annos cepimus, sed dondum epistolam tibi scripsi. Epistolam Latine scribam, pro vos discipulos transferrent.

Scholae hieme in oppidi Mendonis eo.
Te promissus vitam volens, maneo, HARRY W. BALDWIN.

AN ANECDOTE OR FABLE.

Hoedus et Lupus. Hoedus, stans in tecto domus, lupo praetereunti maledixit. Cui lupus, "Non tu," inquit, "sed tectum mihi maledicit."

Saepe locus et tempus homines timidos audaces reddit.

EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four years, and I hope I can take you for many more. I am twelve years old, and have commenced to go to a public school. I like the story of "Juan and Juanita."

My brother brought home a dog the other day, and I named him "Amigo," after Juan and Juanita's, and he will shake hands, and is a great pet.

I am living in "the land of flowers," and it is very beautiful and pleasant here. Hoping you are received with as much pleasure by others as you are by me, I remain your devoted reader,

HELEN L——.

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15 BURNS STREET, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old. Mother takes your magazine for me, and I like it very much. I like "Juan and Juanita," and the story of "Prince Fairyfoot."

I have a little sister three and a half years old, and a big brother and sister. I got a prize at school last term, because I did my home lessons well. I had a beautiful pussy cat, but some wicked people poisoned it. I must close now.

From your loving little friend, EADIE C——.

P. S.— This is the fourth year I have had you; but Mother always said I was too little to write to you before.

TORQUAY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you to tell you what an English sea-side place is like in winter. The trees are most of them green, and there are plenty of flowers blooming in open air. In Dartmoor, near here, there are early British and Roman remains — huts and circles of stones. I am an American little girl, and I came to England last June. I have taken your delightful magazine ever since 1881. I get you every month from my uncle, and your arrival is eagerly looked forward to. I like "Juan and Juanita" very much. I will close now, hoping to see my letter printed, so good-bye. From your affectionate reader, L. W.

P. S.— I am twelve years old.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I look for your coming, my old friend, with the greatest impatience every month. You are more interesting every month, I think. I have just finished reading the letters in the Letter-box, and so I thought I would write one, too. "Juan and Juanita" is such a beautiful story that I generally read it the first. This is my first letter to you, dear friend,

From your affectionate friend and devoted reader, ALICE J.

PINEY WOODS GROVE, LAWTEY, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers would like to hear from one of the principal strawberry centers of Florida.

Our home is in a town of some thirty or forty families in the northern part of the State. There are about eighty or ninety acres of strawberries in this vicinity, and we have shipped berries since the 22d of February. One day there were two hundred and thirty-two bushels went from our station to New York and Philadelphia; that sounds like a "Florida fish story," but there are figures to prove it, and "figures don't lie." My two brothers and I think everything of you, ST. NICHOLAS, and do not know how we should get along without you. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was a splendid story, and I like "Juan and Juanita" very much.

We came from Iowa nine years ago. I suppose there are very few of your readers who do not know what snow is like, but we compose part of that "few," for although I am older than the boys, who are twelve and ten, we were too young when we came here to remember anything about snow and ice.

I am Yours truly, M. DOT S.

CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to ask you if you could not give a little longer time for answering the puzzles to the European than to the American subscribers of ST. NICHOLAS. In England we have to send the puzzles by the fifth of the month, and in America they need not be posted till the thirteenth.

I was thirteen years old last Sunday, and I like ST. NICHOLAS very much. "Juan and Juanita" is a very nice story. I have two rabbits, and they are both black. The Prince and Princess of Wales came last Tuesday to open the Exhibition in Manchester, and at night the streets were all illuminated. I have tried the experiment of the match and the bottle, and it answered very well.

I remain, ever your loving little friend, "MOLLY."

Perhaps "Molly," Ida Swanwick, M. M. G., "Murial," and other English correspondents have never noticed that answers from foreign countries are frequently acknowledged in the magazine, but in the month *following* the one in which they rightly belong. Thus, answers to the May puzzles, from English solvers, instead of being acknowledged in the August number, will be acknowledged in the September number. Hereafter, answers which are mailed to us from England before the eighteenth of the month will be acknowledged as promptly as possible in ST. NICHOLAS.

BERLIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mamma reads to me the letters from other little boys, so I would like to write you one, too. I am six years old. I live in Berlin this winter, but when I am home I live in Philadelphia. I like Berlin better because I see so many real soldiers here. Every day I go walking with my little brother; the widest street is called, "Unter den Linden," because there are so many linden trees on it. Some days we walk out to the park through the Brandenburger Thor, and go to feed the goldfish. Sometimes we walk to the Emperor's palace to see the big statue of Frederick the Great on his horse. Every day when the "watch parade" passes the palace, the Emperor comes to the window. I have seen the Emperor ever so many times; once he bowed right to me and my little brother and Fräulein. Fräulein is my governess, and she teaches me every day in German. When I came here I could not understand what the people said to me, but now I can talk German all day. Old Kriskringle brought us a real German Christmas-tree with lights on it; he brought me a soldier suit with long trousers, and some lovely big soldiers. I would rather play with them than have a lesson with Fräulein. I can only make German letters now, so I can't write to you myself. The other day I went to the circus, but it was n't as nice as Barnum's at home. I had a ride on the elephant at the Zoo, and we went to the "Monkey Theater" to see the monkeys, dogs, and goats do funny things. I guess I have said enough this time.

Your loving little friend, GEORGE MORRIS P——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before. We are a large family (eight); and we have three families of cousins living near us; so you may be sure we are never in want of companions. I have one little brother Humfrey, five years old, who is not my real brother — he is only adopted; but we think just as much of him as though he was n't. We live on a large farm quite a way from Albany, N. Y., and we have five dogs. I have a little brown pony named Fleetfoot, and often go horseback with my cousin Katherine. The roads here are very pleasant, as most of them lead by the river or through the woods. Our farm is built very near the river, and the back meadow opens on it. We go out rowing nearly every pleasant evening. I have a little rowboat named Fanchon. We have a tutor named Mr. Edwards; he is very pleasant, but I do not like to study very well. It is tantalizing to have to sit in a close room studying, when everything is so pleasant out-of-doors. I think "Juan and Juanita" is a splendid story. I like stories of adventure best. My sister Anna likes home-stories better than any, for our tastes are very different.

Your faithful reader, AGNES B——.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I never saw a letter from Belgium in your Letter-box, I write you one.

I am a little boy of nine years old who lives in Brussels, but was born in Florence. I have two sisters: one is called Jacqueline Clémence, and the other Daisy.

Since October, 1886, we receive your paper, which is sent to us by Madame Fish, the wife of the American minister, and we enjoy it very much. These are the stories we prefer: "The Brownies," "Juan and Juanita," "A Fortunate Opening," "Prince Fairyfoot," and "Jenny's Boarding-house." I could write a better letter in French if you would like. I remain

Your constant reader, JULIO V——.

We print this interesting account of the effects of a cyclone,—just as it was written.

Stevens Point, Wis., Mar. 22, 1887.

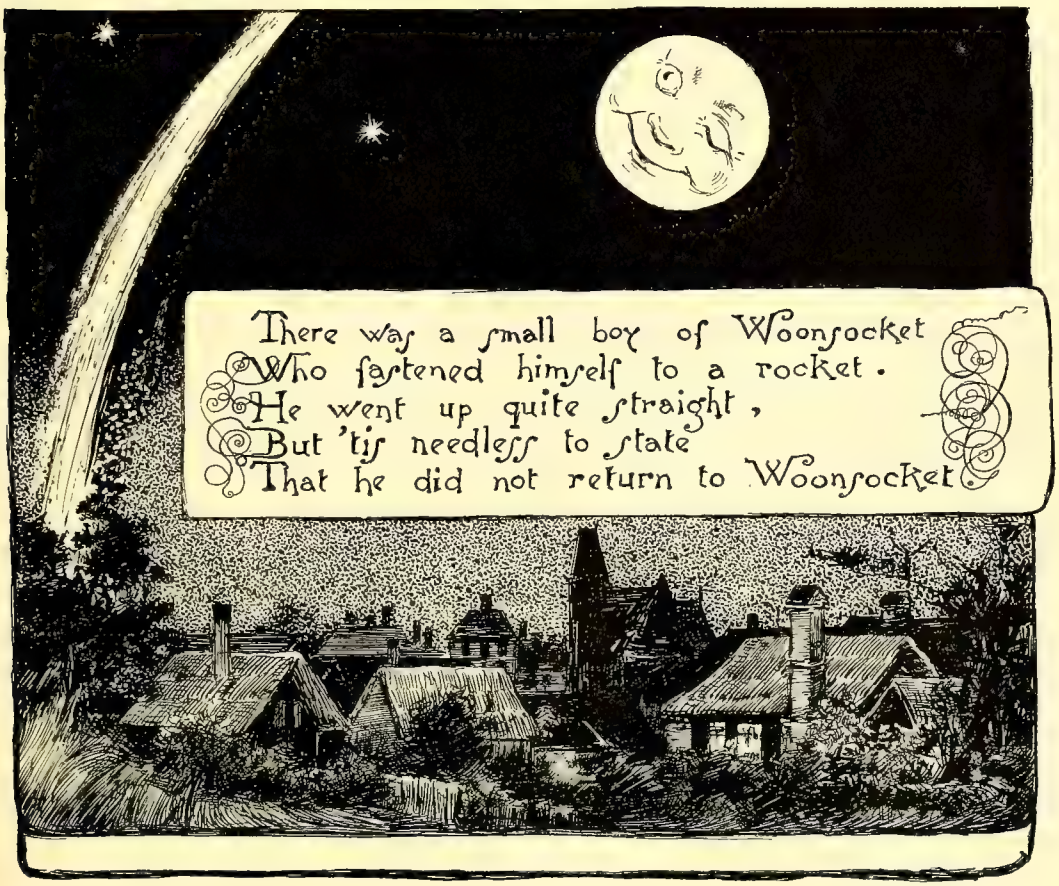
Dear St. Nicholas I think I have something to tell you that will interest some of your readers. When I was in Rochester, Minn., I saw a cyclone, and I think it was quite a sight. I did not see it in the evening when it happened, but I saw it the next morning. Some of the houses were blown into such fragments that you would have thought they were as small as the smallest tree. There were so many people crushed and mangled that they had to turn a hotel into a hospital. In some places the houses were not touched, and across the street may be the house would be all gone. There were chickens without any feathers on their backs, and where there had been gardens, the ground looked as if it had been burnt. I saw one house where the side had been blown right off, and there was a looking-glass on the wall and a stove and a chair sitting up just as straight as if it had not been moved. On the main street there was rolls of tin from the roofs of the stores as large as a small cottage. I guess I have told you about all I can remember. So I will close.

I remain, Yours lovingly, Edna M. G.

To St. Nicholas:—

St. Nicholas, I love you
With all my heart,
And I hope that you and I
Will never part.

We present our thanks for pleasant letters received from the young friends whose names we give herewith: Elliot H. S., Ruth C., Gertrude L. Adams, Helen A. B., Juanita and Gavina, Roland S. T., Rebecca Larcombe, Theo. G. A., Charlie M. B., Mary N. Wilson, "Fannie Fern," Edith G. P., Nellie C., Helen, Edith S. Bridgman, Elsie Davenport, Genevieve Du Val, Billy Miller, Freddie Kyser, Allmand, McK. G., Dora and Constance Iris, Bennie W. and Johnnie McD., Walter Coleman, M. C. T., Cecelia L., G. F. Dashiell, Marie C. M., "Wicky," Bé bé, Maud Huston, Ethel Carson, Mabel Stevens Frost, Grace Norton, Edith M. Parks, N. Fairbanks, Willie E. Vernon, Violet C., Bessie W., Emma Drake, Carrie A., R. C. H., Bessie Ketchum, Gracie L. Dugan, May G., May C. Morton, Ellen G. Barbour, Alice Carey, Jr., Frank C. V., Minnie S., Adèle, Belle Bentley, Gracie R., Ralph R., Begien, H. S., Mary, Susie, Jane C., Myla Coburn, G. B. and K. M., Waldo Burton, Anna T. Mead, Louise Hoge, M. B. G., Ellen S., Frank B. B., Edith H. Smalley, Walton F. Weed, Marion M., Fanny and Mary, Zuzie Evans, J. D. K., M. O., Daisy K., Marian E. Mason, Madge L. C., Loraine Lawton, Jerome D. Greene, Hattie F. E., Annie C. S., Louis Joseph Vance, Bessie B. Taylor, Maud McC., Helen L. Kellogg, E. P. Mason, Harrington Barlow, Rita W. B., C. M. M., Freddie D. Jones, M. C. E., Katie F. Millet, Grace A. Higley, Pearl, Edith G. Baker, C. W. T., Fannie J. R., Paul Alden, Agnes Ward, Julia, Clara V. J. Frayne, "Little Tycoon," Violet, Allison Hingston, Harry, Julia, and Minnie Baer, Mary Ann, Frank W., Egbert, Gracie, Nellie, Mone, Baby, Willard, Amy B., E. B. F., Fairfax Jenkins, Emily R., Peggy M., Jack, Bertha Meyer, Willie Baer, Olga Chase, Ella R., Clare, and Mary Louise Waite.



REPORT CONCERNING "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."—(CONCLUDED.)

THIS month concludes the list of solvers of the "King's Move Puzzle," which was printed in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS. One of the pleasantest features of this puzzle was the delightful little letters which, in many cases, accompanied solutions. Some begged that ST. NICHOLAS would "print more puzzles like this one." Well, ST. NICHOLAS has others of the same sort on hand, and they will be printed in due season.

As a rule, the names of the poets were beautifully arranged, in alphabetical order, and numbered. Some gave the name of a poem by each author, others divided the names according to the nationality of the poets, and still others wrote them down in chronological order. One friend sent a note numbered as follows, which, by the help of the January diagram, our puzzlers may spell out for themselves.

29–39–28–18 73–83–93–84 31–21 38 26–27–16–6 79–89–80. 73–63 20–9 89–79 41–31–42–53–63 95–84–74–63–64–65 63–62 26–25–36–56–46–55–66 46–35 63–53–64 67–58–48–47–56.

In conclusion, we present to our readers a list of "authorities used for obtaining my list," which an enterprising friend consulted; and the industrious compiler found her name very near to the head of the roll.

1. Coates' "Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry." 2. Gostwick and Harrison's "Outlines of German Literature." 3. Cleveland's "Compendium of English Literature." 4. Putnam's "The Best Reading." 5. Thomas's "Biographical Dictionary." 6. Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors." 7. Griswold's "Sacred Poets of England and America." 8. May's "American Female Poets." 9. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." 10. "Index to Harper's Magazine." 11. Drake's "Dictionary of American Biography." 12. Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature." 13. Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature." 14. Gates's "Dictionary of General Biography." 15. Hoyt and Ward's "Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations." 16. Putnam's "The World's Progress." 17. Hart's "American Literature." 18. Crowell's "Red-Letter Poems." 19. Volumes of ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. M. 2. Bad. 3. Bodes. 4. Madrier. 5. Deist. 6. Set. 7. R. II. 1. R. 2. Sum. 3. Subur (b). 4. Rubific. 5. Muffs. 6. Ris (k). 7. C. III. 1. R. 2. Tom. 3. Toper. 4. Ropalic. 5. Melam. 6. Rim. 7. C. IV. 1. R. 2. Tom. 3. Tudor. 4. Roderic. 5. Moral 6. Ril (l). 7. C. V. 1. C. 2. Mug. 3. Moras (s). 4. Curvity. 5. Gaily. 6. Sty. 7. Y.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Beecher. 1. B-lend. 2. E-vent. 3. E-mend. 4. C-lean. 5. H-omer. 6. E-lope. 7. R-over.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, associate. Cross-words: 1. Mendacity. 2. Mission. 3. Aisle. 4. Rob. 5. C. 6. Aim. 7. Alarm. 8. Beating. 9. Burlesque.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Tab. 3. Tires. 4. Marplot. 5. Belie. 6. Soe. 7. T.

PECULIAR DIAGONALS. Diagonals, Memorial Day and Heroes' deed. Cross-words: 1. Megatherium. 2. Heptahedron. 3. Remonstrant. 4. Strongholds. 5. Preordained. 6. Outweighing. 7. Labor-saving. 8. Husbandless. 9. Unfeignedly. 10. Mixtilineal. 11. Tragicomedy.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, coventry; 2 to 4, yataghan; 3 to 4, monition; 1 to 3, cardamom; 5 to 6, mandolin; 6 to 8, nicotine; 7 to 8, loricate; 5 to 7, memorial; 1 to 5, calm; 2 to 6, yarn; 4 to 8, nine; 3 to 7, mail.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Midsummer eve. Cross-words. 1. caMera. 2. trIton. 3. saDdle. 4. peStle. 5. crUets. 6. haMmer. 7. toMtit. 8. stEeds. 9. moRtar. 10. crEels. 11. raVens. 12. trEble.

DOUBLE RHOMBOID. I. Across: 1. Stop. 2. Door. 3. Port. 4. Font. II. Across: 1. Stop. 2. Oral. 3. Brag. 4. Troy.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Lobster.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."
—"*The Vision of Sir Launfal*," by James Russell Lowell.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. Ap-peal-ing. 2. A-bode-s. 3. Cl-asping. 4. H-eight-en. 5. Fl-out-ing. 6. Sh-ear-ed.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

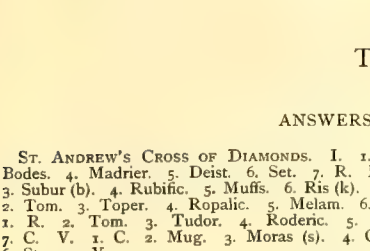
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15, from Maud E. Palmer — Gertrude Kupfer — Mary Ludlow — A. H. and M. G. R. — Maggie T. Turrill — Mamma, C. and M. — Mabel and Christine — W. E. Goodyear — Winne D. Booth — "Anglo-Saxon" — Paul Reese — Russell Davis — "Professor and Co." — Mabel Shepard — Effie K. Talboys — "Three Blind Mice" — "San Anselmo Valley" — Sadie Mabelle Shuman — M. E. d'A. — "Blithedale" — Annette Fiske and Co. — Nellie and Reggie — Francis W. Islip — "Solomon Quill" — "Chee-Wing" — R. H. and P. M. — "George and Miss Muffet" — "Nickname" — "Rob Roy."

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WORD-SQUARE.

1. A girl's name. 2. To give an appellation to. 3. A Turkish title of dignity. 4. Naught. HERVEY DARNEAL.

EASY GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A reality. 2. A plant which grows in warm countries. 3. Lethargy. 4. A water-fowl.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A military station. 2. A hautboy. 3. An ecclesiastical court of Rome. 4. A water-fowl.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A water-fowl. 2. A river of Spain. 3. An inhabitant of a certain Asiatic country. 4. Part of the ear.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of the ear. 2. Elliptical. 3. Impedes. 4. Otherwise.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Part of the ear. 2. Found in every kitchen. 3. A small globular body. 4. Concludes. NELL R.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Methods of computation. 2. A barbed spear generally thrown by hand. 3. A little ring. 4. Hooked or bent like a sickle. 5. To agitate. 6. To repeat a second time. 7. To puzzle. 8. A water-pipe. 9. Dreadful to look upon.

When these words are rightly guessed and ranged one below the other, in the order here given, the first five initial letters will spell worthless matter; the last five letters, the name of a bird. The nine initial letters will also spell the name of a bird.

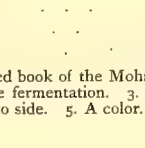
The first five final letters will spell to bury; the last five letters, pauses. The nine final letters will spell concerns. F. S. F.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an effigy, and leave an old word meaning a magician. 2. Behead in no degree, and leave continually. 3. Behead those who are much beloved, and leave part of a dish. 4. Behead to eat away, and leave was conveyed. 5. Behead round, and leave a small mass of matter of no definite shape. 6 Behead to rub or scrape out, and leave to overthrow. 7. Behead the lining of certain shells, and leave a piece of land. 8 Behead terror, and leave to peruse. 9. Behead to correct, and leave to reform. 10. Behead the present occasion, and leave formerly. 11. Behead to hide, and leave above. 12. Behead circumstance, and leave escape.

The beheaded letters will spell a word meaning the direction of one's own affairs without interference. L. H. L. AND D. M.

TRIANGLE.



ACROSS: 1. The sacred book of the Mohammedans. 2. A substance which will produce fermentation. 3. Thrashed with a walking-stick. 4. From side to side. 5. A color. 6. If. 7. In triangle.

"ROSE MADDER."



ALL of the ten objects may be described by words of equal length. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, one of the perpendicular rows of letters will spell the name of a famous battle fought in July.

CROWDED DIAMONDS.

LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crumbs. 2. To furnish with strength for action. 3. Pertaining to a wall. 4. A quadruped of the reindeer kind. 5. Pulverized sugar-candy. 6. Fortune. 7. In crumbs.

RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crumbs. 2. Portion. 3. The Christian name of a lady whose name has been made famous through the sonnets of an Italian poet. 4. A dressing-room. 5. To run about. 6. To be sick. 7. In crumbs.

"MYRTLE GREEN."

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. ONE of the Great Antilles. 2. One of the Shetland Islands. 3. The largest island in the world. 4. A group of islands in the Indian Ocean. 5. An island group in the South Atlantic Ocean. 6. The island prison of a great general. 7. The site of the fifth wonder of the world. 8. Two islands of the Arctic Ocean which are separated by a very narrow strait. 9. One of the British West Indies. 10. A large island in the Atlantic Ocean. 11. A British West Indian island. 12. One of the Aukland Islands. 13. An island on the east coast of Africa.

The initial letters of each of the islands described will spell the name of an island which is supposed to be the scene of a very famous story.

JULIAN.

REMARKABLE ANAGRAMS.

THE letters composing each of the eight following words may be transposed so as to form another word. Example: PEARS, SPARE.

1. Analogist.
2. Treason.
3. Hangings.
4. Pursuer.
5. Imprecates.
6. Stagnation.
7. Stipulated.
8. Enumerations.

"AUNT SUE."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and fifty-six letters, and I show what John Adams considered a proper way to celebrate the Fourth of July.

My 95-45-77-12-123-64-35 is an enormity. My 139-128-18-87-41-51-148 is a small pancake. My 134-105-72-81-118-6 is a place where a famous battle was fought in 1862. My 111-56-30-153-26 is a vagrant. My 47-33-3-69-115 may be found on every breakfast table. My 19-98-155-102 means a cipher. My 39-109-144-131-120 is value. My 150-136-58-117-49 is a view. My 28-143-16-83-89-24-42 is gigantic. My 92-79-66-137 is a very thin skin. My 82-113-86-100-1-130-53-60-53 is of one mind. My 107-44-141-74-22-101 is sagacious. My 62-8-76-5 is a beautiful animal seen by St. Hubert in a vision. My 116-25-93-156-34-7-121-97-133-70-48 is menacing. My 146-13-31-21-14-151 is to pet. My 9-68-91-104-126-99-29-149-73-27-4-75 is noisy. My 57-84-135-2-138-152-112-61-59 is giggling. My 67-124-23-11-80-145 is a broad piece of defensive armor carried on the arm. My 103-36-50-40-90-38 is a general scarcity of food. My 52-142-106-71-119 is fleet. My 10-122-37-125 is to portend. My 46-94-114 is grief. My 63-147-96-110 is a benefaction. My 15-85-154-108-132 is a man mentioned in the Bible who "walked with God." My 127-140-129-78 is pabulum. My 43-54-88-17-32-65-20 is part of a spinning-wheel.

"AUGUSTUS G. HOPKINS."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In barrel. 2. An abbreviation meaning "place of the seal." 3. A meadow. 4. An animal. 5. A boy's nickname. 6. A verb. 7. In barrel.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In barrel. 2. An exclamation. 3. A biblical character. 4. Ratio. 5. Consumed. 6. A pronoun. 7. In barrel.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In barrel. 2. Mother. 3. Three-fifths of a word meaning to imitate. 4. A cereal. 5. A unit. 6. A pronoun. 7. In barrel.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In barrel. 2. Two-thirds of a quick stroke. 3. An engine of war. 4. Uncommon. 5. A verb. 6. A pronoun. 7. In barrel.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In barrel. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. Evening. 4. Depravity. 5. Vague. 6. A printer's measure. 7. In barrel.

"H. AND HEBE."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, PRINTERS, NEW YORK.



"ECH—O!"

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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INVITATION TO ECHO.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

TWO of us among the daisies
In the meadow bright and still,—
You, alone among the mazes
Of the dark trees on the hill;
O sweet Echo,
O fleet Echo,
Can we not o'ertake you, following with a will?
[*Ah, Will!*]

'T is my name—but much I wonder
That you in your hiding-place,
On the shady hill or under,
Things you never knew can trace!
Declare, mocker,
O rare mocker,
What my sister's name is, else you 're in disgrace!
[*Is Grace!*]

What sweet things do you resemble,—
Morning dewdrops, starry gleams,
Flowers that in the light wind tremble,
Beckonings of the rippled streams?
O dear playmate,
Come near, playmate;
Are these fancies true, or naught at all but dreams?
[*But dreams!*]

Then come down and let us see you;
If you can not come to stay,
Ask the stern old hill to free you
Just for half a holiday.
O glad Echo,
O sad Echo,
To escape your prison can you find no way?
[*No way!*]

THE BOYHOOD OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

By William H. Rideing.



HERE is a pleasant little house in Beacon Street, Boston, which is occupied by a gentleman who has written some books which have made his name famous wherever the English language is spoken, and also in many other countries into the language of which they have been translated. As he goes along the streets of the town, with a friendly, observant eye, which has a bird-like quickness, people sometimes whisper — those who are unmannered point at him — and say, "See the autocrat!"

He is probably referred to thus as often as by his proper name, and this is because one of his books is called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," a volume full of wisdom and humor, which on one page moves us to tears, and in the next sets us shaking with laughter. He is a rather slender gentleman, with white hair, though no one would guess him to be seventy-five years old, and the wavy white hair on his head is matched by white side-whiskers of an English cut. He is not distinctly a writer for the young: writing of any kind has not been the business of his life, indeed; and aside from it he has made himself famous in the medical profession. But there are few boys or girls who, though they may not have read "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" all through, do not know by heart "The Chambered Nautilus," and the story of the deacon's "One-hoss Shay."

> "Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
> That was built in such a logical way?
> It ran a hundred years to a day,
> And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay.
> I'll tell you what happened without delay,
> Scaring the parson into fits,
> Frightening people out of their wits —
> Have you heard of that, I say?"

It is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes I am speaking about, one of the two survivors of that splendid period of American literature which gave us Longfellow, Motley, Emerson, and Lowell.

The doctor's study in the house in Beacon Street looks out over the Charles River, and it is a question whether the view from the windows is more beautiful at night when the electric lights on the bridge cast their reflections on the water like javelins of glittering silver, or in the day, when the gray stream flowing to the sea, and the spires and towers of Cambridge, with the green hills of Arlington and Belmont beyond, are visible. It is at all times a view of which Boston people are very proud; and, aside from its beauty, it has the added interest to the doctor of encompassing nearly all the scenes of his youth, and of his manhood, too.

He was born at Cambridge, and went to school at Cambridgeport, and both of those places are in sight from his windows; all his past is unfolded there, and when he turns from the book or manuscript on his desk, — near which hangs the portrait of his renowned ancestress, "Dorothy Q.," — he can see the paths his feet have followed since the beginning of his life.

He can see himself at various ages: the urchin straggling to school, through fields which are green only in the memory now; the Harvard student; and then, in one person, the college professor and the famous author. No doubt he finds it hard to believe that the urchin was not another fellow altogether, instead of the self-same sapling that he himself once was; but, though the identity is confusing, he can remember the boy well, and all his queer fancies, amusements, and chums.

A moderately studious boy he was, fond of reading stories, especially "The Arabian Nights"; fond of whispering and whittling, as his desk showed; a little mischievous; sound in mind and in body, but more than usually imaginative. "No Roman soothsayer," he says in one of his books, "ever had such a catalogue of omens as I found in the Sibylline leaves of my childhood. That trick of throwing a stone at a tree and attaching some mighty issue to hitting or missing, which you will find mentioned in one or more biographies, I well remember. Stepping on or over certain particular things — Dr. Johnson's especial weakness — I got the habit of at a very early age.

"With these follies mingled sweet delusions, which I loved so well I would not outgrow them, even when it required a voluntary effort to put a momentary trust in them. Here is one I can not help telling you:

"The firing of the great guns at the Navy-yard is easily heard at the place where I was born and lived. 'There is a ship-of-war come in,' they used to say when they heard them. Of course, I sup-

* The portrait of Dr. Holmes and the quotations from his poems presented in this article are included by the kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

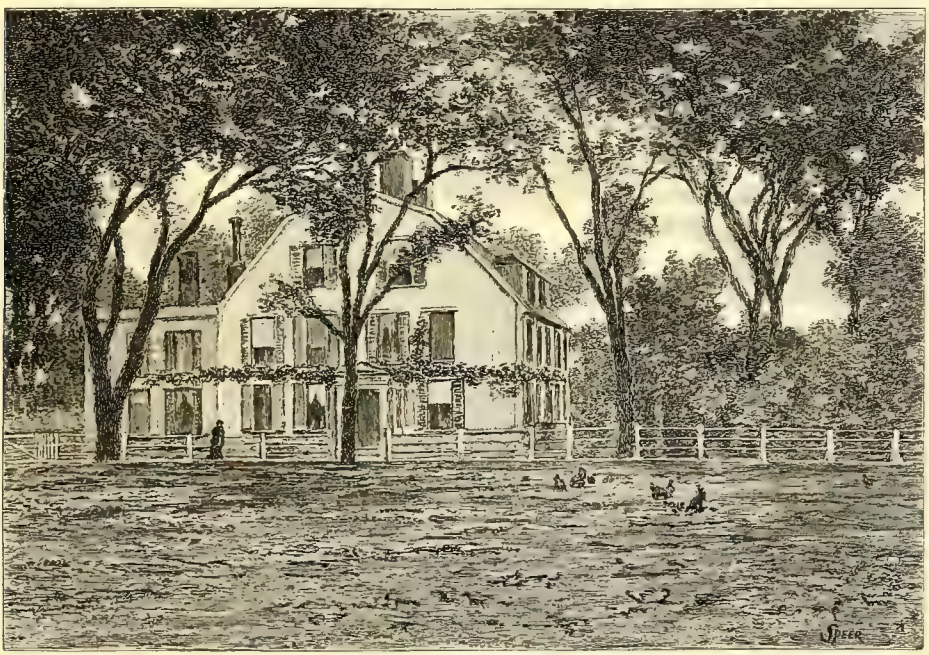
posed that such vessels came in unexpectedly, after indefinite years of absence — suddenly as fallen stones, — and that the great guns roared in their astonishment and delight at the sight of the old war-ship splitting the bay with her cutwater. Now the sloop-of-war, the Wasp, Captain Blakely, after gloriously capturing the Reindeer and the Avon, had disappeared from the face of the ocean, and was supposed to be lost. But there was no proof of it, and, of course, for a time, hopes were entertained that she might be heard from. Long after the last chance had utterly vanished, I pleased myself with the fond illusion that somewhere on the waste of waters she was still floating, and there were *years* during which I never heard the sound of the great guns booming inland from the Navy-yard without saying to myself, 'The Wasp has come!' and almost thinking I could see her, as she rolled in, crumpling the water before her, weather-beaten, barnacled, with shattered spars and thread-bare canvas, welcomed by the shouts and tears of thousands.

unspoken words have articulated themselves in the mind's dumb whisper, 'The Wasp has come!'"

Dr. Holmes was born on the 29th of August, 1809, and one of the earliest things he can remember is giving three cheers for the close of the war of 1812. Until about two years ago, when it was pulled down, his birthplace stood on the edge of the college grounds at Cambridge, and the old "gambrel-roofed" house was one of the sights of the town which visitors seldom missed.

> "'Gambrel! Gambrel!'—Let me beg
> You 'll look at a horse's hinder leg,—
> First great angle above the hoof,—
> That 's the gambrel: hence gambrel-roof."

It had been the headquarters of the American army during the siege of Boston, and when Oliver Wendell was born it was the parsonage of his father, who was pastor of the First Church. A rambling, roomy old house it was, with untenanted upper chambers that were always locked, and a garret where strange noises could be heard,—the very place, in the imagination of a little boy, for



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"This was one of the dreams that I nursed and never told. Let me make a clean breast of it now, and say, that so late as to have outgrown childhood, perhaps to have got far on to manhood, when the roar of the cannon has struck suddenly on my ear, I have started with a thrill of vague expectation and tremulous delight, and the long

ghosts and creatures from fairy-land. Then there was a dark store-room, and peeping through the keyhole he could see heaps of chairs and tables, and he fancied that somehow they had rushed in there frightened, and had huddled together and climbed upon one another's backs for protection. Sometimes he thought he could hear the swords and

spurs of soldiers clanking in the passages; and the floor of his father's study was covered with dents left by the butts of the muskets of the armed men who had used it as a council-chamber.

Upstairs there was the portrait of a lady with sword-thrusts through it, — marks of the British officers' rapiers, — and this is the same picture that now hangs on the wall of the library in Beacon Street.

> "On her hand a parrot green
> Sits unmoving and broods serene;
> Hold up the canvas full in view —
> Look, there 's a rent the light shines through!
> Dark with a century's fringe of dust,
> That was a Redcoat's rapier thrust."

Who has not heard of that picture of Dorothy Quincy, or, as she is familiarly called, Dorothy Q.,



PORTRAIT OF "DOROTHY Q."

the autocrat's great-grandmother? His musical verses have engraved it in the minds of thousands who never saw the picture, or even a reproduction of it.

Cambridge was then a country village, and it was a pleasant walk through fields and lanes to the school in Cambridgeport, to which Oliver Wendell was sent when he was scarcely out of his infancy, — pleasant when he had company; but he had more than his share of childish fancies, and on his way there was a great wooden hand — a glove-maker's sign — which used to swing and creak, and fill him with terror.

"Oh, the dreadful hand!" he says in one of his essays, "always hanging there ready to catch up a little boy who would come home to supper no more, nor get to bed — whose porringer would be laid away empty thenceforth, and his half-worn shoes wait until his smaller brother grew to fit them!"

Then there were encounters with the "Portchucks," as the Cambridge boys called the boys of Cambridgeport, and any new article of dress was sure to be criticised by these young Philistines. One morning Oliver Wendell had a new hat of Leghorn straw.

"Hullo, you-sir"; said a "Portchuck," "you know th' was go'n'-to-be a race to-morrah?"

"No," replied Oliver, innocently. "Who 's go'n'-to-run, 'n' where 's 't go'n'-to-be?"

"Squire Mico 'n' Doctor Williams, 'round the brim o' your hat."

The "Portchuck" put his tongue into his cheek, and Oliver saw that he had been trifled with.

The school was kept by a stout old lady, called Dame Prentiss, who ruled the children with a long willow rod, which reached across the room. It was used for reminding rather than for chastising, however, and when one rod gave out, the scholars had no hesitation in providing her with a new one, for which they themselves went into the fields. Now and then a ferule was the instrument of punishment, and on one occasion, when Oliver had been caught whittling his desk, the Dame brought it down across his hand with startling results: it fell into pieces as it touched his palm, though this was probably due to a flaw

in the material of the ferule rather than to the toughness of the boy.

When he had outgrown petticoats, he went to other schools in Cambridgeport, and he had among his schoolmates Alfred Lee, who afterward became Bishop of Delaware, Margaret Fuller, and Richard Henry Dana, the author of that fascinating sea-story, "Two Years Before the Mast."

So far he had always lived in the old home with the gambrel-roof, which had been growing dearer and dearer to him; but at the age of fifteen he entered the Phillips Academy, at Andover, and then for the first time he felt the pangs of home-sickness. His year there was not very happy.

"The clock was dreadfully slow in striking the hour when recess began, and the professors looked as if they were always thinking of death," he said to the writer of this sketch not long ago.

But he had pleasant memories of Andover, too, and in 1878, when the academy was a century old, he went back and read a beautiful poem describing the sensations with which he entered it:

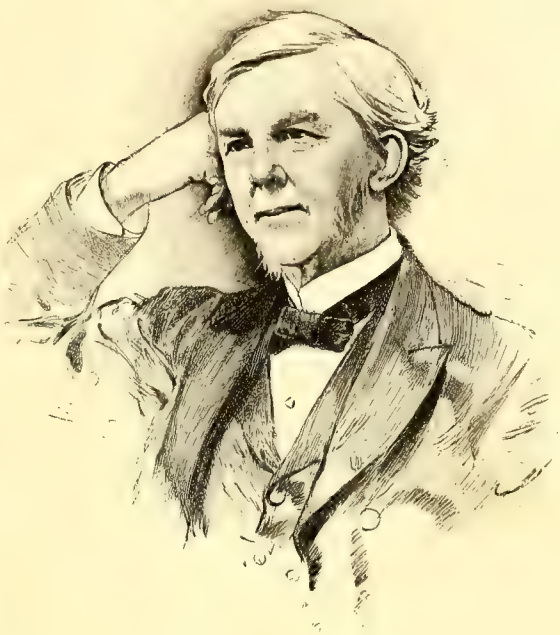
"The morning came: I reached the classic hall;
A clock-face eyed me staring from the wall;
Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME; so the clock-face said.
Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed—
Sowed—their wild oats, and reaped as they had sowed.

"How all comes back! the upward slanting floor—
The masters' thrones that flank the central door—
The long outstretching alleys that divide
The rows of desks that stand on either side—
The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

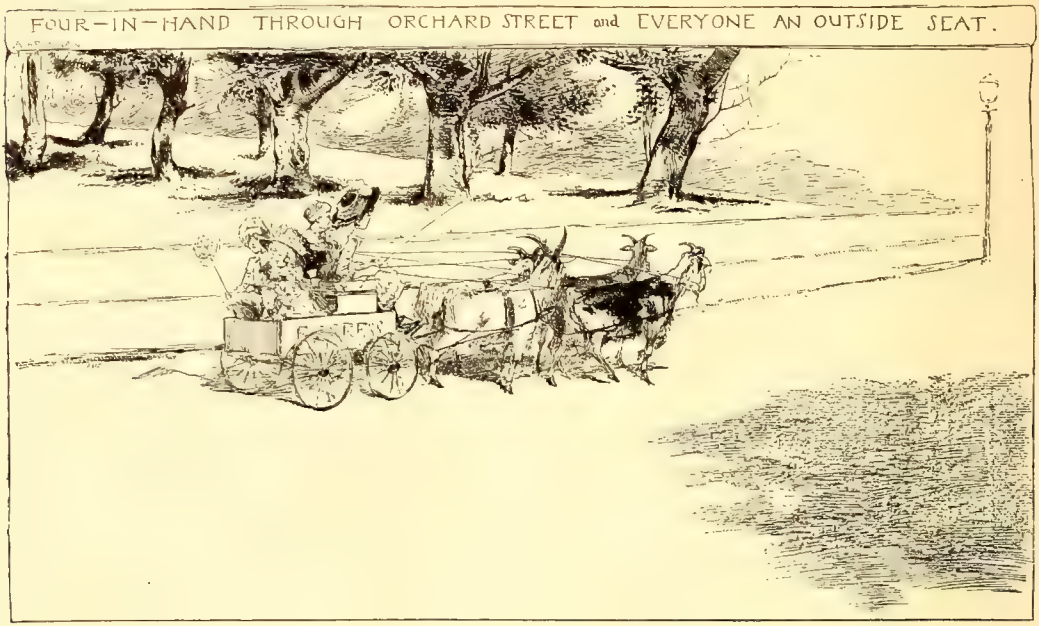
"Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, fruits of worrying cares;
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law."

After a year at Andover, Oliver Wendell entered Harvard University, and while he was there he maintained a fair rank for scholarship. Then he studied law for a year, and after that he chose what was to be the occupation of his life,—the study and practice of medicine.

His literary gifts were already known. When he was about twenty-one, the old frigate Constitution, or the "Old Ironsides" as she was called, lay in the Charlestown Navy-yard, and the Government proposed to break her up. Some stirring lines protesting against her destruction appeared in *The Boston Advertiser*, from which they were copied by other newspapers, and then circulated on printed slips. They aroused such enthusiasm in favor of the old ship, that the Government consented to her preservation, and the author found his name on every lip: it was Oliver Wendell Holmes. Other verses came from the same pen, which were no less popular, and the young poet had encouragement enough to leave the laboratory, and devote himself to the quill. But he remembered, no doubt, what a wise man once said about literature as a profession: it is a very great staff, but a very sorry crutch. He continued to be a physician, and rose to eminence as a professor in the Harvard Medical School; but in his spare hours, he cultivated the genius which is as radiant as a star in his books.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.



AUGUST.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

AUGUST, month when Summer lies
Sleeping under sapphire skies:
Open all the windows wide,
Drink the orchard's fragrant tide,—
Breath of grass at morning mown
Through the leafy vistas blown,—
Hear the clinking of the scythe
Sound mellifluent and blithe.
August, month when everywhere
Music floats upon the air
From the harps of minstrel gales
Playing down the hills and dales:
August, month when sleepy cows
Seek the shade of spreading boughs
Where the robin quirks his head
Contemplating cherries red:
August, month of twilights when
Day half goes, and comes again:
August days are guards who keep
Watch while Summer lies asleep.



AN IDAHO PICNIC.

By Mary Hallock Foote.

Mr. Gilmour had his wife and children with him in camp that summer. They had been with him before, in other camps, in places that had seemed very distant and strange and comfortless to their friends securely housed at home in the East; but an engineer's family soon learns to compare the camp of the present only with the camp of the past — the last camp, or the one before that, where water had been sixty cents a barrel, and muddy at that; and milk, twenty-five cents a quart, and eggs had traveled far, and butter was "packed."

At the camp in the cañon they had a cow. It is true she sometimes broke away and went off with the herds on the range, and had to be chased on horseback and caught with a lasso. They had chickens — all that were left them from night raids by the coyotes; * — and a garden, the products of which they shared with the gophers. But the supply-wagon brought fresh fruit from the town, ten miles away, and new butter from the valley ranches. There were no mosquitoes, no peddlers, no tramps, no book-agents, no undesirable neighbor's children, whom one can not scare away as one may the neighbor's dogs and chickens when they creep through the fence, but must be civil to, for the sake of peace and good-will, — which are good things in a neighborhood.

Jack Gilmour worked at his crude inventions in the shop, and was allowed to use grown-up tools under certain, not too hard, conditions; and Polly rode up and down the steep path to the river beach on the shoulders of the young assistant-engineers — and assistant-everything-elses. The mother was waited on and spoiled, as women are in camp; she was even invited to go fishing with her husband and Mr. Dane, one of the young assistants-in-general. It was a dull time for work in the camp, and there were good care-takers with whom Mrs. Gilmour could trust the children. The boy was the elder. He was learning those two most important elements of a boy's education, up to nine years, according to Sir Walter Scott, — to ride and to speak the truth. But he was only eight, and perhaps was not quite perfect in either.

He watched the three happy ones ride away, and as they turned on the hilltop and waved good-bye to the little figure on the trail below, he was longing, with all the strength of desire an eight-year-old heart can know, for the time to come when he too should climb the hills and wave his hand against the sky before turning the crest, where he had so often stood and felt so small, gazing up into those higher hills which locked the last bright bend of the river from sight.

They were to go up Charcoal Creek; they were to cross the "Divide"; they were to go down Grouse Creek on the other side, and camp on some unknown bit of the river's shore.

The boy went stumbling back, down the dusty path, to his unfinished work in the shop, — the engines for a toy elevated road he was making. But the painfully fashioned fragments of his plan had no meaning for eyes that still saw only the hills against the morning sky, and the three happy ones riding away.

This first trip led to a second and longer one, to the fishing-grounds up the river, by the trail on the opposite shore. Jack heard his father and Mr. Dane talking one morning at the breakfast-table about riding down to Turner's and getting a pack-animal and some more riding animals — and Mamma was going again! What good times the grown-ups did have! And John Wilson, Jack's particular crony from the men's camp, was going, to cook and take care of the animals. This word, "animal," is used in the West to describe anything that is ridden or "packed" — horse, mule, Indian pony, or "burro." It is never applied to cattle or unbroken horses on the range; these are "stock."

The party were to take a tent and stay perhaps a week, if no word came from the home camp to call them back.

Jack slipped away from the table and went out and hung upon the railing of a footbridge that crossed the brook. Beside learning how to ride and to speak the truth, Jack was learning to whistle. He was practicing this last more persistently perhaps than either of the more important branches of knowledge, — let us hope because there was more need of practice; for he was as yet very far from

* Poisoned meat was laid near the chicken-house one night after the coyotes had carried off some fine young Plymouth Rocks (with a baleful instinct they always picked out the best of the fowls) and was eaten by them. Two of the robbers were found next day, dead, by the irrigating ditch, where they had crept to quench their thirst, and one was afterward seen, from time to time, in the sage-brush, a hairless specter. The coyote mothers no doubt told their babies of this grewsome outcast as a warning — not against chicken-stealing, which must be one of the coyote virtues — but against poison and other desperate arts of man.

being a perfect whistler. It was but a melancholy, tuneless little note in which he gave vent to his feelings, as he watched the trickling water.

"I 'd like to take the boy," his father was that moment saying at the breakfast-table in the cook-tent, "if we had anything he could ride"; and then he added, smiling, "there 's Mrs. O'Dowd." The smile went around the table.

Mrs. O'Dowd, or "Peggy," as she was variously called, was a gray donkey, of uncertain age and mild but inflexible disposition, who sometimes consented to carry the children over the hills at a moderate pace; her usual equipment being a side-saddle, which did not fit her oval figure (the curves of which turned the wrong way for beauty); so the side-saddle was always slipping off, obliging the children to slide down and "cinch up."*

The engineer's house was built against a hill; from the end of the upper piazza a short bridge, or gang-plank, joined the hill and met a steep trail which led upward to the tents, the garden, the road to the lower camp, the road up the bluffs, and all the rest of the children's world beyond the gulch. One of their favorite exercises with Mrs. O'Dowd was to ride her down the trail, and try to force her over this gang-plank. She would put her small feet cautiously one before the other, hanging her great white head and sniffing her way. The instant her toes touched the resonant boards of the bridge, she stopped, and then the exercises began. Mrs. O'Dowd's gravity and resignation in the midst of the children's laughing and shouting and pulling and whacking, was most edifying to see; but she never budged. She saw the darlings of the household dance back and forth before her in safety; the engineers in their big boots would push past her and tramp over the bridge.

Mrs. O'Dowd was a creature of fixed habits. Useless, flighty children, and people with unaccountable ways of their own might do as they liked; it had never been her habit to trust Mrs. O'D. on such a place as that, and she never did.

"Yes, the boy might ride Peggy," said Jack's father. "He could keep her up with John and the pack-mule, if not with us."

"Oh, I should not want him behind with the men," said Jack's mother, — "and those high trails! If he is to go over such places, he must ride where you can look after his saddle-girths." She could hear Jack's disconsolate whistle as she spoke. "I hope he does not hear us," she said. "It would break his heart to have the hope, and be left behind after all."

"If the boy's heart is going to break as easily as that, it is time it was toughened," said his father, but not ungently. "I should tell him there is a chance of his going; but if it can't be managed, he must not whine about it."

Jack went to bed by himself always, except Sunday nights; then his mother went with him, and saw that he laid his clothes in a neat pile on the trunk by his bed, — for in a camp bedroom trunks sometimes take the place of chairs, — and heard him say his prayers, and sometimes they talked together a little while before she kissed him good-night. That night was Sunday night, and Jack's mother asked him, while she watched his undressing, if it ever made him dizzy to stand on high places and look down. Jack did not seem to know what that feeling was like; and then she asked him how far he had ever ridden on Mrs. O'Dowd at one time. Jack thought he had never ridden farther than Mr. Hensley's ranch — that was three miles away, six miles in all, going and coming; but he had rested at the ranch, and had walked for a part of the journey when his sister Polly had resolved to ride alone by herself, instead of behind him, holding on to his jacket.

It made his mother very happy to tell the boy that the next day, if nothing happened to prevent, he was to set out with the fishing-party for a week's camping up the river. She knew how, in his reticent child's heart, he had envied them. He was seated on the side of his bed, emptying the beach sand out of his stockings, when she told him. He said nothing at first, and one who did not know his plain little face as his mother knew it, might have thought he was indifferent. She took a last look at him, before leaving the room, with the lamp in her hand. It seemed but a very little while ago that the close-cropped whity-brown head on the pillow was covered with locks like thistle-down, which had never been touched with the scissors; that the dark little work-hardened hands (for Jack's play was always work) lying outside the sheet had been kissed a dozen times a day for joy of their rosy palms and dimples. And to-morrow the boy would put on spurs, — no, not *spurs*, but *a* spur, left over from the men's accouterments, — and he would ride — to be sure it was only Mrs. O'Dowd; but no less would the journey be one of the landmarks in his life. And many older adventurers than Jack have set out in this way on their first emprise — not very heroically equipped, except for brave and joyous dreams, and good faith in their ability to keep the pace set by better-mounted comrades.

Jack woke next morning with a delightful feeling that this day was not going to be like any other day he had known. Preparations for the journey had already begun. In the cook-tent two boxes were being filled with things to eat and things to cook them with. These were to be cov-

* To "cinch up" is to tighten the girths and straps of a saddle.

ered with canvas, roped, and fastened, one on each side of the pack-mule's pack-saddle. On the piazza, saddle-bags were being packed; guns, ammunition, fishing-rods, rubber coats, and cushions were being collected in a heap for John to carry down to the beach to be ferried across the river, where the man from Turner's horse-ranch was already waiting with the animals. The saddle-horses and Mrs. O'Dowd were to cross by the ford above the rapids. The boat went back and forth two or three times, and in the last load went Jack and his mother and Polly in the care of one of the young engineers. The stir of departure had fired Polly's imagination. It was not Mamma saying good-bye to Polly — it was Polly saying good-bye to Mamma before riding off with "bubba" on an expedition of their own. She was telling about it, in a soft, joyous recitative, to any one who had time to listen. The man from Turner's had brought, for Mrs. Gilmour to ride, a mule he called a lady's animal, but remarked that for his own use he preferred one that would go. Mrs. Gilmour thought that she did, too; so the side-saddle was changed from the "lady's animal" to the mule that "would go."

The pack-mule was "packed," the men's horses were across the ford, Mamma had kissed Polly, two pairs and a half of spurs were jingling impatiently on the rocks — but where was Mrs. O'Dowd?

She was dallying at the ford,— she was coy about taking to the water. Sticks and straps and emphatic words of encouragement had no effect upon her. She had, unfortunately, had time to make up her mind, and she had made it up not to cross the river. She was persuaded finally, by means of a "lasso rope" around her neck. Everybody was laughing at her subdued way of making herself conspicuous, delaying the whole party, and meekly implying that it was everybody's fault but her own.

The camp of the engineers was on a little river of Idaho that rises in the Bitter-root range of the Rocky Mountains, and flows into the swift, silent current of the great Snake River, which flows into the Columbia, which flows into the Pacific; so that the waters of this little inland river see a great deal of grand and peculiar scenery on their way to the ocean. But the river as it flows past the camp is still very young and inexperienced. Its waters have carried no craft larger than a lumber-man's pirogue, or the coffin-shaped box the Chinese wood-drivers use for a boat. Its cañons have never echoed to a locomotive's scream; it knows not towns nor villages; not even a telegraph-pole has ever been reared on its banks. It is just out of the mountains, hurrying down through the gate of its last cañon to the desert plains. But, young and provincial as it is, it has an ancestral history of its own, very ancient and respectable, if mystery and tragedy and years of reticence can give dignity to a family history. The river's story has been patiently recorded on the rock tablets of the black basalt bluffs that face each other across miles of its channel. Their language it is not given to everybody to read. The geologists tell a wonderful tale which they learned from those inscriptions on the rocks. They do not say how many years ago, but long enough to have given a very ancient name to our river — had there been any one living at that time to call it by a name — it met with a fearful obstruction, a very dragon in its path, which threatened to devour it altogether, or to scatter it in little streams over the face of the earth. A flood of melted, boiling-hot lava burst up suddenly in the river's bed, making it to boil like a pot, and crowded into the granite gorges through which the river had found its way, half filling them. It was a battle between the heavens and the earth,— the stream of molten rock, blinding hot from the caverns beneath the earth's crust, meeting the sweet cool waters from the clouds that troop about the mountains, or hide their tops in mist and snow. The life-giving flood prevailed over that which brought only defacement and death. The sullen lava flux settled, shrunk, and hardened at last, fitting into the granite gorges as melted lead fits the mold into which it is poured. The waters kept flowing down, never resting till they had worn a new channel in the path of the old one, only narrower and deeper, down through the intruding lava. When the river was first known to men, wherever its course lay through a granite gorge, the granite was seen to be lined in places, often continuously for miles, with black lava rock, or basalt, standing in lofty palisades, with deeply-scarred and graven fronts, and with long slides of crumbled rock at their feet, descending to the level of the river. Another part of the river's story has been toilsomely written in the trails that wind along its shores, worn by the feet of men and animals. Whose feet were the first to tread them, and on what errands? This is the part of the river's story some of us would like best to know. But this the geologist can not tell us.

It was one of these hunters', miners', cowboys', packers', ranchmens' trails the fishing-party followed on its way up the river. Through the cañon they wound along the base of the lava bluffs; then entered a crooked fold of the hills called Sheep Gulch, passing through willow thickets, rattling over the pebbles of a summer-dried stream, losing the breeze and getting more than they wanted of the sun. Sheep Gulch is one of the haunts of grouse,

wood-doves, and "cotton-tails" (as the little gray rabbits are called to distinguish them from the tall leaping "jack-rabbits" of the sage-brush plains, which are like the English hare).

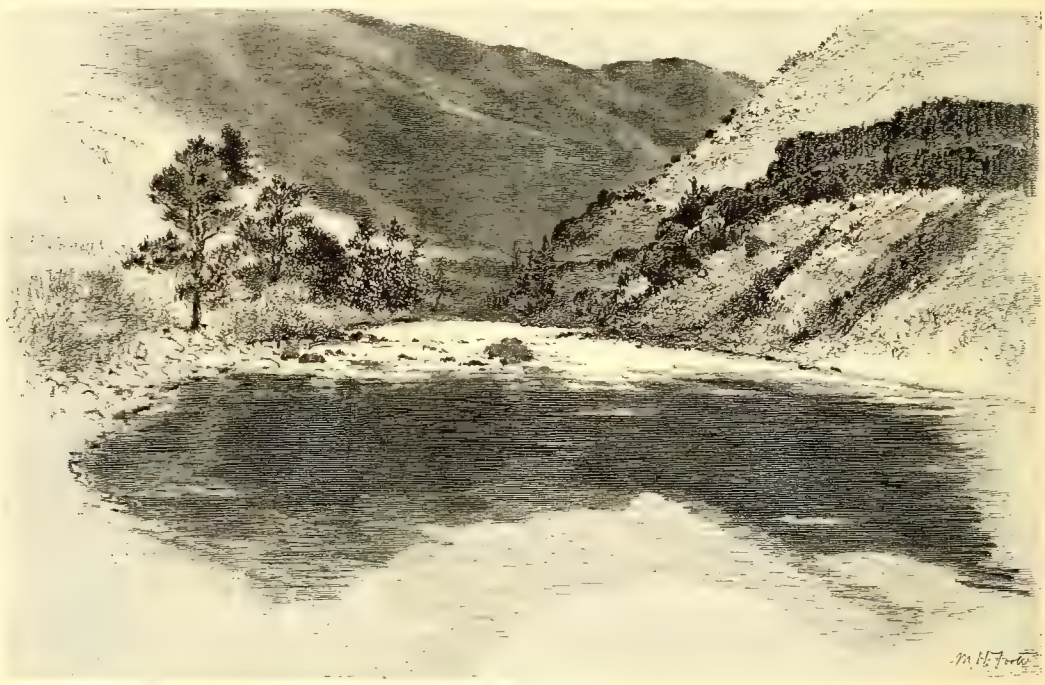
Above Turner's horse-ranch, Sheep Gulch divides into two branches; up one of these goes the old Idaho City road. Where the gulch divides there is a disused cabin, which Jack remembered afterward, because there they saw some grouse which they did n't get, and there they left the trail for the old stage-road. As they climbed the little divide which separates the waters (when there are any) of Sheep Gulch from those of Moore's Creek, they were met by a fresh breeze which cooled their hot faces, and seemed to welcome them to the hills. The hills were all around them now — the beautiful mountain pastures, golden with their wind-sown harvest of wild, strong-stemmed grasses. As the grass becomes scarce on the lower ranges, the herds of cattle climb to the higher, along the spiral trails they make in grazing, taking always, like good surveyors, the easiest upward grade.

In the fall, the cattle-men send out their cowboys, or "riders," to drive the herds down from these highest ranges, where snow falls early, and to collect them in some valley chosen for the autumn "round-up."

At Giles's ranch, on the divide, the party halted to cinch up and to ask a drink all 'round from the spring which all travelers who have tasted it remember.

The women of the household — a slender, dark-haired daughter, and a stout, fair, flushed mother with a year-old baby — were busy, baby and all, in an out-door kitchen, a delightful-looking place, part light and part shadow, and full of all manner of tools and rude conveniences that told of cheerful, busy living, and making the best of things. They were preparing for the coming, next week, of the threshers,— a yearly event of consequence at a ranch,— fifteen men, with horses for their machines, and saddle-horses besides, all to be fed and slept at the ranch. In the corral behind the big new barn, there were stacks of yellow and stacks of green, and between them a hay-press, painted pink, which one could see as far as one could see Giles's. Altogether it was lovely at Giles's; but they were building a new house,— which, of course, they had a perfect right to do. But whoever stops there next year will find them all snugly roofed and gabled and painted white; and it is to be feared the out-door kitchen, with its dim corners full of "truck," and its lights and shadows, will be seen no more.

The old stage-road went gayly along a bit of high plain, and then, without the slightest hesita-



THE SPOT WHERE THE CAMP WAS PITCHED. (SEE PAGE 734.)

tion or circumlocution, dropped off into the cañon of Moore's Creek. These reckless old pioneer roads give one a vivid idea of the race for possession of a new mining-camp, and of the pluck it took to win. At the "freeze-out," stage-passengers probably got out and walked, and the driver "rough-locked" the wheels; but the horsemen of that new country doubtless took a fresh hitch on their cinches, and went jouncing down the break-neck grade with countenances as calm as those of the illustrious riders of bronze and marble horses we see in the public squares, unless they were tired of the saddle and walked down to rest themselves,— never their horses.

Jack's short legs were getting numb with pressing the saddle, and he was glad to walk, and to linger on his way down the wild descent into the cañon. It was the middle of September; Moore's Creek had not more than enough water left to float the "Chinaman's drive" of cord-wood, cut higher up on its banks. Its waters, moreover, were turbid with muddy tailings emptied into them from the sluice-boxes of the placer-miners who had been working all summer on the bars. Above Moore's Creek the water of the river is clear as that of a trout-stream and iridescent with reflections from sky and shore; but after its union with that ill-fated stream it is obliged to carry the poor creek's burden, and its own bright waters thenceforth wear the stain of labor. A breath of coolness as of sunless rocks, and damp, spicy shade, came up to them from the cañon; and a noise of waters, mingled with queer discordant cries. It was dinner-time at the Chinamen's camp, and word was being passed up stream, from man to man, calling the wood-drivers to leave their work. They were not the sleek-braided, white-bloused, silk-sashed Chinese of the house-servant variety. They had wild, black hair, rugged, not fat, sleepy faces, and little clothing except the boots,— store boots, in which a Chinaman is queerer than in anything except a store hat. They struggled with the jam of cord-wood as if it were some sort of water-prey they had hunted down, and were now meeting at bay, spearing, thrusting, hooking with their long boat-hooks, skipping from rock to rock in midstream, and hoarse with shouting.

The party had now left the stage-road and turned down the pack-trail along the creek toward its junction with the river. The pack-trail here crosses the creek by a bridge high above the stream; the bridge was good enough, but it was a question whether Mrs. O'Dowd, with her known prejudices, could be induced to go over it. It was quickly decided to get a "good ready," as Jack said, and hustle the old lady down the trail between two of the horses, and crowd her on the bridge before she had time to make up that remarkable mind of hers. This simple plan was carried out with enthusiasm on the part of all but Mrs. O'D. herself.

Soon after leaving Giles's, they had met a wagon-load of people townward bound from Gillespie's, the beautiful river ranch above Moore's Creek. Mr. Gilmour had stopped them to inquire if a pack-animal and two riding animals, mules or horses, could be sent from the ranch up to the fishing-camp, on a day set for the journey home; for the mules from Turner's were to go back that same day, to start the next day but one, as part of a pack-train bound for Atlanta.

The people in the wagon "could n't say." Most of the horses were out on the range; those at the ranch were being used for hauling peaches to town, fording Moore's Creek and the river, and scaling the "freeze-out." But Mr. Gillespie himself was at home; the travelers had better stop on the way up and find out.

So, after crossing the bridge and gaining the good trail along the river-bank, Mr. Dane spurred on ahead and forded the river, to make the necessary inquiries at the ranch. Gillespie's is on the opposite side of the river from the packer's trail. It is most beautiful with the sun in the western sky, its hills and water-front of white beach and pine trees all in shadow, and a broad reflection floating out into the river at its feet.

The sun was still high and the shadows were short; but the river ranch was a fair picture of a frontier home, as they looked back at it, passing by on the other side; the last home they should see on the wild way they were taking.

The trail went winding up and up, and still higher, until they were far above the river, and could see, beyond the still reflections that darkened it by Gillespie's, the white-whipped waters of the rapids above. And the higher they went, the more hills beyond hills rose along the horizon widening their view.

Mr. Dane had rejoined the party, with a satisfactory report from the ranch. He rode ahead, on his blue-roan Indian pony, twirling his *romál*, a long leathern strap attached to the saddle, the end divided like a double whiplash, by means of which, and a pair of heavy blunt spurs, "Blue Pete" and his rider had come to a perfect understanding. Blue Pete was a sulky little brute, with a broad white streak down his nose and rather a vicious eye, but he was tough and unsensitive, and minded his business.

Next came Jack's mamma on the "mule that would go," with a will — as far as Turner's,— but after that needed the usual encouragement; but a gentle-paced creature and sure-footed on a bad

trail. Then came Jack on Mrs. O'Dowd. The poor old girl had been vigorously cinched, and it was n't becoming to her figure; but those were bad places for a saddle to turn, even with an active, eight-year-old boy on it.

The boy was deeply content, gazing about him at the river, the hills, the winding trail ahead, and serenely poking up Mrs. O'Dowd with his one spur, in response to his packer's often-repeated command to "Keep her up!" When Mrs. O'Dowd refused to be kept up, Jack's father made a rush at her — a kind of business his good horse Billy must have despised, for Billy had points which indicated better blood than that which is usually found in the veins of those tough little "rustlers" of the desert and the range. He loved to lead on a hard trail, with his long, striding walk, his cheerful well-opened eyes to the front. He was gentle, but he was also scornful; he was not a "lady's animal"; he had a contempt for paltry little objectless canters over the hills with limp-handed women and children flopping about on his back. He liked to feel there was work ahead; a long climb and a bad trail did not frighten him; he looked his best when he was breasting a keen ascent with the wind of the summit parting his thin forelock, his ears pointed forward, his breath coming quick and deep, his broad haunches working under the saddle. Poor work indeed he must have thought it, hustling a lazy, sulky old donkey along a trail that was as nothing to his own sinewy legs.

After Billy came the pack-mule, driven by the man from Turner's, a square-jawed, bronzed young fellow, mounted also on a mule, and conversing amicably with John Wilson. The lunch-bag had been passed down the line, but there was no halt, except for water at the crossing of a little gulch. The trail wound in and out, among the spurs of the hills, and up and down the rock-faced heights. They passed a roofless cabin, once the dwelling of some placer-miners, and farther on the half-obliterated ditch they had built leading to the deserted bars, where a few gray, warped sluice-boxes were falling to pieces in the sun.

Between two and three o'clock they came in sight of some large pine-trees, sheltering a half-circle of white sand beach that sloped smoothly to the river. Above the pine-trees a granite cliff rose two hundred and fifty feet of solid rock against a hill, five hundred or more feet higher, that shut off the morning sun. Between the cliff and the lava bluffs opposite, the eastern and western shadows nearly met across the river. There were deep, still pools among the rocks near shore, where the large trout congregate. Below the shadowed bend, the river spread out again suddenly in the sunlight, which flashed white as silver on the ripples of a gravelly bar. This was the spot chosen at sight for the fishing-camp.

A bald eagle, perched on a turret of the lava bluffs across the river, watched the party descending the trail. At the report of a rifle, echoing among the rocks, he rose and wheeled away over the pine-trees, without hurrying himself or dropping a single feather in acknowledgment of the shot. It was a dignified, rather scornful retreat.

Where the trail hugs the cliff closest, on its way around the bend, it passes under a big overhanging rock. No one, I am sure, ever rode under it for the first time without looking up at the black crack between it and the cliff, and wondering how far up the crack goes, and when the huge mass will fall. There is a story that the Banoock braves, following this trail on the war-path, always fired a passing arrow up into the crack,— perhaps out of the exuberance of youth and war-paint, perhaps to propitiate the demon of the rocks, lest he should drop one of his superfluous bowlders on their feathered heads. The white men who followed the trail after the Indians had left it, amused themselves by shooting at the arrows and dislodging them from the crack. The story must be true, because there are no arrows left in the crack. Jack stared up at it many times, and never could see one.

So now they were at home for a week in the wilderness. Jack followed Wilson about as he was "making camp," cutting tent-pegs and poles, and putting up the old A-tent, which had seen service in the army, and in many frontier camps since it was "condemned" and sold at quartermaster's sale.

The man from Turner's had taken another bite of lunch and returned with his animals, bidding Jack watch for him as he passed the camp day after to-morrow with his mule-train for Atlanta.

The kitchen was unpacked down on the beach, and the fireplace chosen,—a big, wedge-shaped rock,—in the lee of which John built a fire, not for warmth, but for the sake of a good bed of coals for cooking. Mrs. Gilmour was resting in the tent, under the pine-trees. Mr. Gilmour had gone up the river to catch some trout for supper.

After four o'clock the sun left the river bank, but all the colors were distinct and strong; — the white-beach, the dark pine boughs against the sky, the purple colors in the rocks, and the spots of pale green and yellow lichen on them; the changing tints in the dark water, swinging smoothly around the bend, and then flashing out into a broad sheet of silvery sparkles over the bar. It was as if it

went gravely around the shadowy bend and then broke out laughing in the bright light.

As it grew darker, the kitchen fire began to glow red against the big gray rock. In front of it John was stooping to heap coals on the lid of the bake-kettle, where the bread was spread in a thin, round cake for cooking.

There were three big trout for supper, and four or five little ones. The big ones were a noble weight to tell of, but the little ones tasted the best when they were taken out of the bake-kettle on hot tin plates, and served with thin, curly slices of bacon and camp bread.

The horses had been turned loose up the trail, but now came wandering back, Billy leading, followed by Pete, who was hobbled, but managed to keep up with him, and Mrs. O'Dowd meandering meekly in the rear. They were on their way home, having decided that was the best place to pass the night; but John turned them back, and, after supper, he watered them at the river and took them up the trail to a rudely-fenced inclosure on the bluffs, where there was better pasture.

Sleepy-time for Jack came very soon after supper, but as the tent was some distance from the camp-fire,—a lonesome bedroom for a little boy to lie in by himself,—he was rolled up in a blanket and allowed to sleep by the camp-fire. The last thing he could remember was the sound of the river and the wind in the great pine boughs overhead, and voices around him talking about the stars that could be seen in the night sky between the fire-illumined tree branches. The great boughs moved strangely in the hot breath of the fire that lit them from below. The sky between looked black as ink; the stars blazed far and keen. John was washing up the dishes, on his knees, by the light of a candle fastened in a box set upon end to shield it from draughts. Jack watched the light shining up into his face and on his hands, as he moved them about. And then it seemed as if he had slept but a moment, when they were shaking him and trying to stand him on his feet, and he was stumbling along to the tent with his father's arm around him.

How they crawled about in the low tent by the light of a candle fastened by its own drippings to a stone, and took off a few clothes and put on more,—for the September nights were cold; how cosy it was, lying down in his blankets inside the white walls of the tent with the curtain securely tied against the wind, with his father close beside him, and his father's gun on the outside within reach of an out-stretched hand; how the light went out and the river sounded on, and some twigs scraped against the tent in the wind; this is about all Jack can remember of his first night under canvas.

The morning was gray and cold. The sun had been up several hours before it was seen in the camp.

Mr. Gilmour was out with the earliest light for trout. Jack was the next to leave the tent and go shivering down to the river to wash, and then run to warm his red hands and button his jacket at the kitchen fire, where John was again cooking bread. John and Mr. Dane had slept on the beach with only the pine boughs for a roof and saddle-bags for a pillow.

When Mrs. Gilmour appeared, last of all, Jack was just finishing his second chunk of last night's bread, leaning against the angle of the rock fire-place out of the smoke, which made a pale, blue, wavering flight upward and aslant the dark pine boughs.

The fisherman had returned with trout, but not a surfeit of trout, for breakfast. The bread was taken out of the bake-kettle, and the trout put in, to plump up in their own steam over the coals. The coffee smelled deliciously in the sweet, cold air. The broiled ham was welcome, even after a first course of trout, and Jack was good for a third of bread and honey. He could use his fingers, and wipe up the honey with the broken bread until his tin plate shone, not to speak of his countenance, and nobody observed him except to smile.

But something had happened that morning besides breakfast. Mr. Dane had lost a tremendous trout, after playing him a long time and tiring him out. The gentleman had been fishing from a rock, with deep water all around him. The big fish seemed quite still and tame as he drawn in, but, as his tail touched the rock, with a frantic rebound, he made one last plunge for the water, and got off. If there had been but a beach to land him on!

Then, a man had been shot the evening before at Atlanta, the big mining-camp of the Saw-tooth range, and another man riding a tired horse had passed the camp at daybreak, on his way to B—— for a surgeon. The horse he had started with from Atlanta had given out about twenty miles from that place; he had walked ten or fifteen miles along the mountain trail in the darkness before he could get another horse. He wished to change this for one of the horses from the fishing-camp, but they were back on the bluffs, and he concluded to go on and change at Gillespie's. He had traveled about fifty miles that night, on horse-back and on foot, over a trail that some of us would not enjoy riding over by daylight.

His wife and her young child were at his horse-ranch away back on the hills, alone, except for some of the cowboys. He had gone up to Atlanta to attend the ball. The man was a stranger to

him,— had a brother in B——, he believed. He had let his horse breathe a moment while he talked to John, and took a bite of something to eat, and then went on his way.

It was strange to think that all this was part of those dark hours of the night that had passed so peacefully to the sleepers on the river beach,— the miner's ball, the shooting, the night ride in haste, the wife waiting at the lonely ranch in the hills for her husband's return.

The day passed with fishing and sketching and eating, and beauty of sunlight and shadow on rocks and trees and river.

Wilson had built a table, and placed boxes around it for seats. The gray-rock fireplace had got well blackened, and the camp had taken on a homelike look. And Jack had gone for a glorious walk up the trail with Wilson, to see if the fence on the bluffs was all right, and if there was a way down to the river from the bluffs by which the horses could go down to drink. There was one, a rather obscure way; but Billy was clever, and Pete was a "rustler," and Mrs. O'Dowd could be relied upon to follow her betters' lead. But they did not seem to be eating, and Jack fancied they looked homesick in their high pasture, as if the scenery did not console them for being sent off so far from camp.

That second day Mr. Gilmour went fishing alone down the river. John was gathering firewood; the boy and his mother were in the tent; Mr. Dane sat in the doorway, tending a little fire he had made outside, and reading aloud from the new magazine, while Mrs. Gilmour made a languid sketch of him, in his red-hooded blanket robe. Mr. Dane was the first to hear a shout from down the river. He threw off the red robe, seized a rifle, and ran down the shore in the direction Mr. Gilmour had taken. The shout meant, to him, game of a kind that could not be tackled with a fly-rod.



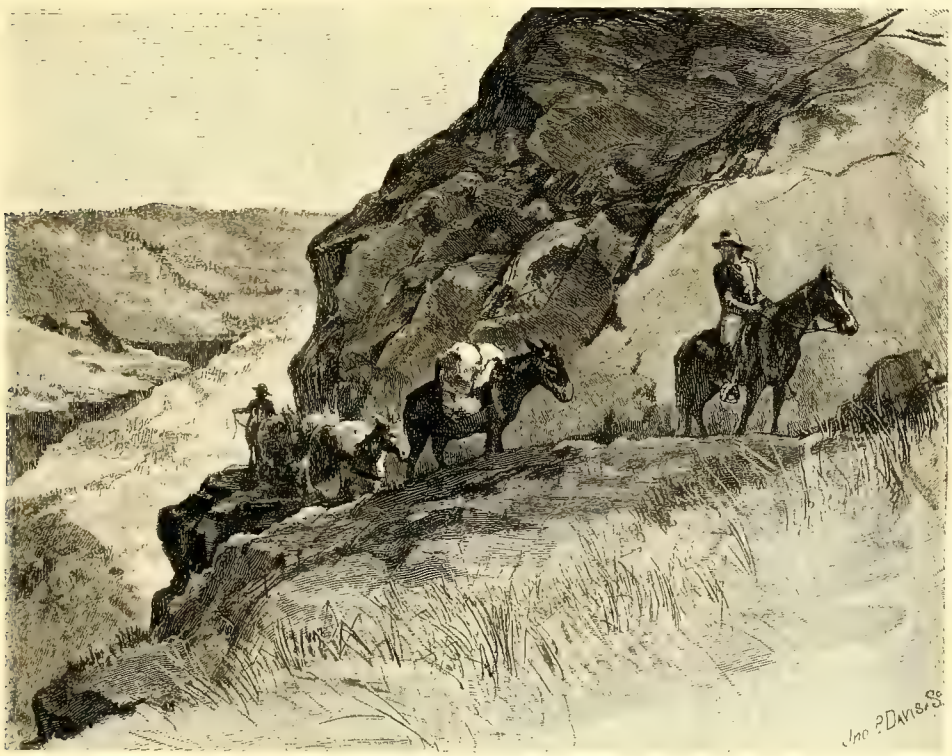
"THE KITCHEN-FIRE GLOWED AGAINST THE BIG GRAY ROCK."

In a moment or two he came running back for more cartridges. Mr. Gilmour had met with a black bear, and they were going after him. John followed with the ax. Some time passed, but no shots were heard. At last the men came back, warm and merry, though disappointed of their game. The bear had got away. It was tantalizing to think how fat and sleek he must have been, after his summer in the mountains. There would be no bear-steaks for supper that night, and no glossy dark skin to carry back in triumph to the home camp and spread before next winter's hearth wherever the house-fires might be lighted. Mr. Gilmour had been walking down the trail when he saw the bear ahead of him, crossing the high flat toward the trail and making straight for the

river. If both had continued to advance, there would have been a meeting, and as Mr. Gilmour was armed only with a fly-rod and a pistol, he preferred the meeting should be postponed. Then he stopped and shouted for Dane. The bear came on, and Mr. Gilmour fell back, leisurely, he said, toward camp. He did not care to bring his game in alive, he said, without giving the camp due warning, so he shouted again. It was the second shout Dane had heard. The way of his retreat took him down into a little gulch, where he lost sight of the bear. It did not take very long to tell the story of the hunt, and then Mr. Gilmour went back to his fishing. The sun came out. The fire in front of the tent was a heap of smoking ashes; the magazine story palled; the sketch was pronounced not worth finishing; and then the pack-train for Atlanta came tinkling and shuffling down the trail. Fourteen sleek, handsome mules, with crisp, clipped manes, like the little Greek horses on ancient friezes, passed in single file between a farther down the river, and heard the story about the bear, and offered to leave his dog, which he said was a good bear-dog. But the dog would n't be left, and so the picturesque freight-train went its way, under the Indian's rock, and up the steep climb beyond. High above the river they could be seen, footing with neat steps the winding trail, their packs swinging and shuffling with a sidelong motion, in time to the regular pace, while the bell sounded fainter and fainter.

Bear-stories were told by the camp-fire that night; and Mr. Dane slept with his rifle handy, and John with an ax. John said he was a better shot with an ax than with a rifle. Jack thought he should dream of bears, but he did n't. The next morning he went with John Wilson up to the high pasture to bring down one of the horses. Wilson was to ride down to Gillespie's and make sure of transportation for the party home, the next day but one.

Jack had the happiness of riding Billy bare-



THE PACK-TRAIN FOR ATLANTA.

man riding ahead on the "bell-mare," and another bringing up the rear of the train, swinging his leathern "blind" as he rode. This one was the man from Turner's. He had met Mr. Gilmour backed down the trail, following John on Pete, Mrs. O'Dowd, as usual, in the rear. Mr. Gilmour was surprised to see all the animals coming down, and he noticed at once how hollow and drooping

the horses looked. John explained that they had evidently not been able to find the trail leading down to the river, and had been without water all the time they had been kept upon the bluffs. He could see by their tracks where they had wandered back and forth along the edge of the bluffs, seeking a way down. How glad they must have been of that deep draught from the river, that had mocked them so long with the sound of its waters! No one liked to find fault with Wilson, who was faithful and tender-hearted; and it was stupid of horses, used to the range, not to have gone back from the bluffs and followed the fence until they found the outlet to the river. They quickly revived with water and food, which they could once more enjoy now that their long thirst was quenched. Wilson rode Pete down to Gillespie's, and returned in the afternoon with word that Mr. Gillespie himself would come for the party on Saturday, with the outfit required.

The evening was cool and cloudy; twilight came on early, and Wilson cooked supper with the whole family gathered around his fire, hungrily watching him. There was light enough from the fire, mingled with the wan twilight on the beach, by which to eat supper. John was filling the tin cups with coffee, when horses' feet were heard coming down the trail from the direction of B——. A man on a gray horse stopped under the Indian's rock and, looking down on the group on the beach below, asked what was "the show for a bite of something to eat." He was invited to share what there was, and, throwing the bridle loose on his horse's neck, he dropped out of the saddle and joined the party at the table.

He was the man from Atlanta, returning from his errand to B——. No doctor had been willing to go up from B——, so he said, and the friends of the wounded man had telegraphed to C——, and a doctor had gone across from there. The messenger had stayed over a day in B—— to rest, and was now on his way home to his ranch in the hills. He gave the details of the shooting,—the usual details, received with the usual comments and speculations as to the wounded man's recovery,—then the talk turned upon sport, and bear stories and fish stories were in order. The man from Atlanta knew what good hunting was, from his own account. He told how he had struck a bear-track about as big as a man's hand in the woods, and followed it some distance, thinking it was "about his size," and all of a sudden he had come upon a fresh track about as big — he picked up the cover of the bake-kettle —"as big as that." Then he turned around and came home. It was suggested (after the man from Atlanta had gone) that the big track he saw was where the bear had *sat down*.

It was now deep dusk in the woods; only the latest and palest sky-gleams touched the water. The stranger included the entire party in his cordial invitation to stop at his place if they ever got so far up the river, mounted his horse, and quickly disappeared up the trail. He expected to reach his home some time that night.

The next day was the last in camp. It was still gray, cold weather, and the tent among the pine-trees looked inviting, with a suggestion of a fire outside; but there were sketches to be finished, and last walks to be taken, and a big catch of trout to be caught to take home. Jack had a little enterprise of his own to complete — the filling of a tin can Wilson had given him with melted pine gum, which hardened into clear, solid resin. The can was nearly full, and Jack had various experiments in his mind which he intended to try with it on his return. Wilson had told him it would make an excellent boot-grease mixed with tallow — and if he *should* want to make a pair of Norwegian snowshoes next winter, it would be just the thing to rub on the bottom of the wood to make it slip easily over the snow.

Wilson was going back on the hills to try to get some grouse, and the boy was allowed to go with him. They tramped off together, and the walk was one of the memorable ones in Jack's experience; but Jack's mother would not have been so contented in his absence, had she known they were coming home by way of deer gulch, one of the most likely places in the neighborhood of the camp for a meeting with a bear.

Mr. Gilmour was the enthusiast about fishing, and so it fell out that Mr. Dane was generally the one to stay about camp if John were off duty. The fishing should have been good, but it was not, partly because the Chinese placer-miners on the river had a practice of emptying the deep pools of trout by means of giant-powder, destroying a hundred times as many fish as they ate. The glorious fishing was higher up the river, and in its tributaries, the mountain streams. However, not a day had passed without one meal of trout at least, and many of the fish were of great size, and an enthusiast like Mr. Gilmour cares for the sport, not for the fish!

The last camp-fire, Jack thought, was the best one of all; it was built farther down the beach, since a change of wind had made the corner by the rock fireplace uncomfortable. A big log, rolled up near the fire on its windward side, made an excellent settle-back, the seat of which was the sand with blankets spread over it. The company sat in a row, facing the fire, and Mrs. Gilmour was provided with a tin plate for a hand-screen. Perhaps they all were rather glad they were going home to-morrow. Mrs. Gilmour wanted to see

Polly, and the sand floor of the tent was getting lumpy, and they all were beginning to long for the wider outlook and the fuller life of the home-camp at headquarters. Beautiful as the great pine-trees, the sheltered beach, and the shadows on the water had looked to them after their long, hot ride over the mountain-trail, there were always the granite cliff on one side and the lava bluffs on the other, and no far-off lines for the eye to rest upon. People who have lived in places where there is a great deal of sky, and a wide horizon, are never long contented in nooks and corners of the earth, however lovely their detail may be.

At all events, the talk was gayer that last night by the camp-fire than any night except the first one of their stay. At last one of the company — the smallest one — slid quietly out of sight among the blankets, and no more was heard of him until the time came to dig him out, and restore him to consciousness.

After Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour and Jack — poor little sleepy Jack — had gone down the shore to their tent, Mr. Dane and Wilson rolled the logsettle upon the fire. It burned all night, and there were brands left with which to light the kitchen fire.

Breakfast was a sort of "clean-up," as the miners say. The last of the ham, the last of the honey, one trout, left over from last night's supper, which the company quarreled about, each in turn refusing it, — even Jack, who seldom refused anything in the eating line, — and leaving it finally for John, who, perhaps suspecting there was something wrong with it, threw it out upon the beach.

After breakfast, everybody fell to packing, except Jack, who roamed around, with his leggings and his one spur on, watching for Mr. Gillespie and the animals.

Mrs. Gilmour had finished her small share of the packing, and with Jack climbed up among the rocks in the shadow of the cliff. Mr. Gillespie had arrived, and on the beach below he and Wilson were loading the pack-horse with the camp stuff.

The two boxes in which the kitchen was packed went up first, one on each side of the pack-saddle, set astride the horse's back, and in shape something like a saw-horse. The boxes were balanced, and made fast with ropes. The roll of blankets filled the space between them; an ax was poked in, or a fishing-pole protruded from the heap; more blankets went up; then the tent was spread over all, and the load securely roped into place, — Mr. Gillespie and Wilson, one on either side, pulling against each other, and the patient old horse being squeezed between.

Mr. Gillespie had brought the usual "ladies' animal" for Mrs. Gilmour to ride, which, in the West, always means an article of horseflesh which no man would care to bestride, but on which it will do to "pack" women and children about. Mr. Gillespie recommended it, as the horse his daughter rode to town. Miss Gillespie, it is probable, could ride with any man on the ranch. She had reasons, no doubt, of her own for liking to go to town on this particular animal, — for the convenience of his steady ways on a trail, perhaps; or she may have ridden him as a child, and grown used to him, if not fond of his gait. But when the old horse and Mrs. Gilmour parted, it was without regret on either side.

The chief event of the journey home was the fording of the river, once above Gillespie's and once below, thus avoiding the highest and hottest part of the trail, which they would pass at midday. Neither Jack nor his mother had ever forded a stream on horseback before. The sun was high, the breeze was strong, the river bright and noisy. Giddily rippling and sparkling, it rushed past the low willows along its shore.

Mrs. O'Dowd was whacked into her place in the line, between Billy and the lady's animal, and kept her feet, if not her temper. And so, in due time, they arrived at the home ford and the ferry.

Wilson and Mr. Gillespie took the animals across the ford, but the others were glad to exchange the saddle for the boat. Polly, in a fresh, white frock, with her hair blown over her cheeks, was watching from the hilltop, and came flying down the trail to meet them. Every one said how Polly had grown, and how fair she looked — and the house, which they called a camp for its rudeness, looked quite splendid with its lamps and books and curtains, to the sunburnt, dusty, *real* campers; and, as Jack said, it did seem good to sit in a chair again. It was noticeable, however, that Jack sat lightly in chairs for several days after the ride home, but he had not flinched nor whined, and everybody acknowledged that he had won his single spur fairly well for an eight-year-old.



THE HIGHWAYMAN



By Allen G. Bigelow.



Did you ever meet a robber, with a pistol and a knife,
Whose prompt and cordial greeting was, "*Your money or your life;*"
Who, while you stood a-trembling, with your hands above your head,
Took your gold, most grimly offering to repay you in cold lead?

Well, I once met a robber: I was going home to tea;
The way was rather lonely, though not yet too dark to see
That the sturdy rogue who stopped me there was very fully armed—
But I 'm honest in maintaining that I did n't feel alarmed.

He was panting hard from running, so I, being still undaunted,
Very boldly faced the rascal and demanded what he wanted;
I was quite as big as he was, and I was not out of breath,
So I did n't fear his shooting me, or stabbing me to death.

In answer to my question the highwayman raised an arm
And pointed it straight at me — though I still felt no alarm;
He did not ask for money, but what he said was this:
"You can not pass, Papa, unless you give your boy a kiss!"

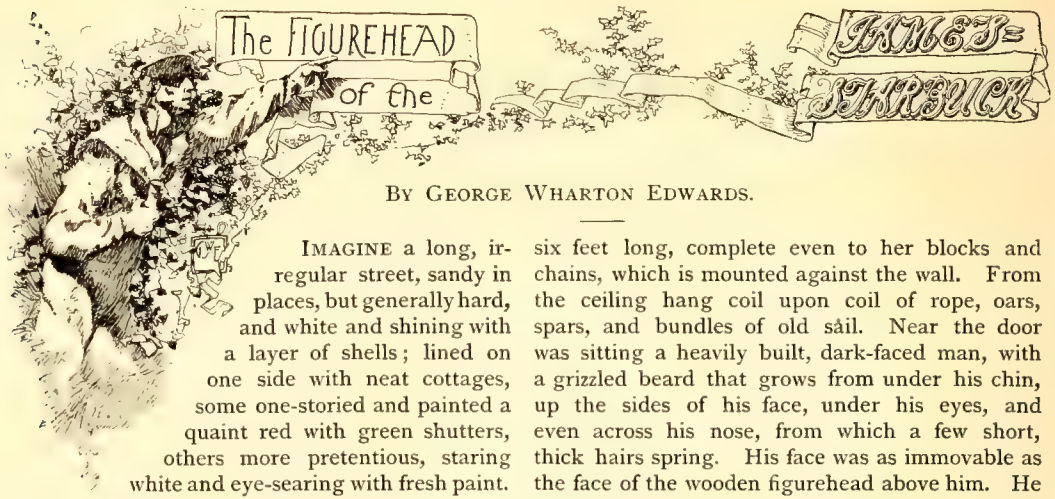


MR. DREAM-MAKER.

(A Lullaby.)

By Samuel Minturn Peck.

Come, Mr. Dream-maker, sell me to-night
The loveliest dream in your shop;
My dear little lassie is weary of light,
Her lids are beginning to drop.
She 's good when she 's gay, but she 's tired of play,
And the tear-drops will naughtily creep;
So, Mr. Dream-maker, hasten, I pray,
My little girl 's going to sleep.



By George Wharton Edwards.

Imagine a long, irregular street, sandy in places, but generally hard, and white and shining with a layer of shells; lined on one side with neat cottages, some one-storied and painted a quaint red with green shutters, others more pretentious, staring white and eye-searing with fresh paint. There are tiny gardens in front, neatly lined and bordered with curious shells; and one, facing the sea, has an arbor of a whale's backbone, over which the morning-glories twine and blossom. On the other side, seaward, are rows of quaint sheds and wharves, sail-lofts, and chandleries, anchors of all sizes, and huge blocks, old booms, spars, and masts of obsolete styles,—and over all, that delightful, indescribable, mysterious, spicy odor of tar, rosin, and old rope, so dear to boyhood!

Let us go over to that shed halfway down the wharf, where the old "pinkie" lies listed over to port, with her nose pointed toward the bright dancing waters of the channel through which she will never glide again. Fastened to the shed and projecting over the wharf is a cracked and weather-beaten figurehead of what must have been a powerful ship, a clipper of the olden time. It is a sailor carven in wood, with wide-brimmed hat glazed and be-ribboned, shirt with flowing collar loosely tied, and trousers tight at the knee and very loose at the ankle. Its vacant, staring eyes seem fixed on some far-off shore, toward which its outstretched arm is ever reaching. Beneath, through the open door of the shed, we can see long lines of men sitting on low benches and sewing away on huge strips of new canvas; singing in chorus, as they ply the short, thick sail-needle and waxed thread, some old-time ditty of the sea. Hark!

"'Where are you going, my own pretty maid?'
Hey-ho! Blow a man down!
'I 'm going a-sailing, sir,' she said.
Give a man time to blow a man down!"

Archie, my nephew, who is staying with me,—a splendid specimen of boy, just eleven years old, and my constant companion in 'longshore rambles,—gave a gasp of delight and longing at the sight of a fine model of a bark, about six feet long, complete even to her blocks and chains, which is mounted against the wall. From the ceiling hang coil upon coil of rope, oars, spars, and bundles of old sail. Near the door was sitting a heavily built, dark-faced man, with a grizzled beard that grows from under his chin, up the sides of his face, under his eyes, and even across his nose, from which a few short, thick hairs spring. His face was as immovable as the face of the wooden figurehead above him. He wears rings in his ears, and his shirt was open at the collar.

"I wonder!" said Archie, pointing to the figurehead, "why they put that wooden sailor up there!"

"Mornin'," said the old man by the door, taking the burden of the explanation upon himself; "I heerd the little chap say, 'Why did they put that figgerhead up theer'; an' I cal'late then ye never telled him 'bout the James Starbuck. I was thinkin' on her this mornin', when I heerd it blowin'. There was a whale riz last night, over to Wood End, an' ther' 's a crew gone over to fasten on him up; but I cal'late this easter 'll blow 'im off. Whales 're gettin' sca'ce yer' now. Time was when ther' were large ones—hunderd bar'lers; but that day is gone, an' they don't ketch many now. But come over an' let 's sit on the pinkie, outen the wind, an' I 'll storify to the little feller 'bout the figgerhead of the James Starbuck."

Archie's eyes glistened at the prospect of a story from Captain Sam, of whom he had often heard me talk; and I, too, was glad of the opportunity of again hearing the story which is known all along the Cape from Provincetown to Sandwich. So we climbed over the blistered and worm-eaten side of the old pinkie Albatross of Provincetown, and settled ourselves under her high stern, out of the wind. The light clouds overhead threw long gray shadows over the water, which was of a tawny hue; flocks of gulls screamed shrilly over some choice morsel of fish, thrown from the mackerel fleet which lay off the bay. There had been a good catch the day before, and the crews were busy cleaning and salting the beautiful fish. There were some calkers at work upon a small whaling schooner, hauled up on the ways; but the town and wharves were almost deserted by all save the

ancient seamen, the sailmakers, and the shipsmiths.

"When that theer figgerhead were sculpted," began Captain Sam, as soon as we were comfortably stowed, "was a time when Americy was a great power on the ocean. When they wa' n't any steamboats an' iron tanks an' sich truck a-sailin' of the seas; an' when a' able-bodied seaman meant a' able-bodied seaman, an' not a passel o' lumpies wot don't know a stuns'l from a hole in the ground.

"Now, that yer' figgerhead has seen queer sights, an' I'll tell ye how it comes ter be up theer with the mornin'-glory a-twinin' on it 'round.

"'T were way back in eighteen hunderd an' nine, thet the James Starbuck, which were builded down to Bath, sailed on the return v'yage from Liverpool for Bostin, with a rich cargy of goods an' three hunderd men, wimming, an' childering. I heerd thet they hed a terrible v'yage, what with head-winds an' sickness aboard; but 't wa' n't a passel o' nawthin' along o' when they sighted Highland Light, an' ther' come a 'shet in.'* They got turned about, I cal'late, —'t is n't telled fur sartin,—but shore enough, they was off the'r reckenin'; an' 't wa' n't till night come on thet ther' come a blow-out, an' the sea riz with the wind, an' 'fore they diskivered where they were, they heerd the breakers.

"They tried to keep off then, but 't wa' n't any use! The big ship seemed ter want ter go ashore; an' ye knows thet when a ship takes it inter her head ter go ashore, ther' is n't any use a-kickin' ag'in it!"

Captain Sam paused. A dreamy stillness rested over the town; the tack-a-tock of the calkers' hammers went steadily on; the sharp rattle of a block sounded from a schooner which was hoisting her mainsail, and soon even this ceased; the schooner swung around to the wind, the sails filled, and shining in the morning sun, she sped away, rounded the point, up went her trysail, and soon she was a mere white speck on the blue water outside.

"Well, sir, as I was sayin'," continued Captain Sam, "the sea lifted, an' the hatches were battened down; all hands hevin' no business bein' ordered below. The ship were a-rollin' heavily, an' some o' her cargy shifted ter loow'rd, an' in course, when this yer' happened, the Capting could n't make anythin' of her. She lay right over, an' the sea commenced fur ter break over her—an' then she struck! An' a wail went up from the wimming; an' the men bein' 'landies' were wusser nor the wimming, an' they raised 'Martial Ned.'

"Well! the folks that lived yer' on the neck were what 's called wreckers; an' they heerd



"'WHEN THAT THEER FIGGERHEAD WERE SCULPTED,' BEGAN CAPTAIN SAM."

the guns from the ship, an' they thinked right away of what they was a-goin' to get, an' not of the unfort'nit bein's as were a-perishin' out theer in the bilin' sea. These wreckers were mostly Portuguese an' half-breed Injuns, which were hull savidges an' had n't any marcy in 'em! These yer' savidge Hottingtots come a-runnin' like mad when they heerd the fust gun over by Wood End,—men, wimming, and childering. They see the lights from the ship go out, one by one; they heerd the cries fur help, which they never meant to answer; an' then they heerd the ship a-breakin' up above the noise o' the wind an' surf. The waves were that phosporous thet they could see each other, a-standin' out black ag'in the white water, a-waitin' fur the wreckage ter come ashore. An'

* Fog.

then ther' comes a raw green light, low down in the sky, nigh the wave-tops, an' the mornin' dawned; and they see thet nawthin' was left but the starn of the old ship.

"The men was soon busy openin' the chists and casks, an' some wimming gethered about a poor critter wot had come ashore with a leetle baby in 'er arms. Some of the wimming was fur buryin' the poor souls; but suddenly one woman riz up, an' says, says she, 'The baby 's alive!' With thet, the woman picks up the baby, rolls it in her shawl an' then walks away, unnoticed, from the crowd of swarthy men an' wimming working away with no thought but gain and plunder.



"SHE ROLLS THE BABY IN HER SHAWL AN' THEN WALKS AWAY, UNNOTICED."

"The carts go to an' from the village, loaded with great boxes an' bales, an' the sand is strewn with boards, pieces of mast, broken bottles, an' jugs of curious shape. There is quarrelin' among the men, an' the wimming jine with shrill screamin', an' over all is the dull gray sky, with little flicks of yaller light a-peepin' through, jist as it were this mornin'; an' some of the savidge Hottingtots, a-looking back, see the figgerhead rise outen the boilin' sea with his finger a-p'intin' straight at 'em, an' then stick up theer, in the sand, fast as a mainmast in her step!"

Here ensued so protracted a silence, that I looked to see if the Captain had fallen asleep. But, no; his eyes were wide open, and he was gazing intently at a fly that had settled on his knee. The Captain's huge hands began to move slowly toward the trespasser, when suddenly the fly, which had been calmly rubbing its legs, took wing, and the Captain with a disappointed look in his eyes, said, "Missed, b' cracky!"

Archie wished to laugh, but in truth he was not a little in awe of the Captain who could tell such wonderful tales. And Archie had just seen on the backs of those hands, gnarled and bent with years of handling rope and furling sail, a clipper ship in full sail with the letters S. Q. in red and blue, and a goddess with a shield and crossed swords! Under the cuffs, turned back as they were, could be seen the beginning of more wonderful tattooing. Perhaps, at some future time, the Captain might tell him how it was done.

"Well," said the Captain, "the woman that bringed the child from the dead mother's arms, seein' 't were a orpheling, an' she not havin' childering of her own, cal'lated she'd keep it; she bein' a' English woman which had married a Portugee. An' she brung it up, and it come to be a healthy boy with red cheeks, though 't were some sick for a spell; an bymeby the boy come to be a man, an'



THEY SAW THE FIGUREHEAD RISE OUT OF THE SEA.

nat'rally tuck to the sea, hevin' come outen it, like" (here the Captain paused for a simile), "like a little Neptchun. An' he useter look over ter the Pint an' see the figgerhead a-settin' up a-p'intin' at the village. None of the savidges would n't tech it, 'cause they hed seen it risin' up thet theer night. The woman which he called his mawther,—not knowing no difference, ye see,—bein' a' English woman, an' not a Hottingtot like most on 'em, bringed him up in the way he should go," said the Captain, with a wave of his decorated hand.

"One day come, when he bein' nigh onto fifteen year old, ther' was a ship, a-fittin' out fur a whalin' v'yage; an' what sh'd the boy do but ship into her unbeknownst. An' when the mornin' come they was miles off 'n Highland Light, headed no'th. The Captain was mad fust off, but bein' ruther short-handed, he ruther rej'iced at havin' some one ter hit when he felt oncommon ugly, which was most ginerally.

"Well! he were gone a matter o' four year, an' the whaler hed hed good luck, an' the lad, he hed a nice little pile of dollars lyin' in the Capting's locker ag'in his name. So he makes all sail ter

the leetle cabin among the sand-hills. The figger-head has sunk a leetle, and the hand pints deerectly ter the cabin. But the door is closed. His mawther, leastwise her he called mawther,—not knowin' any different,—was dead; an' his father was shipped for Chiny on a long v'yage. So Sammy, that bein' how he was hailed, bein' nigh on heart-broken, ships from New Bedford for another v'yage, and 't was a matter o' ten year afore he ag'in makes Highland Light.

"He finds the people changed on the Cape summat; leastwise there is n't any more wreckin'; an' the Injun savidges gettin' sca'ce, so he buys the leetle cabin and fixes her up. The old figger-head lays flat in the sand, nigh kivered on, an' Sammy takes a mule one day an' hauls it over ter the cabin. But bein' ruther solemncholy theer, all alone, he makes another v'yage; an' bein' a' able-bodied seaman by this time, he gets good wages, an' follers the sea reg'lar fur a matter o' twenty year, seein' pretty much everythin'.

"When one day he says to himself, 'Sammy,' says he, 'how 's the Cape?'—An' shore enough, next day he was on the way hum!

"The v'yage were bright an' 'The wind were fair', that were the words of the song,—but when we gets off George's Banks, it come on a blow o' wind, and ther' 's no clear sky fur four days. And then we kinder lose our way, bein' blew outen our reckenin', and the fust thing we knows, we were goin' head on shore. But the Capting of her were one of the old-time kind, an' he lets go everythin', and bymeby she come 'round as pretty as ye like, losin' only her jib, which was on her to keep her stiddy, which was blew outen her. The shore was lined with folks a-watchin' of us, but we bringed around all right an' made the harbor at eight bells.

"I tell ye, we wa' n't long a-gettin' ashore, tho' 't was pooty rough! We hed to go down to Bostin, to git paid off, and then Sammy thinked he 'd hed enough o' sailin', so he buyed a sail-loft yer' on this very wharf; an' he 's put somethin' by fur a rainy day,—leastwise, he married Huck Davis's daughter.

"So I fixed up the figgerhead an' had him carted over yer' on the wharf an set up, an' the morning-glories ha' been a-twinin' on him now fur better 'n twenty year!"

"*You* fixed it up? Are you ——?" said Archie, with eyes and mouth agape, forgetting his awe of Captain Sam.

"Yes!" said the Captain, "I fixed him up, an' I 'm that same Sam—the baby that come ashore over ter Wood End! An' I 'm powerful hungry, bein' it 's noon, an' if ye 'll bring the boy down hum, Mr. George, I 'll show him some o' the curious things I c'llected in furrin parts,—leastwise some of the things thet come ashore with the figger-head of the James Starbuck."



MER-LADS AT PLAY.

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

By George J. Manson.

A Journalist.

The boy who would be a successful journalist must enter the profession with no vain ambition to hurry up and get his name in print, or to be called an "editor." He must make up his mind to work hard and conscientiously; and, after a number of years, take the position in the profession to which he seems to be adapted, resting content therewith. If he comes to his work with a collegiate education, it will be well; but it is by no means necessary.

Journalism, it must be borne in mind, is distinct from authorship, pure and simple. The journalist deals with the questions of the day; his knowledge must be on the tip of his tongue, or rather, at the point of his pen,— ready for use at any moment. The author, on the other hand, can sit at home, write leisurely, revise frequently, and consult books of reference to verify his statements.

Some college-bred reporters are occasionally both pained and surprised at their first newspaper experiences. Such a young man may look in the morning paper for his first report, on which, you may be sure, he has taken the greatest possible pains. He has given an elaborate description of the hall, the appearance of the audience, and of the lecturer he has been sent to report.

Yet he can not find his account, although he is sure he wrote a column.

"May be it 's crowded out," says a brother reporter, and then adds, "Why, no; here it is! It is cut down, and they 've put a new "head" on it."

Yes; there it is, away down in the corner of the third page, next to the market reports!

It makes a column — all but nine-tenths!

Our college-bred young friend may be very angry at such shabby treatment; but, if he is a sensible fellow, he soon gets used to it. In fact, he is compelled to get used to it.

The young reporter — and reporting is nearly always the first thing a journalist does — is sent out on "assignments," as they are technically called, of every possible description. Meetings, lectures, sermons, trials, weddings, funerals, criminal mysteries, political gatherings, investigations on all sorts of questions that agitate the public mind,— in short, everything of public interest comes within the province of his duty. No one has a better chance to indulge in that most proper study of mankind,— man.

Before the reporter, a humble drudge though he may be, pass in the course of a few years' service a long procession of all sorts and conditions of men. He becomes acquainted with goodly ministers and godless infidels; with keen men of the law and cunning criminals; with honest virtue and smooth-faced hypocrisy. The rich, the poor, the ragged tramp, the gouty millionaire, the witty, the wise, the frivolous, the dull, the joyous, the sad, the humble, the proud, the saint, and the sinner, all come and go in quick review.

The immortal Shakespeare could not have seen more of real life than does a reporter on a New York newspaper in the active pursuit of his profession. Remember, I do not say that the reporter will even approach Shakespeare in his use of what he sees. That is an entirely different matter.

But he will certainly have the opportunity of "seeing life," as the phrase goes; seeing it in its many phases; seeing its joys, its sorrows, its happiness, and its misery. If he keeps his eyes open and not only sees much but sees *deeply*, he will find that what he has seen will be useful to him as an editor and a newspaper writer in after life.

In the earliest stage of his career he must learn shorthand. And that reminds me of "David Copperfield," and what he says about the difficulty of learning the art; and of how, in the little room in Buckingham street, he took down in shorthand the speeches of the great men as they were read from Enfield's Speaker by good-hearted Tommy Traddles; of the precise but kindly old aunt, "looking very like an immovable Chancellor of the Exchequer," throwing in the usual interruptions of "No!" and "Oh!" and "Hear! Hear!" of poor old Mr. Dick succeeding often "lustily with the same cry"; and of young David following after the reader with all his might and main,— and the next day not being able to read a line of the notes he had taken the night before!

That description, pleasant and humorous as it is, has, I fear, deterred many a young man from studying shorthand. It must be remembered that the system Dickens learned was one of the old systems, that now we have a different system (phonography) which is much easier,— but still quite hard enough. This question of shorthand is a

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very big question, and I have not here sufficient space to go into all the details of it.*

The young reporter should learn shorthand, notwithstanding that some of his young newspaper friends may tell him that he can succeed without it; and that, if he does learn it, he may have to work harder for the paper without receiving much more pay. There is some truth in both these statements; but there is no question that shorthand is an excellent crutch upon which to lean. In hard times, if a newspaper cuts down its force, the young man who knows shorthand will almost certainly be kept in preference to his associate who does not. And, in applying for a situation on a city journal, the accomplishment is almost sure to be taken into account.

Aside from these reasons, the convenience of knowing shorthand can hardly be overestimated. An author or journalist by its means multiplies his power many fold; he saves time and can jot down quickly ideas or suggestions that come to him.

"What should a newspaper man know?" may be asked.

Everything, — or, at least, something about everything. The ablest newspaper men we have had in our country have not been college graduates; and whether a young man is college-bred or not, the best part of his education must be gained in the actual service of his profession. He must always read a great deal, and he must not read to waste. He must have a good general knowledge of history, science, and art; and with the social and political progress of his own country he must be thoroughly familiar. But in the early stages of his career he will find that what he needs most is quickness of apprehension, good judgment, and the power to state in writing, briefly and clearly, what the public wants to know on a given subject.

The young man who is dull of comprehension, who is slow to "take in" a situation, will never make a good reporter. Neither will the other young man who is deficient in judgment, who does n't know what to take and what to leave; who is verbose where he should be brief, and brief where he should be full and explicit in his statements.

In the newspaper office, after a great political meeting for instance, the young journalist will begin to learn the worth of various statesmen and orators in column space. Senator Brown may be a poor man, but the city editor will say, "Give Brown in full." On the other hand, Colonel Smythe, the millionaire, may have made a speech, of which, to save the newspaper men trouble, he has had copies made for the reporters. The city editor may say, "He is worth ten lines." The young reporter will discover that the newspaper estimate of our distinguished men is often widely different from the estimate they have of themselves, and does not always agree with that of the great public.

In regard to the pay of newspaper men, it would be difficult, in fact impossible, to lay down any exact rule. Reporters on the city papers make all sorts of wages, — say from $5 to $60 a week. The amount earned depends entirely on the ability of the man, his industry, and his acquaintance with the various editors who purchase what he has to sell. For many newspaper men are not paid a salary, but at "space rates"; that is, so much a column. They work for several papers, writing one kind of article for one paper, another kind for another, and so manage to earn a good living.

It is only experienced newspaper men, however, who can trust to this method. The novice will have to connect himself with some one journal, begin at small wages, learn all he can, make himself as valuable as possible, and so, gradually work up in the business till he can be an independent writer.

I have two suggestions to make to the young reporter: the first is, that he should, while he is doing his ordinary work, make himself master of some specialty in journalism. Let him read, study, and keep thoroughly informed on art, on music, on the drama, or, most important of all, on the politics of his own and the principal countries of the world. Secondly, he should work with a definite end in view.

As a rule, it will be advisable to look away from the great cities when his ambition determines him to become an "editor." The position of managing-editor of a great city daily is daily becoming more difficult of attainment, because of the increasing number of journalists, and because the standard of journalism is slowly but surely being raised.

Take a map and look at our great country; think of the thriving cities, the enterprising towns, from one end of it to the other. Ponder for a moment on the intellectual progress of our people — what readers we are getting to be, what a vast number of journals are now published. Some of the best

* There are many good books upon phonography published, but this is not the place to recommend any particular one. Of late years there have been published some small, cheap books, which present the principles in the briefest possible space. The difference between the various "systems" is of very little practical importance. But the text-book which presents the subject in the fewest possible words is, by all odds, to be preferred to the ponderous and more expensive works. If, however, a boy has commenced to study one of these books, let him keep on in the system he has selected, rather than begin the work all over again. If he has not commenced, let him have a talk on the subject with a good practical reporter, — one who makes, or has made, his living at shorthand reporting, and not a professional teacher of the art, who may not always be quite unprejudiced in the advice he is willing to give.

papers in our country are published away from the great cities, and the standard of journalism is growing higher all the time. By the time the ambitious reporter is able to be an editor, or to own a paper, in my opinion, he will find his best opportunities in the "provinces."

A lad should think long and well before he decides to enter journalism. At the very best, he will have to work hard; at the worst, he may, as some do, drift into shiftless habits because the ambitions of his early youth have not been realized. Many men seem to think, when they become writers, that they can dispense with sound business judgment and common sense, and that the world will assess them and their work by a different standard from that used for other people. But the world will do no such thing.

The journalist must bring to his calling, besides ability, the same good habits that insure success in any other vocation.

Those readers who desire fuller information on this interesting subject I refer to two good books. The first is an American book, written by A. F. Hill, entitled "Secrets of the Sanctum: An Inside View of an Editor's Life." The second is, "Journals and Journalism: with a Guide for Literary Beginners,"—a book published in London about four years ago.



IN BLACKBERRY SEASON.

WINNING A COMMISSION.

By George I. Putnam.



"WITH A WILD YELL THEY DASHED INTO EACH OTHER, EMBRACING RAPTUROUSLY."

CHAPTER VII.

FURLOUGH,—AND GRADUATION.

THUS busily occupied from morning till night, Fred Arden found the days slipping rapidly away through the fall and winter, until spring came with its high anticipations of approaching furlough. The whole class shared in the pleasant prospect of again visiting home and putting off military forms for a season. Furlough surpassed in interest all other subjects, and was the unfailing theme of conversation whenever and wherever knots of yearlings assembled. Many plans were made for passing the summer in one another's society, most of which were destined never to be carried out. In April and May, on warm sunny Sunday afternoons the whole class would go down to Battery Knox; and there, lying on the soft green turf of the parapet, they would talk of furlough, and dwell, for the hundredth time, on its coming pleasures.

It was difficult to turn from these delightful dreams to the contemplation of stern mathematical facts; but necessity compelled it. Study demanded the closest attention from all, and all knew that remissness on their part would very likely be followed by failure at examination; and then the furlough granted them would be by the authority of the Academic Board, and permanent in its nature.

The long-looked-for day came at last, and Fred and Craw donned their citizen's clothes again and walked down to the Mess Hall to breakfast, where they found that nearly the whole class had already discarded the gray uniform.

A few of the class did not go with the rest, being kept back for a short time on account of the number of demerits recorded against them. But they waved a hearty farewell to their more fortunate classmates, who gathered on the upper deck, as the boat steamed away from the wharf, and gave three cheers for the "stay-backs," three for the other classes, three for furlough, and three for everything that seemed to merit cheers, until hoarseness compelled them to stop. Then the idea of a parade occurred to them, and forming line, a mock ceremony was gone through, followed by a guard mounting,—all productive of much merriment in the class and among the other passengers on the boat.

That was a jolly trip, and New York was reached all too soon; then, with many wishes for "pleasant furlough," the class separated in every direction for the summer.

The end of August found Fred on his returning way, after a summer passed among his old friends in Maine.

In New York he met nearly all the class, including Craw, who had arrived from his Mississippi home the same day; and then followed an animated interchange of experiences and descriptions of the summer's occurrences.

The next day, the 28th, saw our friends again embarked on the steamer Mary Powell, and approaching West Point. The same party, that two months before had left so joyously, was now returning in a very depressed mood to two years more of work and study.

Soon the old familiar landmarks began to appear; the buildings at the Point became visible as

the boat steamed around a bend, and some youth, a prey to melancholy, started the song:

> "'Are we almost there, are we almost there?'
> Said the furloughman as he came back from home;
> Are those the tents that I see up there,
> The Riding Hall and the Library dome?"

and all joined in the lugubrious wail.

Ascending the hill to the Library Building, preparations were rapidly made for the rush by which all returning furlough classes are welcomed. As the brow of the hill was reached, Fred saw the whole camp astir; and soon the cadets, shouting expectantly, began to form a line extending from the foot battery nearly to the road. Hurrying to the open space in front of the Library, the returning furloughmen prepared for advance; in a long line, and with a valise carried between each two men, they moved forward with answering shouts, to meet the awaiting classes.

Both lines now advanced, at first slowly, then faster, until at last, running at racing speed, with a wild yell they dashed into each other, embracing rapturously. Hats were thrown into the air, nothing could be heard but shrieks and cheers, and for a time all was pandemonium. But presently the swaying, shouting mass of humanity began to dissolve, and the furloughmen, escorted by their comrades, reached the camp and were received into the already crowded tents with unbounded hospitality.

The hop in the evening attracted some of the returned class; but more preferred to remain in camp, where the yearlings entertained them with a display of the talent possessed by the plebe class. And that night as they dropped off to sleep on the hard floors instead of in their comfortable beds at home, their resting-places were softened by quilts and blankets generously loaned from the somewhat scanty supplies of their sympathetic comrades to whom furlough was either an anticipation or a memory.

The next day, camp was vacated by the corps. All the morning, cadets were busy carrying their belongings to barracks on their sturdy shoulders, leaving in camp only their rifles and accouterments. At ten o'clock the drum-corps beat the "general" on the color-line, and all hastened to their tents to await the final signal of three taps on the bass drum. The tent-cords were rolled up, the tents steadied by the poles, and at the third tap, all the tents were lowered together as though by clockwork.

Then the battalion formed in line, the band played, and they marched back to barracks for another ten months.

Fred was now once more plunged deeply in his studies, and he and Craw, still rooming together, had many a difficult problem to solve in the courses of mechanics and chemistry which they commenced.

When they came into barracks, Craw, who during the first two years had received a large number of demerits for inattention to regulations, determined to turn over a new leaf. "It does n't pay to be forever in confinement on extras," he said to Fred. His room-mate applauded his excellent resolution, and gave him all the aid in his power.

Craw reached December without a demerit, and through the month preserved a clean record. But on New Year's Eve the thought of a game of cards occurred to him; and rendered careless by success, he proceeded to gratify his desire. Knowing where he would find kindred spirits, he made a call, after taps, on Delange, who lived on the fourth floor of the "Tower." Cards were immediately produced, and for a time the game of euchre went on very pleasantly. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, a single tap at the door announced the presence of the "tac." Both, in consternation, sprang to their feet.

"All right, Mr. Delange?"

"All right, sir."

"Mr. Craw, have you authority for this visit?"

"No, sir."

"Go to your room immediately, sir!"

Not a word was said about cards, and both boys entertained a faint hope that they had not been seen; but the list next evening destroyed that hope, for they heard:

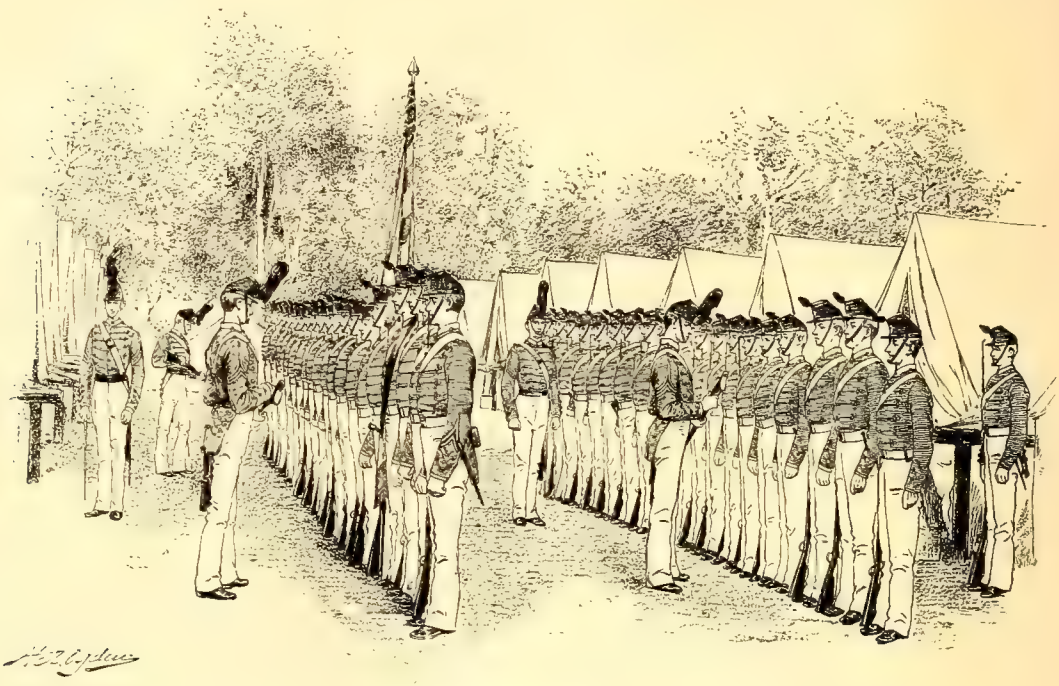
"Craw: Visiting at inspection after taps.

"Same: Playing cards at same.

"Delange: Same at same."

They were immediately placed in close arrest, which debarred them from leaving their rooms, except for duty; and Craw, who was in the "Immortals" in philosophy, was much exercised in mind; fearing that, in case he did poorly at the approaching examination, this act of his would count against him. But he passed without trouble, as did Delange also, and as soon as the examination was over, they received the punishment due,— "To be confined in light prison for one month, and to walk tours of extra duty every Saturday afternoon during that period." In addition, Craw's demerit list for the six months showed thirteen against him, instead of the blank for which he had hoped.

But among the regulations of the Academy there is a paragraph which provides that when a cadet receives for any month a number of demerits less than eight, the difference between such number and eight shall be deducted from the number of demerits then recorded against him. This is called the "credit system," and it enabled Craw to work



INSPECTION IN CAMP.

off the thirteen demerits, so that at the end of the academic year not one demerit remained on his record.

It is often remarked by visitors at West Point that the cadets give no entertainments, such as are customary at other institutions. The fact is that they have no time for such affairs. The hops given during the summer and those of occasional occurrence throughout the year represent almost their entire effort in the field of social entertainments. But once each year, on the hundredth day before June, the corps exerts itself to present an exhibition of home talent.

The entertainment is under the direction and control of the first class, but all classes contribute to the evening's pleasure, for to all it is an interesting occasion. The corps of cadets, with their friends and the inhabitants of the Point, assemble in the Cadet Mess Hall. At one end a stage is erected, and upon it the different "stars" scintillate and sparkle with wit and humor. The band plays, and the evening's entertainment is closed by reading the *Howitzer*, a paper published for the occasion and composed of contributions from the corps.

Considerable skill and talent is displayed in getting up these entertainments, and especially was this the case with the one exhibited on Hundredth Night in Fred's second-class year. Expectation was heightened by the appearance of the programme, given below, which came out several days in advance:

PLAN OF OPENING BATTLE OF THE HUNDRED DAYS CAMPAIGN.

WATCHWORD: "One Hundred Days to June."

HEADQUARTERS, COUNCIL OF WAR,
WEST POINT, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1884.

General Orders
No. 1.

It is believed the enemy will be found *en masse* in the Cadet Mess Hall. The following detailed plan of attack will be observed:

I. The U. S. M. A. Band will be posted in a commanding position on the left, and will open the action at 7.30 P. M. by a simultaneous fire from all the pieces.

II. Marshal Hale will throw forward a line of skirmishers to ascertain the strength and disposition of the enemy's forces, but will, under no circumstances, allow himself to be drawn into a prolonged engagement.

III. Commodore Noble will send a gunboat, under command of Captain Russ, to proceed up the river (with guns firing and bands playing "The Tar's

Farewell") with a view to diverting the attention of the enemy's right.

IV. When this is accomplished, General Simpson will make a direct attack on the enemy's center, will push forward in spite of the storms of applause from the enemy's line, and will break through the center and attack the left in flank and rear.

V. The Light Batteries under Colonels Thayer and Walton will keep up a lively fire along the whole line.

VI. The Heavy Battery under Major Crittenden will pour in a hot fire of solid shot and shell on the redoubt on the enemy's left, and will not cease its fire until their batteries are completely silenced.

VII. The reserve will now be brought up, and if necessary, all those in the hospital capable of bearing arms will take their places in the ranks.

VIII. The U. S. M. A. Band will now redouble its fire on the enemy's right, to prevent its effecting a juncture with the left, against which the main attack will be directed.

IX. The howitzer, in charge of Gunner Gilette, will be unlimbered and prepared for action. The enemy's line of retreat having been cut off by Sanford's cavalry, accompanied by Clarke's engineer troops, who will destroy all bridges and other means of escape, the howitzer will open fire. Gunner Gilette is particularly cautioned not to be deceived by any apparent exhibition of weakness on the part of the enemy, but to continue the fire until the ammunition is exhausted.

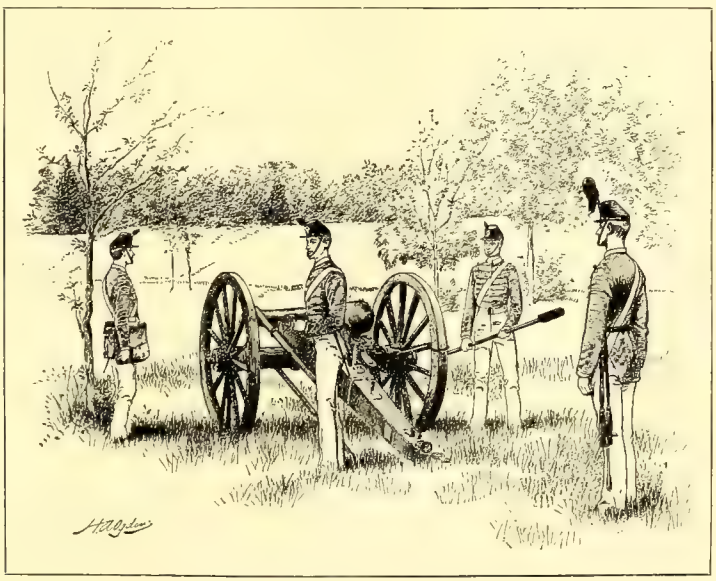
X. The enemy being completely demoralized, Trumpeter Ramsey will sound the recall.

XI. The troops will assemble as before the battle, the lines will be carefully inspected by their respective commanders, and those who have not fired their pieces will be reported. To complete the victory and sweep the enemy from the field, the whole command will move forward, at double time, colors flying, bands playing, and troops shouting the watchword,— "One hundred days to June!"

By Order.
Fall Out,—
Rest!

The entertainment was very successful. Roars of applause greeted the different sallies, and the *Howitzer* proved exceptionally effective. All declared it the best Hundredth Night entertainment for years; and in fact, the following year Fred had to admit that his class had been outdone by the one preceding.

June was not very long in coming, and with it came the graduation of '83, promotion, new chevrons, and removal to camp. When the new "makes" were read out, Fred found himself with captain's chevrons and in command of "A" company, which showed how well his bearing and conduct throughout the preceding three years were recognized and appreciated by the authorities of the Academy.



WAITING TO FIRE THE SUNSET GUN.

Fred found but little difference between this and his yearling camp, except in the matter of freedom. Absence from camp was more easily obtained now, and he was not slow to take advantage of it. Drills occupied much of the time,— too much, the class thought,— but in the intervals they found time to form many pleasant social ties, time to plan and carry out little excursions to points of interest in the neighborhood, time for many a pleasant walk, and many a climb to Fort Putnam, time for little suppers at the restaurant, and time to attend the hops and germans at the hotels, which constituted the chief pleasure of the summer.

Return to barracks came all too soon, and Fred and Craw installed themselves in a tower room, and prepared to pass their last cadet year. Now the class began to notice and speak of the "last" occurrences,— the removal from camp to barracks was the "last" before graduation; the "last" transition from the white uniform to the gray took place; the "last" Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's came and went; and finally came the "last" muster and "last" Sunday morning inspection.

During no year had the class found an easy course of study, and the first-class course was like the others in requiring the closest attention. The class drew strange-looking plans of fortifications; they built theoretical bridges, and practical ones also; they slowly mastered the elements of the Spanish language, and daily shocked the professor by their un-Castilian accent; they discovered the analogy between the "Laws of the Medes and Persians" and the regulations of the Military Academy; and they skimmed over the history of the world from its settlement by Adam to the present time. They became adepts in the manufacture of shot and shell, and all weapons of attack and defense; they became deeply versed in law, international, constitutional, and military; they rode, they marched, they studied, they drilled; they built parapets and miniature forts, and then demolished them; they constructed pontoon bridges, spar bridges and rafts; they would have explained to you the minutest details in the manufacture of gunpowder and dynamite, or told you just where the plans of battle of great military leaders were defective. In fact, they became walking encyclopædias of useful military knowledge.

Then June came, and preparations for departure were seen on every hand. Nearly all the class had by this time received their citizen's clothes and lieutenant's uniforms, and many a private "parade" did they have in their new suits. The Board of Visitors appointed by the President arrived early in the month and was received with all honors. The battalion was reviewed and inspected, and every day some new treat in the shape of an exhibition drill was offered the throngs who crowded the Point. Meanwhile the examinations of all classes, beginning with the first, were progressing, and all the members of Fred's class successfully passed them.

There was a little surprise in store for Fred. As he finished his examination in the last subject, and was leaving the library, he was stopped at the door by one of the Board of Visitors, who expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet Fred again, and said:

"I have been much pleased with your recitations, Mr. Arden, and am gratified to see one of Maine's sons do so well."

Fred blushed and stammered a few words in reply. He valued the words of commendation the more highly on account of the source whence they came; for it was the congressman who had given him his appointment who now congratulated him on his success.

When the examinations all were finished, the graduates' ball was given,— and then came the last parade. Separation from companions of the past four years was very near now, and it was a sober face that Fred carried to that parade. As the companies marched out to the old familiar tune always played on this occasion, his mind was busy with the events of his cadet life, now so nearly terminated. And when the parade was dismissed, and the whole class, forming line, marched to the front, it seemed as though some chord had suddenly snapped in his breast, so deep were his feelings.

The line moved forward, and halting in front of the commandant, who received the parade, removed their hats in salute. The commandant uncovered his head in acknowledgment, and said to the class, who had been under his charge for four long years:

"Gentlemen, I wish you all honor and glory in your profession."

The line broke and the last parade was over! And yet, not quite finished; for the graduates formed a second line, extending toward barracks, and as the companies after marching to the front, came past them, their hats were again removed. It was the farewell to the battalion; and the companies came to a "carry arms" with a dull clang that seemed to point and emphasize the pang that was felt in every heart.

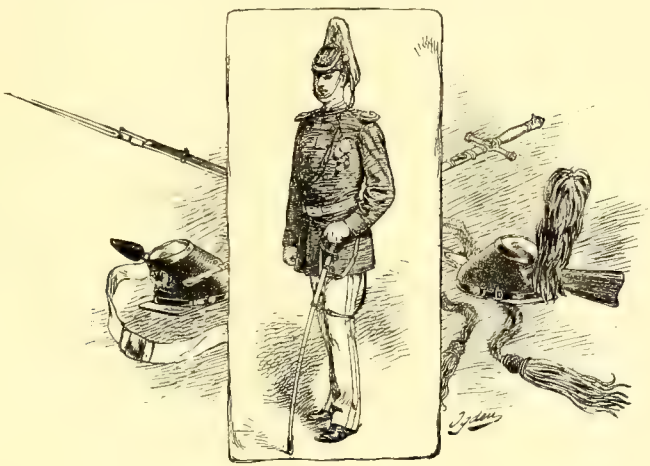
The next morning was fixed for the graduating exercises; and it dawned bright and sunny, so the ceremonies were held in the open air. The corps marched to the front of the library, preceded by the band playing "Army Blue" and "Benny Havens," and there, under spacious awnings, the

exercises took place. Prayer by the chaplain was succeeded by speeches by members of the Board of Visitors; the band interspersed lively music; and finally, the Secretary of War addressed a few words to the graduates and then presented each with his diploma.

The last act of cadet life was now performed, and nothing remained for Fred and his classmates but to leave old West Point, now grown dear to them,—successful graduates. The goal they had so earnestly striven for was at last reached, and the class separated once more, never again to be re-united.

Fred proceeded directly to his home, and there soon received his commission as second lieutenant in the —— Regiment of United States Cavalry. On the expiration of his graduation leave, he reported for his new duties at a military post in the far West.

And there we must leave him.



A SUMMER LULLABY.

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

The sun has gone from the shining skies;
Bye, baby, bye.
The dandelions have closed their eyes;
Bye, baby, bye.
And the stars are lighting their lamps to see
If the babies and squirrels and birds, all three,
Are sound asleep as they ought to be.
Bye, baby, bye.

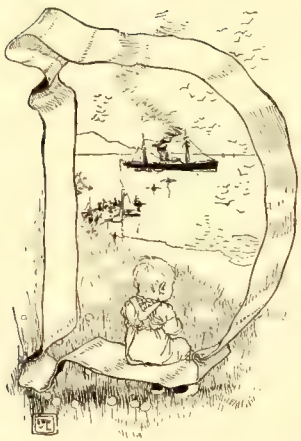
The squirrel is dressed in a coat of gray;
Bye, baby, bye.
He wears it by night as well as by day;
Bye, baby, bye.
The robin sleeps in his feathers and down,
With the warm red breast and the wings of brown;
But the baby wears a little white gown.
Bye, baby, bye.

The squirrel's nest is a hole in the tree;
Bye, baby, bye.
And there he sleeps as snug as can be;
Bye, baby, bye.
The robin's nest is high overhead,
Where the leafy boughs of the maple spread;
But the baby's nest is a little white bed.
Bye, baby, bye.

FIDDLE-JOHN'S FAMILY.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

CHAPTER II.



DOWN in the valley the Easter bells were chiming; the bell-strokes trembling through the clear and sun-steeped air.

Yet there was commotion in the valley, in spite of the fact that it was Easter Sunday.

Out in the middle of the fiord lay a huge black steamship, which seemed to pant and shriek as if it were in distress, and sent volumes of gray smoke out of its chimneys. Around about, little black fragments of coal-dust were drizzling through the air and swimming on the water; and the gulls which kept whirling about the smokestacks were quite shocked when they caught the reflections of themselves in the tide. With wild screams they plunged into the fiord. They possibly mistook themselves for crows.

The pier, which broke the line of the beach at the point of the headland, was thronged with men, women, and children. The men were talking earnestly together; most of the women were weeping, and the children were gazing impatiently toward the steamboat and tugging at their mothers' skirts. Some twenty or thirty boats, heavily laden with chests and boxes, lay at the end of the pier; and one after another, as it was filled with people, put off and was rowed out to the steamer. Only the old folk remained behind; with heavy hearts and tottering steps they walked up the sloping beach and stood at the roadside, straining their eyes to catch a last glimpse of the son or daughter whom they were never to see again. Some flung themselves down in the sand and sobbed aloud; others stooped over the weeping ones and tried to console them.

At last there was but one little group left on the pier; and that was composed of Fiddle-John and his three children. Jens Skoug, the emigration agent, was standing in a boat, shouting to them to hurry, and the boys were scrambling down the slippery stairs leading to the water, while the father followed more deliberately, carrying the little girl in his arms.

There was a Babel of voices on board; and poor Fiddle-John and his sons, who had never heard such noise in their lives before, stood dazed and bewildered, and had scarcely presence of mind to get out of the way of the iron chains and pulleys which were hoisting on board horses, cattle, pigs, enormous boxes of merchandise, and a variety of other freight. It was not until they found themselves stowed away in a dark corner of the steerage, upon a couple of shelves, by courtesy styled berths, which had been assigned to them, that they were able to realize where they were; and that they were about to leave the land of their fathers and plunge blindly into a wild and foreign world which they had scarcely in fancy explored.

The first day on board passed without any incident. The next day, they reached Hamburg, and were transferred to a much larger and more comfortable steamer, named the Ruckert; and before evening the low land of North Germany traced itself only as a misty line on the distant horizon. Night and day followed in their monotony; Russian Mennonites, Altenburger peasants, and all sorts of queer and outlandish-looking people passed in kaleidoscopic review before the eyes of the astonished Norsemen. It was the third day at sea, I think, when they had got somewhat accustomed to their novel surroundings, that a little incident occurred which was fraught with serious consequences to Fiddle-John's family.

The gong had just sounded for dinner, and the emigrants were hurrying downstairs with tin cups and bowls in their hands. The children were themselves hungry, and needed no persuasion to follow the general example. They unpacked their big tin cups, which looked like wash-basins, and took their seats at a very long table, while the stewards went around with buckets full of steaming soup, which with great iron dippers they poured into each emigrant's basin, as it was extended to them. Many of the Russians were either so hungry or so ill-mannered that they could not wait until their turn came, but rushed forward, clamoring for soup in hoarse, guttural tones; and one of the stewards, after having shouted to them in German to take their places at the tables, finally, by way of argument, gave

one of them a blow on the head with his iron dipper. Then there arose a great commotion, and everybody supposed that the angry Mennonites would have attacked the offending steward. But instead of that, the crowd scattered and quietly



"THE BOY REMAINED CALMLY SITTING WITH HIS ARM THROWN OVER THE BEAR'S NECK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

took their places, as they had been commanded. They were an odd lot, those Mennonites, thought the Norse boys, who did not know that their religion forbade them ever to fight and compelled them to pocket injuries without resentment.

Next to Alf, on the same bench, sat a swarthy boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, with yellow cheeks and large black eyes. He had a thin iron chain about his wrist, and seemed every now and then to direct his attention to something under the table. Alf concluded that, in all probability, he had his bundle of clothes or his trunk hidden under his feet. But he was not long permitted to remain in this error. Just as the steward approached them and extended the long-handled dipper, filled with soup, a fierce growl was heard under the bench, and a half-grown black-bear cub

rushed out and made a plunge for his legs. The frightened steward gave a leap, which had the effect of upsetting the soup-pail over his assailant's head. A wild shout of pain followed, and everybody jumped on tables and benches to see the sport; while the Savoyard boy who owned the bear darted forward, his eyes flashing with anger, and fired a volley of unintelligible exclamations at the knight of the soup-pail. There was a sudden change of tone, as he stooped down over his scalded and dripping pet, and, showering endearing names upon it, hugged it to his bosom.

The emigrants jeered and shouted, the steward scolded, and the purser, who had been summoned to restore order, elbowed his way ruthlessly through the crowd until he reached the author of the tumult.

"How do you dare, you insolent beggar, to bring a bear into the steerage?" he cried, seizing the boy by the collar and shaking him. "Who permitted you to bring such a dangerous beast on board this —"

His harangue was here suddenly interrupted by the bear, which calmly rose on its hind legs and, showing its teeth in an unpleasant manner, prepared to resent such disrespectful language. The purser took to his heels, while the steerage rang with jeers and laughter, and the Savoyard could hardly prevent his companion from pursuing the officer.

The Norse boys, whose sympathy was entirely with the bear and his master, quite forgot their hunger in their excitement over the stirring incident; and when the Savoyard, feeling that the steerage was scarcely a safe place for him after what had occurred, mounted the stairs, dragging his bear after him, they could not resist the temptation to follow him, at a respectful distance. But when they saw him crouching down behind the big smokestack and gazing timidly about him, while he wiped the bear's head and face with his sleeve, they could not conquer the impulse to make the acquaintance of so distinguished and interesting a personage. They accordingly sidled up slowly, holding their sister between them, and were soon face to face with the Savoyard.

"What is your name?" asked Truls with a boldness which raised him immensely in his brother's esteem.

The Savoyard shook his head.

"What do people call you when they speak to you?" Truls repeated, raising his voice and drawing a step nearer.

"*Non capisco. Je ne sais pas,*" answered the boy in Italian and French, giving them the choice of the only two languages he knew.

"Capisco," Truls went on confidently in his Norse dialect; "that is a very funny name. I am afraid you don't understand me. It was n't the bear's name I asked for; it was your own."

The Savoyard shrugged his shoulders expressively, then poured out a torrent of speech which bewildered his Norse friends exceedingly. If the bear had opened his mouth and addressed them in his own language, they would have understood him quite as well as they did his master.

"You are a very funny chap," Truls remarked with a discouraged air. "Why don't you talk like a Christian?"

He was determined to make no more advances to so irrational a creature, and was about to lead the way back to the dinner table, when the arrival of the purser and the third officer of the ship again arrested his attention. The purser had evidently been hunting for the Savoyard; for, as he caught sight of him, he made an exclamation in German and called out to the third officer:

"There is the vagabond! Make him understand, please, that his bear must be shot and that he must get out of the way. He has taken out no ticket for his beast, and we don't carry that kind of freight gratis!"

The third officer, who spoke French fluently, explained the purport of the purser's remarks to the Savoyard, but in a gentle and kindly manner which almost deprived them of their cruel meaning. The boy, however, did not stir, but remained calmly sitting, with his arm thrown over the bear's neck and one hand playing with its paws.

The officer, seeing that his words had no effect, repeated his remark with greater emphasis. A startled look in the boy's eyes gave evidence that he was beginning to comprehend. But yet he remained immovable.

"Get out of the way, I tell you!" cried the purser, drawing a revolver and pointing it at the bear's head. "I have orders to kill this beast, and I mean to do it now. Quick, now, I don't want to hurt you!"

The boy gazed for a moment with a fascinated stare at the muzzle of the terrible weapon, then sprang up and flung himself over the bear, covering it with his own body. The animal, not understanding what all this ado was about, took it to mean a romp, and began to lick its master's face and to claw him with its limp paws.

A large crowd had now gathered about them, and a loud grumble of displeasure made itself heard around about. The purser began to perceive that the sentiment was against him, and that it would scarcely be safe for him to execute his threat. Yet he found it inconsistent with his dignity to retire from the contest, and he was just pausing to deliberate, when all of a sudden, a small fist

struck his wrist, and the pistol flew out of his hand and dropped over the gunwale into the sea. A loud cheer broke from the crowd. The purser stood utterly discomfited, scarcely knowing whether he should be angry with his small assailant or laugh at him. He would, perhaps, have done the latter if the cheering of the people and their hostile attitude toward him had not roused his temper.

"Bravo, Tom Thumb!" they cried. "At him again! Don't be afraid because he has brass buttons on his coat."

"Good for you, Ashiepattle!" the Norwegians shouted; "go it again! We 'll stand by you."

It was Truls, Fiddle-John's son, who had thus suddenly become the hero of the hour; he had acted in the hot indignation of the moment and was now abashed and bewildered at the sensation he was making. He looked anxiously about for his brother and sister, and as soon as he caught sight of them, was about to make his escape when the purser seized him by the collar and bade him remain.

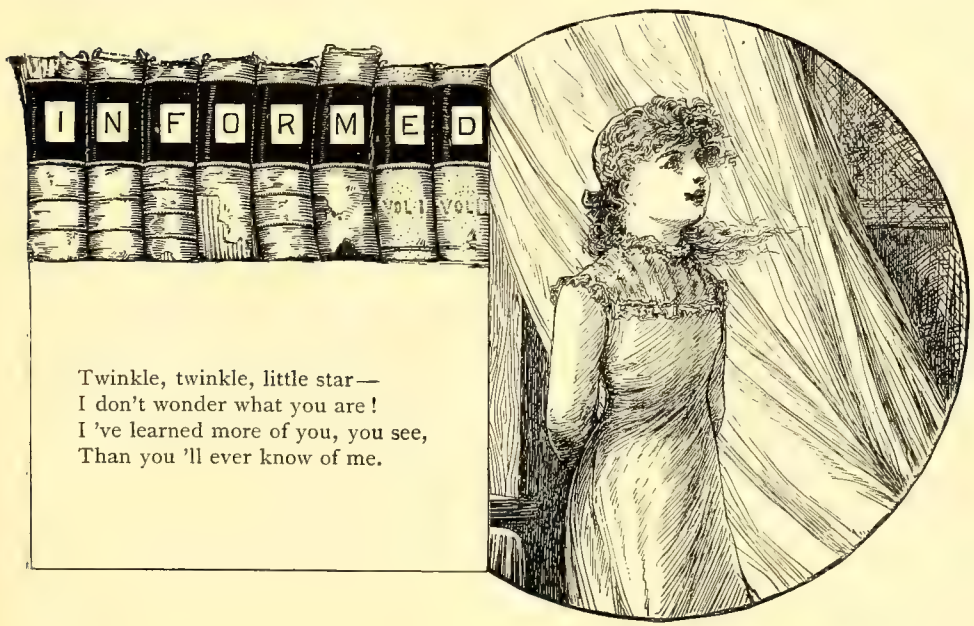
"You are a fine boy, to be attacking your betters, who have never given you any provocation," he said in German, which Truls, fortunately, did not understand. "I am going to take you to the captain, and he will have you punished."

He made a motion to drag the struggling boy away, but the crowd closed about him on all sides, and pressed in upon him with angry shouts and gestures. The third officer, who had so far taken no part in the proceedings, now stepped up to the purser and begged him to release the boy.

"Of course," he said, "you are in the right; but if I were you, I would waive my right this time. It 's hardly worth while making a row about so small a matter; and it is always bad policy to go to the captain with squabbles and grievances, especially when they might so easily have been avoided. I assure you, you will only injure yourself by doing it."

They talked for a minute together, while the ever-increasing throng surged hither and thither about them. Whether purposely or not, the irate purser, in the zeal of his argument, released his hold on Truls's collar, and the liberated boy dodged away as quickly as possible, and was soon lost in the crowd. The Savoyard and his bear had long before seized the opportunity to withdraw from the public gaze.

(To be continued.)



HOW SOME ANIMALS BECOME EXTINCT.

By Charles Frederick Holder.

Many readers of St. Nicholas have probably often wondered why the myriad forms of animals that peopled the earth in the olden times have passed away, and how such changes have come about.

We know from the evidence of fossils that the kinds of animals that have become extinct, or ceased to exist, far exceed in number those now living. In some localities, as, for example, Catskill Creek, the rocks three miles from the mouth, which form a part of one of the great supporting ridges of the earth's crust in New York State, are made up largely of extinct forms of shells, now turned to hard, solid stone. In the curious pot-holes near Cohoes, New York, have been found the remains of a great elephant; and in the locality called Big Bone Lick, Kentucky, the bones of these and other monsters are found piled together in large numbers.

What is their story? The rocks can not speak; yet, if we examine them carefully, they tell a wonderful history in a mute language of their own.

In the Catskill Creek it is evident that by a gradual uprising of the earth's crust all the forms of submarine life there have been lifted high and dry out of water; and so, deprived of their natural element, the entire population of this ancient body of water has perished. But there may have been another cause. In the Catskills and Helderbergs we find corals and sponges; and in the latter mountains we can trace a perfect coral reef upon the tops of the peaks in one of the coldest parts of the State. Corals and sponges are animals that require warm waters for their birth and growth; and this fact and other indications go to show that at one time the climate of New York State and the surrounding country was much milder than at present, and that a gradual change to a colder temperature had perhaps destroyed these early forms of life before they were deprived of their natural element.

The change that resulted in the glacial time, when this section of country was covered with ice, undoubtedly caused the extermination of many forms of animal life. It may have been long ages in coming about, but the results are none the less certain, and to it is undoubtedly due to a great extent the destruction of the great mammoth and many other forms in the north.

When man appeared upon the scene, he at once began to destroy animals, and from that time to the present, various creatures have disappeared, and others are gradually passing away before our eyes — the direct result of man's attack upon them.

One hundred years ago, the voyagers to the Arctic seas were familiar with a large and powerful animal resembling our manatee; in fact, it was a northern representative of this animal, called the *rhytina*.

In general appearance the Arctic sea-cow was a stupendous creature, as it attained, when full-grown, a length of from twenty to twenty-eight and, in some instances, thirty-five feet and a weight of several tons. The general color was dark brown; and the skin was thick and leathery and covered with a dense bristling hair that matted together, forming a protection from the ice and cold, and was comparable in appearance with the bark of a tree.

The head of the sea-cow was small in proportion to its size, and, instead of possessing teeth, was provided with two curious masticating plates. The tail somewhat resembled that of a whale, having two lobes; and the fore fins, or paddles, were blunt and without nails, having, instead, a thick growth of stiff rough hairs.

When first discovered, the sea-cows were pasturing in large herds among the seaweed of the shore of Behring Island. They showed no fear of man, even allowing themselves to be touched; but when one was injured, they are said to have displayed much bravery in its defense.

This was the state of affairs in the year 1742, when some of our great-great-grandfathers were alive. At that time a vessel was wrecked in the Arctic Ocean. The crew made their way to Behring Island, where for some time they subsisted upon fish and birds, until finally this game became scarce; and on the first of June, in the year mentioned, they commenced warfare against the sea-cow, which has since been named after Steller, one of the wrecked party. The sea-cows were killed with harpoons; and the animals were so large and powerful that forty men could scarcely drag a wounded one through the water.

The sailors were at last rescued from the island, and in 1754 a vessel commanded by a Russian, Ivan Krassil, visited the place and destroyed large numbers of the creatures.

In the succeeding year an explorer named Jakovler, seeing that the animals were about to become exterminated, laid a petition before the authorities at Kamtchatka, asking that the animals

might be protected by law. His plea was not heeded, however, and in 1757 another expedition landed at the island; others followed in 1758 and 1762, and in 1780, the last living sea-cow was seen by a native of Volhynia, none having been killed since 1762.

Thus in thirty-eight years from the time these creatures were discovered, they were totally exterminated; and to-day not a single skin, and only a number of skeleton fragments are in the possession of naturalists to tell the strange story of the destruction of an entire race of great and powerful animals.

Much interesting information concerning the *rhytina* was obtained by the recent Swedish expedition to the north; and Professor Nordenskiöld found numbers of deposits of their bones which are now utilized by the natives for various purposes; the ribs, for example, being used for shoeing the runners of sledges. When the animal was alive, the fur, or hide, was made into boats called *baydars*.

It is supposed by some writers that the extinction of the great mammoth* was hastened by early tribes of men, who were of necessity hunters. That the great elephant existed at the same time with our ancestors is shown by the fact that in France and elsewhere their bones have been found together with those of man and many animals now extinct.



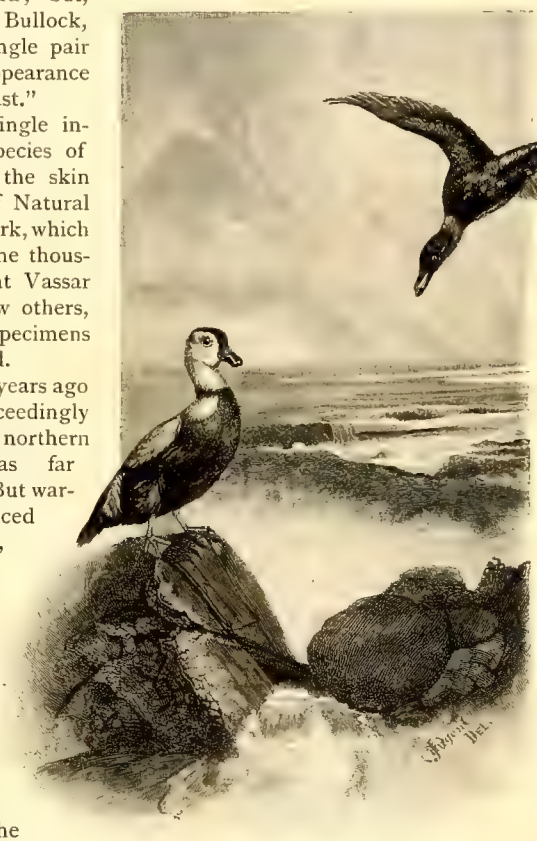
THE ARCTIC SEA-COW.

* See page 89, ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1882.

As late as 1834, Nuttall, the famous authority on birds, wrote concerning the great auk: "As a diver he is unrivaled, having almost the velocity of birds in the air. They breed in the Faroe Islands, Greenland, and Newfoundland, nesting among the cliffs, and laying but one egg each. They are so unprolific that if this egg be destroyed, no other is laid during that season. The auk is known sometimes to breed in the isle of St. Kilda, and in Papa-Westra; but, according to Mr. Bullock, no more than a single pair had made their appearance for several years past."

To-day not a single individual of this species of auk is alive; and the skin in the Museum of Natural History, Central Park, which is valued at over one thousand dollars, one at Vassar College, and a few others, are the only specimens known in the world.

Sixty or seventy years ago the birds were exceedingly common along the northern coast, coming as far south as Nahant. But warfare was commenced upon them, and, though it hardly seems possible, their extermination is doubtless complete; the last living bird having been killed in 1844, on a group of islands called Funglasker, off the southwest coast of Iceland.



THE LABRADOR DUCK.

In the last century, these birds, which were large, handsome, and striking in appearance, were common at the Faroe Islands; and as they were found to be good eating, they were slaughtered by the boatload, not only for immediate use, but to be dried and preserved. They were finally driven to a desolate rock that was considered inaccessible; but one calm day a Faroese vessel succeeded in making a landing, and the crew destroyed nearly the entire rookery. A few birds escaped to sea and returned after the departure of the men, and for a time were safe. Then as if nature herself were in league against them, the rock, a few years later, was engulfed by a submarine eruption.

The few remaining great auks now assembled and formed a rookery on a rock called Eldey, where, for fourteen years, they lived a precarious existence. During that time sixty of their number were taken, and finally the last pair was destroyed. Their history in other localities is very similar to this. That the birds were once common on the Maine coast is shown by the fact that their bones are found in the oyster-shell heaps at various parts of the shore.

At the same time and in the same locality with the great auk, lived the Labrador duck, a fine bird, quite rare even in collections, and now totally extinct. The last known living specimen was killed by Colonel Wedderburn, of Halifax, in 1852.

In a similar way the curious dodo, which was a giant pigeon, was exterminated. The sailors who visited the island of Mauritius used to kill them in mere wanton sport.

The *notornis*, a beautiful rail of New Zealand, has become extinct probably within the memory of some of our readers, its extermination also being due to man.

In our own time, we see the buffalo crowded farther and farther into the mountains, and almost exterminated from our Western plains. And as civilization is also advancing from the Pacific, the buffalo, mountain sheep, prong-horn, and all the noble game animals of the great West, in a few years will be represented only by their stuffed skins and dried bones in our museums.

JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Chapter X.

No sooner was Juan awake next morning than he fell to twisting the horse-hair he had unexpectedly procured into a strong line. This he then fixed to a bone hook, such as has already been described. He was determined to have fish for breakfast, and with a small piece of mustang flesh for bait, was soon angling successfully, and had six large perch broiling on the coals before he called Nita. Tired out with the excitement of the previous night and the long walk, she was still sound asleep. Breakfast comfortably disposed of, they resumed their journey until noon, when they stopped and cooked a meal of mustang meat, which they thought as nice as possible.

"We are well out of that leopard's way now," remarked Juan at dinner; "and we may as well rest awhile here and do a little hunting. What do you say to quail for supper, Nita?"

Nita was well pleased at the prospect of trapping quail; and she and Juan had no sooner finished their meal than they set to work to make the necessary preparations for that favorite sport.

They first made some stout loops of horse-hair, and fastened them to wooden pegs which they drove into the ground under the bushes where they saw the quail were in the habit of congregating. Nita then scattered some seed and berries about, and having done all they could to lure the birds to destruction, they further determined to try another plan. They cut a long, slender pole apiece, put a horse-hair noose on the end, and with this simple contrivance started out to catch quail in a fashion that is quite common in Western Texas. Amigo followed them; indeed, they could have accomplished nothing without his assistance. They had not gone far before they saw a large covey of quail run and hide behind some thick bushes.

Going as near as they could without startling the birds into flight, Juan and Nita waited a moment and then charged them with loud yells, setting Amigo on them, too. As eager for good sport as Juan and Nita, he ran straight into the covey. The quail flew up and alighted all about on the trees, where they sat absolutely still, as if petrified by fright. Juan and Nita kept up a tremendous din in order that this curious state of mind might not wear off; and walking under the motionless birds, they managed, with great dexterity, to slip the noose of horse-hair over the head of first one and then another and another fowl. Each time, a quick jerk of the pole would bring the bird in the bush well in hand, apparently paralyzed by the audacity of the hunters.

They kept up this method of capture until they had secured all the birds that had perched low enough to be reached. Then they went on until they came upon another covey, which they served in exactly the same way.

After an hour of capital sport and fun, they returned to camp with no less than twenty fat birds, which they proceeded to pick and clean. It was too soon to think of supping, so they hung the birds about on the bushes near their camp-fire, which caused their temporary resting-place to assume an air of great comfort and plenty. Just before supper, they visited their snares, and found several more unwary birds waiting to be transferred to the larder.

The children sat up quite late that night, cooking and eating and talking. Finding that Nita was afraid to go to sleep for fear of wild animals in general and leopards in particular, Juan collected a quantity of brush, and together they made a little

house of the thorny bushes, into which they crept, and then pulled more brush in, so as completely to close up the aperture. Their "lodge," as Juan called it, fairly bristled with thorns, and would have effectually defended them from almost any enemy, but none came prowling about it.

Next morning Nita had seven quail broiling satisfactorily in preparation for breakfast, and had filled the canteens, and brought in four faggots of wood before Juan came yawning out-of-doors. When they had broken their fast, they cooked the remainder of their birds.

While they ate, they began to talk of home, and their conversation lasted for an hour. They settled a great many things in the course of that talk: what they would say and do on their arrival; what the Señora would not only say and do, but think; how old Santiago and the herders would be astonished by what they had to tell; how Padre Garcio would be sure to weep, for he was always crying anyhow, and would then give them his blessing; how Amigo would be lionized, and how everybody would try to buy him, quite in vain; how they would herd the cattle and sheep as their father had done, only much better, and show the Mexican children a thing or two about shooting with a bow, and hunting.

It was a delightful talk to them, and they kept adding to their joyous plans until it was time to saddle Amigo and be off. The river, happily, was running in the direction Juan desired to take, so they kept along its banks.

For the next month the children traveled in an easy, agreeable fashion, without cares or anxieties of any kind, and with no very striking adventures. They had shade when they wanted it, and tramped many a mile under the leafy aisles of the woods that fringed the river. They had water at hand, and were not so much as obliged to fill their canteens unless they chose to do so; and as for food, it had merely become a question what kind or kinds to select.

Finding the game so plentiful, after a while, they gave up all idea of providing for future needs, and left it to chance to supply their wants. They might have venison, ducks, pigeons, quail, turkeys, rabbits, squirrels, fish, and honey whenever they pleased, to say nothing of berries,—a state of affairs which was a decided improvement on certain past experiences. Amigo wore his saddle, indeed, but had only the empty bags to carry, and made light of those.

Juan actually grew too lazy to hunt deer, and contented himself with the small game; but, to his credit be it said, he killed of this only what he needed, and did not take advantage of its plenty wantonly to slaughter whatever came in his way. He grew very tired, though, so he told Nita, of shooting the same things every day, forgetting that, not long before, he would have been only too thankful to have had anything to shoot. He said that what he wanted was some real sport. The truth was that, having been thrown entirely upon his own resources, he had grown so manly and self-reliant that he longed for fresh opportunities to exercise his lately developed faculties.

When he saw the herds of buffalo in the distance moving in wave-like undulations across the prairie and blackening it for miles, he sighed afresh for the milk-white leader of the mustang herd. Still, he would have been content with any well-trained horse on which to hunt the noble bison; and had he possessed one, would undoubtedly have postponed going back to Mexico until his thirst for this sort of excitement had been gratified.

So full was he of boyish daring, that he felt ready to tackle almost anything now, and the need of tackling something grew upon him consequently day by day.

At last, one day when he and Nita were using the roots of a pecan-tree for a breakfast-table, he surprised his sister by saying that he did n't want any turkey,—he was tired of turkey.

"Take some fish, then," suggested Nita, unconscious of the real cause of his discontent.

"I am tired of fish, too," said Juan; "I think I must look around and see if I can't find a nice fat young bear. The ribs would be so good, roasted!"

"A bear! O Juan!" exclaimed Nita; "you are jesting, surely."

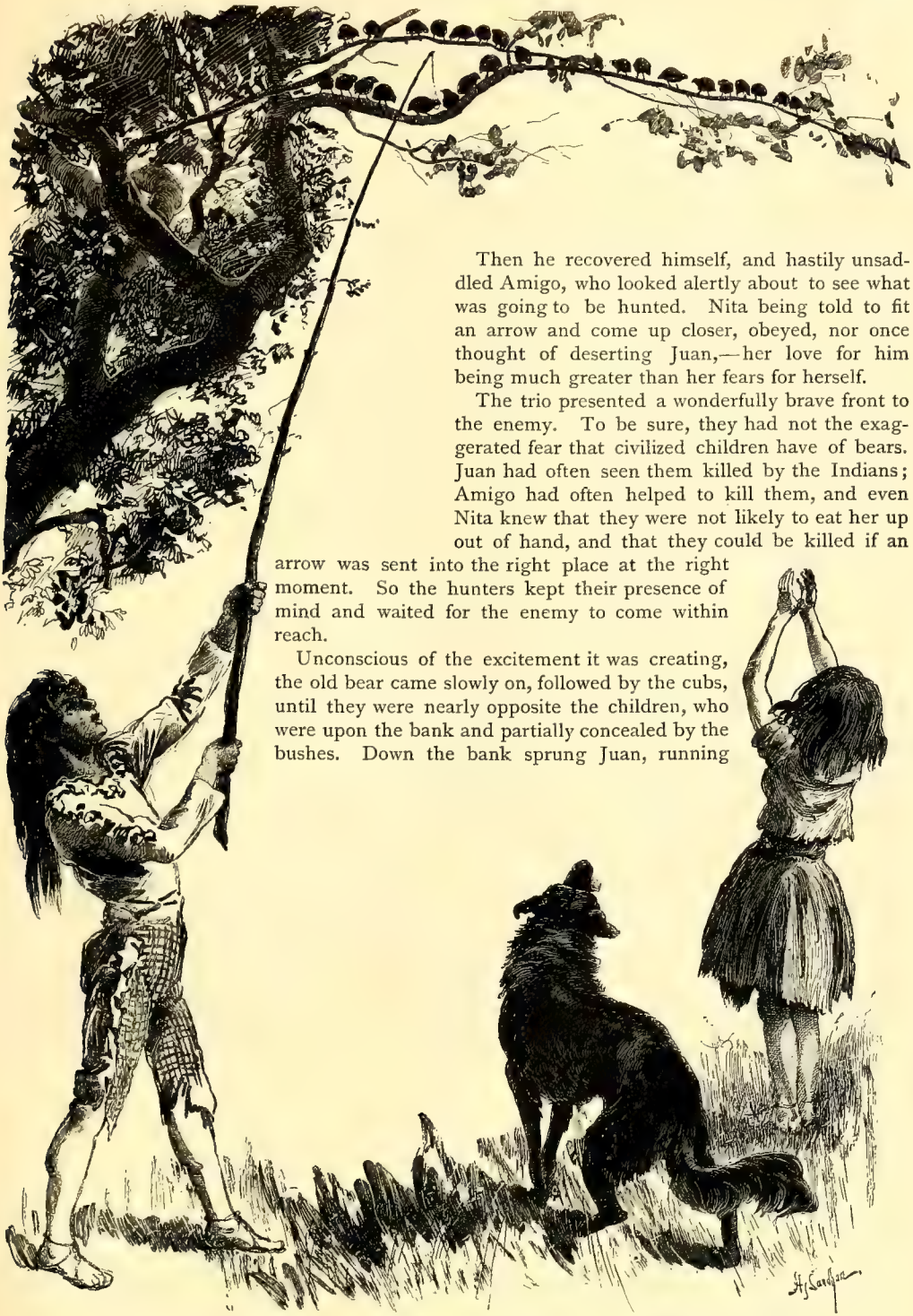
All that day he brooded over the possibility of getting a bear, and convinced Nita that he was not jesting, by saying suddenly, in the afternoon:

"We will roast it before a fire of mesquite coals, and it will be delicious."

"Roast what?" she asked.

"That bear!" he replied.

Perhaps he only perversely longed for bear, because it was the one animal that they had not seen so far. Yet, strange to say, that very evening, as they were walking along the river-bank, trying to settle upon a site for their camp, an old bear and two cubs came in sight, as if conjured up by Juan's ardent desire to see them. As a rule, bears only move late in the evening and early in the morning; still, Juan ought to have been somewhat prepared for this encounter, for he had been rehearsing it in imagination for two days. As a matter of fact, he was taken completely aback, and stood stock-still and stared at Mrs. Bruin and her young ones, as though they had been elephants or giraffes, for fully sixty seconds before it occurred to him to do anything else.



Then he recovered himself, and hastily unsaddled Amigo, who looked alertly about to see what was going to be hunted. Nita being told to fit an arrow and come up closer, obeyed, nor once thought of deserting Juan,—her love for him being much greater than her fears for herself.

The trio presented a wonderfully brave front to the enemy. To be sure, they had not the exaggerated fear that civilized children have of bears. Juan had often seen them killed by the Indians; Amigo had often helped to kill them, and even Nita knew that they were not likely to eat her up out of hand, and that they could be killed if an arrow was sent into the right place at the right moment. So the hunters kept their presence of mind and waited for the enemy to come within reach.

Unconscious of the excitement it was creating, the old bear came slowly on, followed by the cubs, until they were nearly opposite the children, who were upon the bank and partially concealed by the bushes. Down the bank sprung Juan, running

THEY MANAGED, WITH GREAT DEXTERITY, TO SLIP THE NOOSE OF HORSE-HAIR OVER THE HEAD OF FIRST ONE AND THEN ANOTHER FOWL.

toward the bear and hissing Amigo on at the same time. Amigo needed little encouragement, for he was used to the business, and knew very well what was expected of him.

Amazed by this sudden onslaught, Mrs. Bruin stood bolt upright on her hind feet and stared in her turn at her foes. She had never seen either with very terrible enemies, the old bear rushed along the river-bottom as fast as its clumsy legs could carry it, leaving the cubs to take care of themselves.

When the big bear had quite disappeared, the children eagerly ran up the bank and found Amigo sitting at the foot of the tree in which the cub had



"THEY, OF COURSE, TOOK TO THEIR HEELS, NITA AHEAD. AMIGO BROUGHT UP THE REAR, AND A COMICAL RACE WAS THE RESULT."

a boy or a dog before, and not caring to face the unknown, soon turned and took to her heels. The cubs followed, and Amigo and the children gave chase. Here was lively work for all parties concerned! In a few minutes Amigo stopped nipping at the heels of the mother-bear and laid hold of one of the cubs, which bounded on, squealing with fifty-pig power, and then breaking loose, rushed up the bank and climbed into a small tree.

More convinced than ever that it had to deal taken refuge, and barking furiously. The cub was so taken up with the dog that it had no eyes for Juan and Nita, who crept up very close and sent two arrows into it.

By this time Nita was so excited that she was no longer afraid of anything; but having discharged her arrow, walked away a little distance. Juan did the same, and was standing near her, when all at once the cub came tumbling out of the tree, losing all hold at once, bear-fashion. Then it righted

itself, and broke into a run, taking by accident the direction of the children. They, of course, took to their heels, Nita ahead. Amigo brought up the rear, and a comical race was the result. Presently Nita stumbled and fell in the tall grass. Juan struck his foot against her and went sprawling over her on all-fours, and the cub ran straight over both, more scared than either of them, with Amigo close at its heels.

The children picked themselves up. Amigo stuck to his work. The cub did not get far. It had two arrows sticking in it, and Amigo soon overtook it; but, badly wounded as it was, it stood upon its hind legs, with its back to the river-bank, and gave Amigo some terrible blows with its paws.

Seeing this, Juan and Nita came running up, and gave it a finishing shot. Down it fell, with a dreadful groan. Nita felt sorry for the poor cub-ling; but Juan was too proud of his success to think much of the little bear's last utterances, and only regretted that the other bears had escaped him.

It was quite dark, so he determined to camp where they were. A big fire was lighted, the cub was butchered, and the children soon had the meat cut off and distributed about on the nearest bushes, and the bones put on sticks before the blaze. As for the ribs, they were roasted by mesquite coals, as Juan had decided they should be, and were much enjoyed by the hungry hunters. So fat, sweet, and tender was the meat, indeed, that when supper was over, the children took the trouble to build a scaffold of sticks, and barbecue, or rather dry, the remainder of the meat over a slow fire before betaking themselves to sleep.

Next morning, Amigo was taken back to the place where his saddle had been left, and then brought to camp again, and loaded down with bear's meat. He thought this a poor return for the services he had rendered, and carried his load with an ill grace for several days.

This stirring experience furnished the travelers with a staple for food and conversation that lasted a long while. Juan was always hoping the experience would be repeated, but it never was. Every morning when he was awakened by the gobble of turkeys and the howling of the coyotes, he would reconnoiter the neighborhood to see if there were any bear-tracks to be found, and every evening he would peer through the fast-deepening shadows about the camp in the hope that luck would befriend him, but all in vain.

Another interval of monotonous marching now ensued; and then the children's progress came very near being arrested forever by a new and unforeseen danger. The weather had been unusually hot for several days, and they had felt it greatly for two reasons. Finding that the river they had been following veered decidedly away to the eastward, Juan had reluctantly left it two days before, and had struck off southwest into an open prairie, having previously provided the company with full canteens and a supply of food. The packs of all three travelers were proportionately heavy in consequence, and their weight was so oppressive that at noon Juan's patience gave out completely.

"I shall leave this great, hot, heavy thing here," he said, giving the Mexican blanket, under which he had been staggering, an impatient kick. "I 'll not carry it another step. What do we want with a blanket in the middle of the summer, anyhow? I am sorry I ever started with it. I only did so because Shaneco always takes his; and so do all the other braves. I 'm sure I don't see why. Such nonsense!"

His face was crimson with his exertions, and he had worked himself up into an ugly temper. Not all the water of the large pool near which they had stopped could cool his passion, and even dinner failed to restore his usual good nature.

"We can't stay here; there is n't a particle of shade," he said crossly, when he had eaten sparingly and drunk of the tepid water. He was quite conscious that he was making Nita move on much against her will, and he took an unhappy pleasure in making her as uncomfortable as himself. He carried out his threat about the blanket, too, throwing it down in a heap by the little lake, and then stalked off with an aggrieved expression across the prairie, which seemed fairly to blaze in the afternoon sun.

He had only gone about a quarter of a mile, when suddenly, in less time than it takes to write this, a wind came rushing and roaring across the prairie like a living thing, and changed him and everything about him with its first blast. An icy wind that set his teeth chattering in five minutes, and in five more had chilled him to the bone: in short, the wind which all Texans know and dread,—a "norther."

No one who has not been caught out in one can form any idea of its swift descent, its terrible force, its bitter cold. An old Texan would not trust himself out on the prairies in July or August with the thermometer at 96°, without his blankets strapped to his saddle-bow to keep him from freezing to death if a norther should blow up, as one may do at any time. Even in the towns, people are obliged to take to fires and winter clothing; while the Mexicans in Texas have such a dread of exposing themselves to it, that the moment one comes, they collect their children and dogs, retire

into their adobe huts, and keep indoors as long as the norther lasts, unless imperatively required to come out.

It will be seen, then, that Juan and Nita were in a serious position when that bitter blast swept down from the regions of perpetual ice and snow, and found them in the most exposed position possible — in mid-prairie. The shock dissipated Juan's fretfulness at once, but replaced it with the gravest anxiety. He looked desperately about him for a moment to see if there was any shelter to be found, but there was none. Neither cliff, nor cave, nor wood was within reach, the nearest approach to the latter being some straggling bushes of mesquite quite half a mile away.

"Back! Let us run back!" he cried; and turned again toward the lake to seek his lately despised blanket.

Shivering with mingled cold and fear, Nita raced along by his side without a word; and Amigo, also alarmed by the sudden change in the atmosphere, distanced both, whining out his misgivings in a melancholy minor key.

Fortunately there had been no other travelers passing that way, and the blanket was where it had been left, so that Juan and Nita were soon rolled up into a sort of ball under it, with every particle of air excluded, as close to the prairie as they could get.

There they stayed for an hour, and then it occurred to Juan that the only shelter to be had was in the very earth itself, and that unless he meant to freeze outright in the course of the night which was fast coming on, he must bestir himself. Accordingly, he told Nita that they must dig a hole big enough to hold them; and without losing a moment, they raised themselves up and proceeded to scoop out the earth at their feet with an energy born of their desperate need.

Amigo no sooner saw what they were doing than he, too, fell to scratching away frantically in the rear, and though he was soon pushed aside by Juan, he undoubtedly understood the situation, and considered he was rendering valuable aid. The children felt a great deal warmer by the time they had been digging hand over hand for an hour; and in another hour they had hollowed out quite a deep pit. It was smaller, no doubt, than the one into which Joseph was cast by his brethren, but it was big enough to bring their heads well below the level of the prairie when finally they crawled into it.

There was room for Amigo, too, of which he was glad to avail himself, and the three huddled close together for the sake of the warmth to be got from one another, and covered themselves first with their blanket and then partially with earth. Here they were, to a certain extent, protected from the cruel wind that continued to sweep pitilessly across the prairie above them; but, even so, they were terribly cold and cramped from lying in one position, and scarcely slept at all. If Amigo had not been a sort of canine stove that radiated heat without requiring any fuel the whole night long, the chances are that the children would have perished. As it was, they were very miserable, and were not in a mood to enjoy the magnificent sunrise that greeted them next morning.

The sun rose clear and brilliant from a bed of rose and gold, and seemed about to ascend his throne and wield his scepter with his usual force. Juan was delighted to see the sun, and foolishly counted upon its routing the norther by noon of that day. He told Nita as much, but she only shivered and burrowed a little farther down under the blanket. With a view to getting some breakfast, Juan wriggled judiciously out of his place, and put his head above ground once more, but only to have it nearly taken off at that instant,— at least, so it seemed to him, as the knife-like blast whistled past his ears. On leaping out of the pit, he found the lake, from which he had drunk tepid water not seventeen hours before, covered with a coating of ice, which he broke in order to fill his canteen. He then took some food from his wallet, and with aching fingers and a thoroughly chilled body crept back into the pit again, and he and Nita and Amigo swallowed their breakfast as best they could.

Noon came, but the norther still held the sun by the throat, and would not let so much as one ray drop to earth without passing through the icy medium it had prepared. Evening came, and the sun retired,— defeated. Night brought an increase of cold, and was very dark and seemed almost endless.

The children had left the pit to get their dinner and supper, when Amigo frisked briskly about to improve his circulation, but all three were thankful to crawl back again. So passed three nights and three days, which seemed to children accustomed to a life of incessant activity, but now practically buried alive for the time being, a month at least. Then the norther retired to the north pole as suddenly as it had come, and they were safe.

The fourth night they did not suffer at all, and on the fifth day the sun had everything its own way. By noon on the sixth day, it was midsummer temperature again, and the children resumed their journey, much subdued in spirit, and not quite so sure that they had dominated the mysterious forces which are summed up in nature.

(To be continued.)

THE BRANT.

By F. E. Gifford.



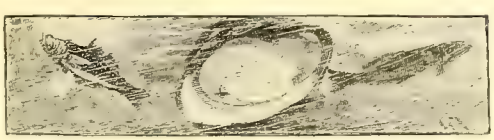
This bird is lazy and slow in its flight. Let me tell you about one of its ingenious devices to save itself trouble.

It never dives for its food. It waits until low tide, when the mud-flats are bare, and then it waddles about among the rock-weeds and water-plants, and tears up by the roots in great quantities those best suited to its taste.

When the tide comes in, the surface of the water is covered with the weeds, and the lazy bird floats idly about and feeds at its leisure.

When the spring comes, the Brant starts on its long northward journey — some say to the North pole.

Certain it is that it goes far out of reach of the most curious naturalist, and that nothing whatever is known of its nest or eggs, or its habits while rearing its young.



A GREAT BATTLE IN A FOREST.

BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU.

IN the spring of 1863, the war between the North and the South was at its height. The army of the Confederates, protecting their capital, lay along the southern bank of the Rappahannock river, about half-way between Richmond and Washington, while its great antagonist, the Army of the Potomac, was posted immediately opposite, on the northern side of the same historic stream. General Lee, who commanded the Confederate forces, had established himself on a line of hills above the town of Fredericksburg, and in order to attack him, the Northern army must either cross the river immediately under his guns, or else move a long way off to the right or the left, to effect a passage of the stream.

Hooker, the Northern general, determined not to risk his troops in a direct assault; he preferred to resort to maneuvering, in order to bring himself face to face with his enemy in the open field. And, in war, maneuvering is of as much consequence as fighting. Armies are more often beaten by cunning skill than crushed by overwhelming force. To deceive in order to defeat is the especial purpose of a general. This is strategy.

Hooker, therefore, resolved to deceive Lee, in order to defeat him. The Union commander had a force of one hundred and twenty thousand men against about half that number under Lee; but as Lee would be successful if he only held Hooker off, Hooker's preponderance was not unnecessary. If you are only as strong in numbers as your enemy, you should not go into his country, where he can defend himself behind works, and expect to conquer him. Hooker, however, had a force large enough to attract Lee's attention in one direction, while he made his main attack in another, and this fact determined his plan.

First of all, he sent a body of troops along the Rappahannock river to a point twenty miles southeast of Lee; this force was to lay bridges, to cross the river in boats, and to make a great parade of preparation. The maneuver, of course, drew Lee's attention, as Hooker had designed, and the Southern general sent nearly half his army to watch the movement, under the famous Stonewall Jackson, the greatest of his subordinates. Next, Hooker moved three entire corps, nearly fifty thousand men, under General Sedgwick, to the north bank of the Rappahannock, immediately below Fredericksburg; five bridges were laid at this point, and many thousand troops were crossed, all in full view of Lee. Sedgwick was ordered to be ready to hold his own, if attacked; or, if the Confederates turned in the other direction, he was to take advantage of the opportunity, and spring upon the works at Fredericksburg.

But, while the attention of the Southern leader was thus attracted to his own right, the remainder of Hooker's force was making a march in the opposite direction, and crossing the Rappahannock fifteen miles away, on the Confederate left. Then they had to make the passage of the Rapidan, another wide and difficult stream that empties into the Rappahannock west of Fredericksburg; but all this was accomplished, and Hooker had planted himself in the rear of Lee before the Confederate chief was certain on which side he was most in danger. The movement of Hooker began on the 27th of April, and on the 30th he was not only on the same side of the river with Lee, but in a position that threatened the roads by which the Southern supplies of men and food and ammunition must arrive.

Now, in the actual movements of armies it is plain that the possession of roads is of the greatest consequence. Troops must have roads if they are to march. Cannon and the wagons that carry food can only be moved on roads, and though the foot-soldiers fight on the hills, and in the woods and fields, and wherever they can find positions for attack or defense, even they must march by the roads. Battles, therefore, are often fought to gain or keep possession of the roads, and the place where several roads meet is sure to be the scene of the heaviest struggle. So, when Hooker came up in the rear of Lee, to the point where all the roads in that entire neighborhood either cross or combine, it was certain that the armies must fight for the position. This point is called Chancellorsville.

Chancellorsville is not a town, but a single house which had been a tavern, where travelers over these various roads were glad to rest, and be fed and sheltered; it was owned by a man of the name of Chancellor. The site was at the center of a wild and dismal forest, one of the thickest and darkest on this continent. The trees stood so close that a man could hardly ride through them, and a soldier could not carry his gun unless he trailed it with the butt just above the ground. The traveler might ride for miles through this dense thicket, along the narrow and winding roads, with-

out seeing a single house. The sun hardly ever penetrated the jungle, and a man had to flatten his body to pass between the stunted trees. The whole barren region was given over to the natural inhabitants of the forest — the wild deer, the poisonous snake, the night-owl, and the whip-poor-will. Yet this was the spot where mighty armies were destined to perform their elaborate movements in one of the most tremendous contests that this world has ever seen.

Lee had sent his cavalry to watch the left, and notify him of any approach of the enemy from that direction; but Hooker was so skillful that he passed fifty thousand men between Lee's army and his cavalry, although it was commanded by Stuart, one of the greatest captains of horse on the Confederate side. The Union troops advanced with such celerity and secrecy, that they even captured the outposts of Lee, so that for a while the Southern chief was by this time fully aware of his danger, and had also perceived that Sedgwick was making no advance on the Confederate right at Fredericksburg; he, therefore, moved the main portion of his army promptly up toward Hooker, on the left and rear. At the same time Hooker withdrew Sickles's corps from Sedgwick, and brought it around by the north bank of the river to add to the principal part of his army. Sickles had to cross the Rappahannock twice, and make a march of twenty miles in order to effect this junction. Thus, on the 1st of May, Lee arrived in force at the woods, on the east of Chancellorsville, just as Hooker was moving against him in the opposite direction through the tangle. But neither army could see the other in the wilderness; they had each to put out feelers, or detachments of troops, like blind men stretching their arms in the darkness, to find an enemy. Very soon, of course,



"THEY SAT BY A CAMP FIRE, USING AS SEATS TWO EMPTY BOXES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Southern general had no news of the approach of a mighty army against his uncovered flank.

But Stuart, of course, soon discovered the movement, and then rode rapidly with his command around Hooker's entire force to rejoin Lee. The the outposts touched each other, and when Hooker discovered that the whole of Lee's army was in his front, he drew back into the forest; for the roads were so few and narrow that whoever attacked in this wilderness was placed at a disadvantage. The

preponderance of troops was of little avail, because only a certain number could be used, or even brought upon the field. So Hooker fell back in order to force Lee to attack him. At the same time he sent for another corps from Sedgwick's command.

It was dark before the armies got into position, and all through the night the sound of the axe could be heard, while thousands of soldiers in each army were hewing trees to make defenses. For in the American war both sides were accustomed to throw up slight fortifications of wood and earth which gave the attacking party infinitely greater trouble, and made those who were assaulted more secure. There came times when each was compelled to leave these field fortifications, but the fiercest fighting was always about them and for them; and neither army halted long without protecting itself with these rough bulwarks.

By the morning of May 2, Lee became certain that Hooker was too strong to be attacked in front. The line of the Northern army was now shaped like two sides of a square. On the left it rested on the Rappahannock river, and then ran south for a while till it turned and reached off to the west for several miles. On the extreme right, however, Hooker felt more secure. This wing was so far from the enemy that he did not extend it to the river again, and the flank was what soldiers call "in the air"; that is, it had no cover, or support, or protection from river or hill, or from other troops, or even breastworks. It stuck out into the country like an extended arm with nothing behind or beyond it. Lee soon discovered this defect in Hooker's line, and during the night of the 1st of May he held a conference with Stonewall Jackson. They sat by a camp fire, using as seats two empty boxes that had contained biscuits or crackers for the soldiers, and Jackson proposed a daring plan.

This was to divide the Southern army, let Jackson move along the whole front of Hooker to the west, of course far enough off to be out of sight of the Union army, while Lee should remain at the east and distract the attention of the Northerners. Jackson was to steal entirely around to the right of Hooker, and strike the unprotected flank, and when Lee heard the distant firing he was to assault at the other end. The movement was contrary to all the rules of war, which declare that you should never divide your force in the presence of the enemy; it was all the more daring because Lee's army was so much smaller than Hooker's, but it seemed the only chance; and Lee consented. The attempt was only possible in a region like the Wilderness, where an army might be within gunshot of its enemy and unperceived.

On the morning of May 2, Jackson moved with twenty-six thousand men, leaving Lee with twenty-four thousand more, in front of Hooker's left. There were besides about ten thousand Confederate troops under Early, in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, to withstand Sedgwick if he should advance. It would be hard to imagine a more dangerous situation for an army, divided thus into three parts, each in front of a superior enemy. Lee made some show of attack on his right in the morning, but he did not wish to draw Hooker into a general fight lest his own immediate command should be overwhelmed before Jackson reached his destination.

The leader of the Southern advance was nearly all day on the road. The cavalry accompanied him, to mask his march from Hooker, but after a while the movement was discovered; and as Jackson was passing the center of Hooker's line, where General Sickles was stationed with his corps, that officer perceived the passing column, and moved out to attack it. It was uncertain whether the great movement meant a retreat of the Southern army or an attack on Hooker's right; but, in either case, it was desirable to stop it, and Sickles made his dispositions and began the battle; he had captured a regiment, and was, he supposed, in the full tide of success, when he was suddenly stopped by terrible news. The head of the Confederate column had reached the right of the Union army.

As soon as Hooker discovered the passing of Jackson's column, he had warned his commanders on the right of their danger, and ordered them to be prepared. Nevertheless, the proper precautions were not taken; when Jackson arrived at the point where he turned to the north, his own force actually overlapped and overlooked Hooker's rear. He made all his dispositions in the woods, and then mounted a hill and looked down on his enemy in the jungle. There was only one road, and the troops must assault directly through the thicket, in line. At a few minutes past five he advanced.

The first premonition the Union right received was in the whir and flight of the birds and the stir of the small game of the forest driven from their haunts by the approach of a serried army; for the Confederates came in solid mass, crowded together by the entanglements of the forest. There were seven ranks of them, one behind the other. Then came the crash. A few shells, like the first drops of a thunder-shower, and next the storm. The flank was broken at once. There was not time for the troops to change front to meet the enemy; often, indeed, they were not in line. The Confederates rushed over the breastworks, and found their enemies playing games or cooking supper. The men had scarcely time to run to their muskets, which were stacked close at hand, when the

assailants emerged upon them, with their clothes torn to tatters in the forest through which they had forced their way. Nevertheless, there was some good fighting. Musket-shots were fired in every direction, and many of the officers strove to rally their troops. Howard behaved like a hero, and one or two lines were formed, but all in vain; and at last the Union soldiers fled in wild confusion. Here and there a stand was made, but line after line was crushed, and the whole right wing was destroyed.

It was at this time that word was brought to Sickles, a mile away; and he who had thought himself proceeding to victory, found that he was in the greatest danger, for the enemy was absolutely advancing in his rear. He was obliged to turn and defend himself against a force coming on in the full tide of triumph.

He gathered together what troops he could to stop not only Jackson's advance but the rush of the routed Union soldiers, and gave General Pleasonton charge of his artillery. Pleasonton began to collect the flying cannon, but it was necessary to do something instantly to arrest the avalanche. He called to an officer of cavalry, Major Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania,—his name should never be forgotten. The colonel was not at hand, and there was no time to lose. Pleasonton ordered Keenan to charge into the woods in front, and hold the enemy in check till the artillery could be got into position to fire. Keenan smiled at the command. With a regiment of cavalry he was to hold back an army. But he said he would charge, and started at once down a wood road only wide enough for two horsemen to ride abreast. This road struck the main one along which the Confederates were advancing, at right angles.

The regiment rode at a gallop, till they discovered that the enemy's skirmish-line was on their right, and the line of battle on the left not seventy yards away. The firing was thus on both sides of them, but there was no possibility of returning on the narrow road. The colonel was now in command, but Keenan was at the head of the first battalion. He gave the order: "Draw sabers, Charge!" and the squadron dashed down the narrow road plunging into the very heart and center of Jackson's corps. Not a man turned, and every horse was at the height of his speed. For a moment the Confederates were struck with terror, for they knew not what was behind.



"THE CONFEDERATES RUSHED OVER THE BREASTWORKS."

But the next instant the Confederate infantry fired. Keenan was in advance, on a black horse; he fell, actually among the bayonets of the enemy, pitching headlong as his horse advanced. Another hero, Captain Arrowsmith, fell with his horse, man and beast sinking together. Lieutenant Carpenter, who tells the story, had his horse shot in the breast, and the animal reared and turned completely around. Carpenter thus saw in one terrible

instant the wreck of his squadron. At the moment when Keenan fell the charge was spent, and the horsemen broke to the right and left. Only two of the officers at the head of the column escaped with their lives. The men leaped their horses over the rifle-pits that had been built by Howard's corps, but thirty of the regiment never returned.

The charge, however, had alarmed and detained the Confederates, and checked their advance. Time was secured to rescue the remainder of the regiment, and meanwhile Pleasonton had got a battery into position, loaded with canister. Other artillery and troops were formed around this center, and as the enemy recovered from the effects of Keenan's charge and advanced, twenty-two cannon opened upon them. The storm of fire was furious, and checked for a while the tide of battle. The achievement was due to the skill and coolness of Pleasonton, and the sacrifice of Keenan.

In the meanwhile Sickles was bringing up two divisions, and the remainder of his artillery; and at last arrived in Jackson's front. He was none too soon, for the Confederates had recovered from the shock of Pleasonton's guns, and were about to rush upon him with a storm of infantry. But Sickles not only led his own force to the rescue, but rallied many of Howard's fugitives, and together they advanced. This time the Confederates were definitely checked. Thus Sickles saved Pleasonton, as Pleasonton had saved the army. The loud cheers of the Union men at twilight declared their willingness to renew the fight, but the battle had spent its force. The whole right of the Union army had been routed.

After night fell, Stonewall Jackson rode out with his staff to reconnoiter in front of the line he had gained. It was his idea to stretch completely around in the rear of Hooker and cut him off from the river.

The night was dark and Jackson soon came upon the Union lines. Their infantry drove him back, and as he returned in the darkness, his own soldiers began firing at their commander, of course mistaking his party for the enemy. Jackson was shot in the hand and wrist, and in the upper arm at the same time. His horse turned, and the general lost his hold of the bridle-rein; his cap was brushed from his head by the branches; he reeled, and was caught in the arms of an officer. After a moment he was assisted to dismount, his wound was examined, and a litter was brought. Just then the Union artillery opened again, and a murderous fire came down upon the party through the woods and the darkness One of the litter-bearers stumbled and fell, and the others were frightened; they laid the litter on the ground, the furious storm of shot and shell sweeping over them like hail. Jackson attempted to rise, but his aide-de-camp held him down till the tempest of fire was lulled. Then the wounded general was helped to rise, and walked a few steps in the forest; but he became faint, and was laid again in his litter. Once he rolled to the ground, when an assistant was shot, and the litter fell. Just then General Pender, one of his subordinates, passed; he stopped and said:

"I hope you are not seriously hurt, General. I fear I shall have to retire my troops, they are so much broken."

But Jackson looked up at once, and exclaimed:

"You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!"

This was the last order he ever gave. He was borne some distance to the nearest house, and examined by the surgeon; and after midnight his left arm was amputated at the shoulder.

When Lee was told that his most trusted lieutenant had been wounded, he was greatly distressed, for the relations between them were almost tender.

"Jackson has lost his left arm," said Lee, "but I have lost my right arm."

He wrote to Jackson: "Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy."

Meanwhile, the battle was not over. A. P. Hill, the next in rank to Jackson, was also wounded; and General J. E. B. Stuart was ordered to assume command of Jackson's force. It was ten o'clock before he arrived. He sent at once to inquire of Jackson his plans, and the exhausted soldier tried for a moment to collect his faculties, but the effort was useless; he was too weak, and could only say: "General Stuart must do the best he can."

The new commander decided to postpone further operations till morning.

The Union troops, however, were moving all night to secure positions for next day's battle, and Sickles attempted to retake a line he had held in the morning, but which had been captured during his advance. The reply of Stuart's infantry was tremendous, and the battle spread on either hand. The whole sky was lighted with the flames of artillery and musketry, and the forest echoed with volley after volley and cannon-roar. The battle lasted over an hour in the dead of night, and finally the works were regained. Then the uproar ceased, and the remainder of the night was quiet.

After the news of Howard's defeat, Hooker sent word to Sedgwick to move at once to join the main army, and destroy any enemy between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Sedgwick got the order at eleven P. M., but did not start till

morning. During the 2d, there had been no fighting by Lee to compare with that of Jackson. His sole object was to prevent Hooker from turning with too much force to the west, and in this he succeeded, for Jackson's triumph was greater than either had anticipated, and Lee had lost nothing to compensate. He was therefore fresh for the next day, while half of Hooker's army had been defeated.

On the 3d of May, it was the Confederate object to join their forces; for in modern war, as I have already shown, it is all-important that an army shall not be divided. If a gap is left in the line, the enemy attempts to enter and destroy one half before the other can come to its assistance. Lee and Jackson strove, therefore, to reach out to each other, and form a connection in the midst of battle. Each was flushed with victory, and though Hooker had formed a new line, this was of such a shape, jutting out toward the Confederates, that one point was exposed to attacks from each direction. The point was called Hazel Grove; and Hooker determined to abandon it, shortening his line, and giving up the exposed position. He was not driven from the place, but simply determined not to hold it. At this point, however, there was a hill, which the enemy at once seized, and from which they were able to pour artillery fire along Hooker's line in two directions. With the movements around this hill the battle of the 3d began.

The fighting this day was harder than on the day before; and when the battle was at its height, when the enemy were pressing the Union troops on right and left, Hooker was seriously injured. He was standing on the steps of the Chancellor house, where his headquarters were established, when a solid shot struck one of the pillars of the veranda. The pillar fell on Hooker and gave him a violent shock. He was rendered insensible, and it was rumored that he was killed. He recovered, however, in about twenty minutes, and insisted on showing himself. He mounted his horse and rode among the troops, though in great pain. But he was soon obliged to dismount, and was practically unfit to command. Still he was full of will, though his brain was not clear, and he refused to relinquish the responsibility. This proved most unfortunate; for delays occurred, and General Couch, the next in rank, was unwilling to assume the authority. From this time there was no decision, no energy, to control the Union movements. Troops were not brought up with promptness. Two entire corps, of forty thousand men, within reach, were not summoned at all. Confusing orders were sent to Sedgwick.



UNION ARTILLERY STAYING THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE.

The battle raged all day, especially in front of Chancellorsville, where Sickles and Slocum bore the brunt, and put in their last reserves. The fighting here was as hard as any during the war. The forest took fire, and the lines swayed backward and forward for hours. At last Lee and Jackson were able to make a connection, and Sickles was not reënforced. Then, slowly, the Union center was withdrawn, and Chancellorsville was yielded to the Confederates. Hooker formed a new line behind

his old one, and the field was in the possession of Lee.

But just as the Confederate general thought he had won everything, news was brought him from Fredericksburg which arrested his movement. Sedgwick had advanced, not so rapidly as Hooker had desired, but, after furious fighting, he had carried the heights of Fredericksburg, and was now marching up the road in the rear of Lee. The Confederate commander at once turned in that direction, and leaving only a portion of his force in front of the defeated Hooker, he moved against Sedgwick, and before sundown was able to check his career. If Hooker had been himself, now was his chance. Had he hurled one of his fresh corps against the Confederate force in his front, and sent another after Lee, he must have changed the situation, and wrung victory out of disaster; but the Union general was still stunned by the physical and mental blow; he remained quiet, and made no attempt to repair his failure.

On the morning of the 4th, Lee did not feel himself strong enough to attack Hooker in his new position, but determined to drive Sedgwick back or surround him. Sedgwick, indeed, had advanced so far, in order to connect with Hooker, that there was danger of his being entirely cut off from the river. The only communication between him and Hooker was by the north side of the Rappahannock. The route was long and difficult, and messages crossed each other; orders were confused, and Hooker directed Sedgwick to do things which when the orders arrived, were impossible. Doubtless, also, Hooker's condition made his orders less clear, or even less correct than if he had been well. He was, indeed, partially paralyzed, though the fact was not recognized by himself or his subordinates. The consequence was that he sent no reënforcements to Sedgwick, and did nothing whatever to aid him, when Lee withdrew from Chancellorsville; and being unsupported, Sedgwick, in the night of the 4th, contrived to cross the river above Fredericksburg, escaping from the antagonist he had set out to assail.

On the 5th of May, Lee still remained quiet, not attempting to annoy Hooker, or to take any advantage of his victory. Hooker, also, although the superior in numbers, thought himself unable to attack. He had brought only eight days' rations for his men, and of these seven were already gone. During the night of May 5, the army that had marched out so successfully, and had hoped for so brilliant a victory, recrossed the Rappahannock in a storm, to avoid its enemy. That army had never fought better nor deserved better fortune, but the mistakes of several of its officers, and the mishap to its chief, had rendered useless the skill of the remainder, as well as its own heroism; it had been unduly exposed in one instance, incompetently led in others, and though its courage and spirit were still undaunted, its mortification at the result was extreme. On the Southern side, there was natural and legitimate elation. A smaller force had defeated a larger; an invasion had been repelled, a disaster averted. Lee had recovered from the position into which Hooker at first had thrown him; he had avoided Sedgwick, and by a daring movement crushed the right of the enemy's army; then joined his two wings in the presence of his adversary, and driven back a superior force. After this, when his rear was threatened, he turned rapidly in that direction and met the danger there; crowded Sedgwick back across the Rappahannock, and was ready to meet Hooker again in the open field. Few more brilliant or daring achievements are recorded in the history of war.

But Lee and the Southern army had, nevertheless, sustained an irreparable disaster. They had lost Stonewall Jackson, who died of his wounds within a week of the battle; a man beloved by the South and by his own command beyond any other leader, unless the chief himself; a man with characteristics that even his enemies respected and the world will always admire. Full of devotion to his cause; of extraordinary courage, not only personal but intellectual; conceiving the most extraordinary designs, and able to carry them out; inspiring the regard of his chief, whom he almost rivaled, and of his troops, whom he never spared; tender to fallen enemies, but terrible so long as they opposed him; religious, strangely so, for a soldier,—such was the man whom Lee called with truth his right arm.

MARIGOLD.

By Nora Perry.



Miss Matthews was calling the roll in her slow, exact manner. She had finished the F's and was just beginning the G's. There were only three G's in the room — Gardner, Gaunt, and Gold. She began with Gardner, as she always did, and at the sound of the name a bright-faced girl looked up and answered alertly, "Here," and almost at the same moment, by an expressive glance, which was partly made up of a lift of her eyebrows and partly a little sidewise nod at a vacant seat at her left, she conveyed to her seat-mate the unspoken comment:

"Late, as usual, you see."

The seat-mate understood, nodded back affirmatively, and the next moment answered to the second G, which was Gaunt.

Oh, if Miss Matthews had only waited, three — two minutes, one minute longer. Waited? no, one did n't expect her to wait. But if she had only had a fit of sneezing, coughing, or had tipped over the vase of flowers at her right hand, as she had once been known to do, so that just sixty seconds might have elapsed before that voice of fate had spoken! But not one of these things did happen. Straight on she went from "Gaunt" to "Gold," in her even, precise tones; and as no response followed the latter name, she looked up and across at the vacant seat, with a little lift to *her* eyebrows, and an expression that said as plainly as Kate Gardner's, "Late, as usual," and then pounce, down went that blackest of black-lead pencils in a mark against the name of Gold. And just a second after, Miss Mary Gold herself came stepping timidly over the threshold, her cheeks flushed, the "bang" on her forehead parted and uneven, and her brown eyes seeking Miss Matthews' face with a pleading, deprecating, "so sorry" look in them.

You might have thought, perhaps, that Miss Matthews would, or should, have forgiven that second of tardiness; have taken off that black mark just for that once when the girl was so very near.

Just for that once? If it only had been just for that once,—but three days out of the six when the roll was called, the name of Gold met with no response. Sometimes it was one minute, sometimes it was three, sometimes it was five minutes, and sometimes the loitering little sinner would n't show that brown head of hers for a quarter of an hour after school had opened, and then she would be sent home for "a written excuse," — an explanation from her mother. This last was the hardest thing of all to Mary.

"It is all my fault, so punish me, please, and not my mother," she said one day to the astonished Miss Matthews.

"Punish your mother! What in the world do you mean by saying such a thing to me? I hope you are not going to add impertinence to your other misdoings, Miss Gold?" indignantly replied Miss Matthews.

"Oh, no, no!" explained Mary very quickly; "I only meant that Mother was not to blame, and that she will feel so — so sorry, and so disappointed in me."

"Then, why in the world don't you try to do better? Your mother, I suppose, thinks that you are on time, because I dare say you start in season from your home. Now, *why* do you loiter by the way, and *where* do you loiter? A great girl like you — nearly fourteen — can't stop to play on the street, and I *hope* a pupil of mine is not so unladylike as to stand gazing into shop-windows."

Mary colored up hotly at this. Miss Matthews was near-sighted, but she saw that red flag of guilt, and with an emphatic nod she exclaimed in an exasperated tone:

"So that is what keeps you? — looking — in — at — *shop-windows!*" The disdain with which this was slowly delivered was overwhelming; so overwhelming that poor Mary felt as if she had a fool's-cap of disgrace set upon her head; and she was so confused that she could find no words to explain anything, while Miss Matthews went on talking about the vanity and silliness of school-girls in thinking so much of dress and ornament. Once the girl did venture to say timidly and deprecatingly:

"It is n't dress and ornaments I look at," but this made no impression upon Miss Matthews.

It was of no use to argue such a matter as this with Miss Matthews. She had been brought up in the old Puritanic fashion. But the girls, these very modern girls of 1886, perhaps were none the worse for suggestions of a stiffness of propriety that served to curb their own independence; at any rate, they had the sense to see that Miss Matthews was genuine, and, in their irreverent fashion, they rated her "a dear old thing in spite of her stiffness."

It was n't strange that so exact a lady as this should find "little Marigold," as the girls called her, very trying; for "little Marigold" did n't seem to know what exactness meant. It was not only that she was tardy three days out of the six, but four days out of the six she boggled and blundered with imperfect lessons. These lessons were, in Miss Matthews's eyes, the most important of all, for they were in arithmetic and grammar.

"I can not understand, child, how it is that you, who always speak so correctly, are yet so dull at comprehending the rules of grammar when you see them before you."

Poor little Marigold was not then old enough, and wise enough to explain to this dear, exact lady that her correct speaking was the force of daily example in her own home, and that her failure to comprehend the set rules as laid down in the book was because the rules were written in a very of-course-you-know sort of way by grown-up wise-acres who, of course, *did* know and had forgotten the time when they did n't.

"But there were all the examples, the models," some keen practical girl who reads this exclaims, remembering her language-lesson books; "how could this Marigold fail to understand, with these before her? She must have been very stupid."

Well, I shall admit that my Marigold *was* stupid on some points — some points that, to the keen, practical girl who has always had her eyes open to the plain, practical facts that confront her, seem like A, B, C.

She was stupid in those grammar rules, and in mathematics still more stupid. But in history, in geography, in English literature, and English composition, she was certainly far from stupid. But somehow these did n't seem to count against the mathematical failures.

One day Nanny Evans, who was a great crony of Kate Gardner's, spoke up for little Marigold on this very point.

"I can't see why mathematics is put at the head of everything, and made the test of good scholarship in all the schools. Why are n't geography, history, literature, and composition equal to it, I should like to know. Here 's Marigold now, who can beat you and me out and out, Kitty, on history or geography, but she does n't compare with us in her record, because we are ahead in mathematics. It is n't fair."

"Mathematics take the lead," said Kitty sententiously, "because they belong to the exact sciences — because they *are* the exact sciences, if you please; and don't you know that Professor Wylie says they are of the greatest use in disciplining the mind?"

"I should like to know how much your or my mind is disciplined by working out algebraic puzzles!" retorted Nanny. "When it comes to discipline, why is n't it just as good discipline, and better, to have a memory full of pictures of history, as Marigold has. Do you remember, last week, when Miss Matthews had been talking about French history, and asked one of us to relate any fine heroic exploit that she could recall of any epoch, how Marigold told of the exploits of Henry of Navarre — of his asking pardon of the German colonel of one of his regiments before they went into battle for his roughness of speech sometime before; and then that lovely story of his turning away and raising the siege of Paris, because he learned that the authorities were sending out the poor and aged, and sick — all the useless people, — and how he fed the people who were starving, and withdrew his troops, and declared that he never would take a town by famine? Well, I should like to know if to have such splendid deeds as those standing out in one's memory in bright colors, is n't of about as much use as to be thoroughly 'up' on mathematical questions?"

"Well, yes, in one way, but I don't know that it is discipline," answered Kitty.

"*Discipline*, indeed"! laughed Nanny; "how you do worship that word. I 'm sure it is n't much discipline to me to work out a problem — it 's fun, because I like it. Oh, you need n't preach at me any more about the high and sacred uses of mathematics. *I* don't wish to pull down the great M, not I; I only want fair play, and to show people that there *are* other things of — well, we 'll say of equal importance."

But the good-natured and generous Nanny did not succeed in convincing Kitty Gardner or any other of her schoolmates, for that matter, that other things were of equal importance with the great M. Perhaps, if she had, this little story of Marigold would never have been written; for Marigold would have found herself in a very different position, and would accordingly have conducted herself in a very different manner. As it was, notwithstanding occasional outbursts from fair-play-loving Nanny, matters jogged on in the same old fashion at the school, the great M lording it as usual over all the other studies; and Marigold jogged on also in her same old fashion of — as the girls and Miss

Matthews thought it — stupid idleness and lazy neglect.

"If the girl would only *try* — would exert herself!" exclaimed Miss Matthews, one morning at recess to an under-teacher; "but she *never* tries — she does n't care — she is the most utter little good-for-nothing I ever saw."

It was the middle of the term, and Miss Matthews was tired and fretted with a great many things that had gone wrong; and Marigold that morning had been especially exasperating with her stupidity over her algebra.

The under-teacher suggested that this little good-for-nothing should be severely dealt with.

"Why not send her back into a lower class in another room?" she suggested.

Miss Matthews shook her head.

"No, I can't do that now; but I think I shall get Nanny Evans to take her in hand — to 'coach her,' as the English say. Nanny is an excellent mathematician. At any rate, what with this added work of preparing the girls for Professor Dexter's history and literature class, I shall have no time to waste on stupid laziness."

Nanny Evans was good-natured, and fond of talking about fair play, and fond of *having* fair play, too, — if she could have it easily; but, like a great many older people, she did not like to sacrifice herself and her comfort. It was not with a very good grace, therefore, that she acceded to Miss Matthews's request, and undertook to "coach" Marigold. Marigold was not too stupid not to perceive at once that she was a very unwelcome pupil to Miss Nanny, and this did not tend to re-assure her, or to give her ease. If she had been dense and dull with Miss Matthews, she was duller still with bright, impatient Nanny, to whom every form of mathematics was "fun." In the face of this impatient brightness all the timid little questions which arose in her mind, which if asked and answered properly would have shown her the way out and up from her dull fog, died upon her lips. She was ashamed not to know what Nanny seemed to think everybody ought to know, and she was ashamed to ask the questions that would have helped her to knowledge.

Poor Marigold; no one guessed what a wretched, lonely time she had of it at this period of her existence. I don't know what she would have done if it had n't been for one outlet, one relief; and that was the great interest she took in the preparation for Professor Dexter's history and literature lessons. Here she was in her element. But she was very quiet about it; she made no show of herself, for she never had the least idea of putting herself forward. The only thing that Miss Matthews knew was that this girl who gave her so much trouble with the big M was ready enough with her lessons in history and literature. They were quite general, almost elementary lessons, for Miss Matthews was simply preparing the girls for Professor Dexter's lessons. The result was so satisfactory, however, in Miss Matthews's estimation, that she declared aloud to the whole class, the day before Professor Dexter entered upon his work, that she felt quite proud of her pupils, and was sure that Professor Dexter would own that they had been well grounded.

But alas for Miss Matthews's satisfaction! One, two, three weeks went by, and Professor Dexter, instead of owning that her young ladies were well grounded, showed week by week a growing tendency to criticise them and to find fault. He did not criticise individually at first, but in a general way declared that their method had been all wrong — that they had very confused ideas and a great lack of true interest. At the end of the third week they came to the Trojan war in their history of Greece, and Professor Dexter then brought forward Homer's "Iliad." It was Chapman's Homer that he used, and the professor was quite sure that the long, flowing lines, full of rich description of the Trojan heroes and their deeds, would fix and interest those young minds. It was after the third recitation, while he was reading one of the most stirring descriptions — the "Embassy to Achilles" — that he happened to glance up, and caught two of the girls telegraphing to each other by some school-girlish signs, while another was busily counting the beads of her onyx bracelet. The professor's voice, which was in the full swing of a musical line that he loved, stopped short, and Chapman's Homer went down upon the table with a bang; and at the same moment up rose the professor, with a look of wrathful impatience upon his face.

"It's of no use, young ladies," he cried, "no use whatever, to try to interest you."

Miss Matthews, who had been sitting for the last few minutes, unobserved but not unobservant, in a dusky corner, came forward hurriedly here with mortified apologies and deprecation.

She hoped he would excuse and overlook the inattention of some — she was sure that *all* were not inattentive nor uninterested.

"You are right," the professor answered; "there is one shining exception — this young lady at my left," and he gave a little emphatic nod of his head, and a glance at Marigold. "From the first her interest has been intelligent, and her attention undivided. Her recitations have not been merely letter-perfect, she seems to have a clear idea of the period of history that we are studying, and to be able to follow the literary

chronicles that go with it. Now, I have a proposition to make — that this young lady shall come down, with the rest of the class, to my house on Friday afternoon, and go over again what I have read here, with a set of Flaxman's illustrations to aid her in fixing the narrative in these young ladies' minds. I have a very fine set of the Flaxman illustrations, and I am sure that no one can see them without being impressed to remember the story connected with them. You are familiar with these Flaxmans, are n't you?" the professor suddenly questioned, turning to Marigold. "Yes, I thought so," he said, as Marigold answered affirmatively. "Well, then, with Miss Matthews's permission, we shall consider the matter settled — that you are to come down to my library on Friday, and coach these classmates of yours for the coming lessons and readings;" and with this conclusion, the professor jumped up with evident relief, and with a look on his face which said as plainly as a look could say, "I 'm not going to waste my valuable time giving primary instruction!"



"AND SHE GOES INTO THE GALLERIES TO STUDY THE PICTURES."

Miss Matthews rose, too. She could not oppose the professor, for she had a great respect for his judgment and his learning, but she was deeply mortified, and she would make one attempt to set her pupils in a better light; so coming forward, she said:

"I am very sorry that my girls are not as advanced in history as you expected; but if you were to examine them in mathematics, you would find them everything that could be desired. They have paid great attention to mathematics."

"Possibly, to the neglect of other things of equal importance," added Professor Dexter. "Yes, I see — I beg your pardon, Miss Matthews; but has it not been a fashion for some time to place mathematics at the head of everything?"

Poor Miss Matthews — she colored scarlet at this. If anybody were to blame, she knew perfectly well that it was herself; for at the St. Botolph school she had great authority and much influence.

"The study of mathematics is of immense value in its way," the professor went on, "but to me it seems to lack the large, high kind of value that pertains to literature and history and art. Mathematics cultivates the mind in one practical positive direction of quantities and magnitudes; the study of literature, history, and art — the three belong together and make one grand whole — cultivates the mind in *various* directions, and helps to form and elevate the character. But I must bid you good-morning, Miss Matthews; I have an engagement at the college at twelve o'clock."

If Miss Matthews was mortified and astonished, how do you suppose those eleven girls felt to be addressed as "*the rest of the class*" in contrast to little Mary Gold, and to be parceled off by Professor Dexter to accompany her to his house to be "coached" — little Mary Gold, whom they had looked down upon and pitied in a patronizing way?

And then to hear their great M assigned to the

second place! If it had been anybody but Professor Dexter who had talked like this, they might have opposed *their* opinions; but Professor Dexter — well, Professor Dexter was Professor Dexter, and one might as well question Harvard College in a body as to question Professor Dexter. It was humiliating, but there was no help for it; and so on Friday off they trooped, ten of the girls, "*the rest of the class*," with Marigold to the professor's library. They went in, ten rather rebellious and decidedly uncomfortable girls. They came out after an hour and a half, surprised, subdued, and — some of them — admiring.

Nanny Evans was one of those admiring girls.

"I went into that library, Kitty," she said to her friend Miss Gardner, who had been at home sick with a cold, "feeling positively hateful. 'The idea of setting that ridiculous Marigold,' I thought, 'to coach *us* — to show us a lot of pictures, as if she knew better than we!' Well, Kitty, she *did* know better. Professor Dexter met us — just said, 'How do you do?' and then left us, telling Marigold that the Flaxman illustrations were on the round table in the corner. The minute she touched those illustrations, Marigold was another creature. She had been uneasy and shy before, and I don't wonder, for we all of us had shown plainly how we felt; but when she turned and opened that great book of plates — well, you should have seen her! She did n't need the Homer with the professor's marked passages — she had it all at her tongue's end, and she knew all about Flaxman; and what *do* you think, Kitty? — she is a little artist, herself, and this is the way it came out: Lucy Grant, in the midst of her talk, suddenly said to her:

"'How you must have studied up on all this to remember it so!' and Marigold turned and answered in that queer dreamy fashion of hers, as if she were just waking up:

"'Studied? No, I don't think so, not what I call studying. I *read* about it, and I asked some artists who visit our house, and — oh, it was so interesting, how could I help remembering? I like it — as you like mathematics;' and then she took up a pencil and drew a sheet of paper toward her, and with a few strokes, there was a head of Homer like the Flaxman! 'You see,' she said, 'it comes natural to me; you must n't praise me for being what I am not — a hard worker.'

"And in the whole time, Kitty, she was just as simple and modest, and unconscious! She did n't seem to remember how patronizing and impatient I had been with her when Miss Matthews set me to coach *her* in mathematics. And then, what do you think, Kit? it all came out why she has been so tardy. We got to talking, to asking questions, and we found that she goes round by the picture shops and looks in at the windows to see what they have new, and Kit, she goes into the galleries to study the pictures, and mouses around there; and she has been copying, in charcoal, a head by some famous artist, at the art-museum, and that 's another thing that 's made her tardy. Oh, I felt so mean, so cheap, to think that I had been so hateful and patronizing, that I had to say *something*, and I asked her how she could be so patient and obliging in answering so many questions; and then she colored up as red as a carnation pink, and said she had to ask so many questions herself that she ought to be patient with others. I knew what she was thinking of — oh, I knew, and I just spoke right out then and there:



"AND TO-DAY SHE CAME AND SHOWED ME HER PROBLEMS."

"'You did n't learn patience from any of us, Marigold, that is very certain;' and afterward, when we left the professor's, I slipped behind the others, and put my arm in hers, and said rather laughingly, you know, 'Now, Marigold, if you are going to coach *me* in art, you must let me coach you again in mathematics.' Kitty, she looked scared out of her wits nearly, and began to say, 'Oh, no, no; I 'm too stupid,' when I told her I knew now how horrid I 'd been about mathematics, and she must let me try again, and not be afraid to ask me questions, for she could n't be stupider than I 'd been in the literature and history class. Well, Kit, I gave her a lesson — a private lesson — that very

night at her own house, and she did ask me the queerest, simplest little questions; and I answered them; and then she began to understand, and you can't think how pleased and grateful she was. And to-day she came to me and showed me her problems, and when I told her they were all right, she flung her arms around my neck and said I was '*so* kind.' Oh, Kit!

"Well, I 've learned one lesson,—never to count a girl stupid because she does n't excel in just the direction that I do."

And Miss Matthews? Poor Miss Matthews! It was impossible for her to feel the enthusiasm that Nanny felt, but she *did* try to do justice to Marigold after this; to see, as Nanny very aptly quoted, that "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory."

But it *was* hard for Miss Matthews to bear the reproach of Professor Dexter's judgment — to feel that her idol, mathematics, was assigned to the second place instead of the first, and to know that her class of girls, that she had so prided herself upon, had been condemned by the higher authority. It was not to be expected that she could say boldly, as Nanny said, "I 've learned a lesson"; but perhaps she confessed it to herself. At any rate, she tried to give Marigold full credit for her abilities; and though the good lady had no eye for art, she had respect for anybody who could do any one thing well. Her growing respect for Marigold made her less impatient of the girl's backwardness in mathematics, and thus she became less appalling and confusing to her pupil, when the latter appeared before her with the hardly conned and, thanks to Nanny, better understood lesson.

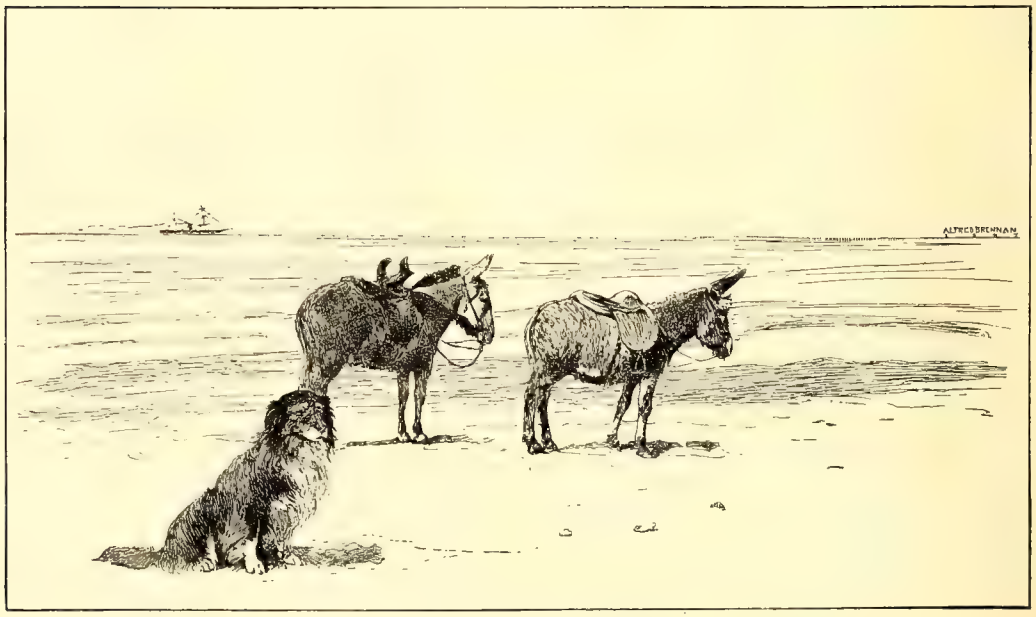
It is just a year ago that all this happened, and to-day Marigold is a happy girl studying art in Paris.

"She 'll be famous yet!" Nanny Evans proudly prophecies, when news of her friend reaches her now and then.

But Miss Matthews shakes her head.

"She 'll be spoiled, I fear," is her verdict.

It is in vain that Nanny Evans tells her of the simple home-life that Marigold is leading, having lessons every day in other studies suited to her years — even in mathematics. Miss Matthews still shakes her head. She has no faith in anything being simple and wholesome in Paris, nor in any scheme of education outside of her dear New England, and the St. Botolph school.



THE CHILDREN HAVE GONE TO LUNCH.

JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

By James Otis.

Chapter XI.

NOVEMBER AND OTHERS.

When Pinney had announced that he would not allow November to be taken away, no matter who might come to claim him, every one in the room knew that he did not fully mean what he said. Pinney was very fond and proud of the baby, and his rash assertion was an outburst of grief rather than a threat which he intended to carry out.

Mrs. Parsons and Jenny had shown delight when they read the advertisement, simply because they were thinking of the mother's joy when her baby should be restored to her. Really, they felt almost as sad as the boys at the thought of parting with the chubby little fellow.

It was a very mournful company that sat talking in hushed tones of the baby they feared would soon be taken from them. Not once did either Jenny or the boys speak of the new boarding-house, although Mrs. Parsons attempted several times to turn the talk in that direction. After a short while, Pinney ceased to make threats, but refused to take any part in the conversation, and sat gloomily by the box that served as cradle, looking earnestly at November.

Jenny proposed, and the directors agreed, that they should leave the matter entirely with Mr. Barstow. If, after proper investigation, he should find that November was the child referred to in the advertisement, the mother should have the baby without delay. The directors again spent the night on the floor of the kitchen, gladly accepting the German woman's invitation, for they were convinced it was the last time they should sleep under the same roof with their baby.

There was no thought of going to work the following morning until the one important question had been settled. As soon as Mr. Barstow was likely to be in his office, they all set out, Jenny carrying the clothes and shawl which the baby had worn when he was found.

The lawyer looked unpleasantly surprised when they entered his office, but became interested at once when he learned the reason of their early visit.

"You can go home, and I will attend to the matter immediately," he said, as he took the package from Jenny, and made a few notes of her story.

"I think you will soon be relieved of a little fellow who must have been a troublesome boarder."

"But we don't want to be relieved of him," said Pinney, quickly. "I s'pose we 'll have to give him back if his mother comes for him, 'cause Mrs. Parsons an' Jenny say so; but we don't want to let him go if we can help it."

"Would you really like to keep the baby?" asked the lawyer in surprise.

"Indeed we would!" replied Jenny, quickly. "We all love him dearly; but if you find his mother, why, of course, we 'll have to give him up."

"And are you boys willing to work to support the baby whom you found on the doorstep?" asked Mr. Barstow.

"Yes, siree," Tom spoke up. "November has had everything he wanted since we found him, an' he would have all that was goin' if we could keep him."

"Well, well, every one to his taste," said Mr. Barstow. Then he added, "Go home now, and perhaps I will call some time during the day."

Jenny and the directors left the office, as sad as they had been happy when they had walked out of the same room the previous afternoon.

On arriving at the house, the boys let the young landlady go in alone, feeling it would be better not to spend all their time in the kind German woman's little home. Pinney retired a little distance and sat by himself on the icy curbstone. The others seated themselves on the steps, and discussed in low tones the faint hope that November might not be the baby to whom the advertisement referred. Ikey and Duddy had argued themselves into a quite cheerful frame of mind, when a carriage stopped in front of the door.

The directors were on their feet in an instant, watching eagerly as Mr. Barstow, with another gentleman and a lady dressed in deep mourning, alighted from the vehicle.

"Show us where your baby is," Mr. Barstow said to Duddy; and the latter very reluctantly led the way into the house, the other boys following a short distance behind.

On reaching the room where Jenny and her mother were, Duddy first knocked and then opened the door. The visitors entered, Mr. Barstow first, then the lady; the strange gentleman went in last, closing the door after him.

Thus prevented from seeing what occurred, the five directors stood for some moments listening

eagerly, but hearing nothing which might relieve their painful suspense. When Pinney could control his impatience no longer, he softly opened the door and peeped into the room. In a second he stepped back into the hallway, saying in a hoarse whisper:

"It 's no use, fellers; we 've got to give November up."

"What did you see?" asked Ikey, mournfully.

"Oh, they 're all smilin' an' as happy as you please, an' the lady is settin' there rockin' the baby an' cryin'. I don't see what *she 's* got to cry about, now she 's found him."

Pinney's eyes were fast filling with tears, while there appeared to be something in his throat that made it difficult for him to speak. Just for an instant did he stand irresolutely in front of the door, then he went hastily down the stairs, followed by the other boys.

Ten minutes later, when Mr. Barstow came out to look for the directors, they could be found neither in the house nor on the street; but as he stepped upon the sidewalk, he saw all five sitting on the ruins of Jenny's boarding-house. Big tears were rolling down the cheeks of Ikey and Pinney, who, in their attempts to dry their faces, had daubed them with smut from the charred timbers, till they had nearly as many stripes as a zebra. Tom, Jack, and Duddy were not crying, but looked as if tears would have been a welcome relief.

"Well, boys!" said Mr. Barstow, speaking cheerfully, "November has found his mother, or, rather, she has found him."

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, meekly.

"And now she would like to see the boys who have shown themselves to be such faithful guardians of her child."

"Is she goin' to take him away with her?" asked Duddy; and his voice was full of tears, even though his eyes were dry.

"Certainly, and if you come now, you will have one more chance of seeing him. There is no doubt that she is his mother," said Mr. Barstow, gravely; "and you ought to feel glad because he is no longer a foundling. Besides, November, as you call him, is heir to some fine houses and a lot of money, and that was what tempted some wicked persons to steal him from his home."

The boys gave little heed to this explanation; and, after waiting a moment, Mr. Barstow asked them again if they would go to see Mrs. Hooper.

"I won't *be* where she is!" cried Pinney; "I wish we 'd never seen her old 'tisement!"

"But don't you want to see the baby once more?"

That question decided even the angry Pinney, and the directors solemnly followed the lawyer into the house.

Mrs. Hooper, tremulously happy, was holding the baby in her arms as though she feared she might lose him again if she allowed any one to take him; and when the boys entered, she attempted to clasp each by the hand while speaking of her gratitude. Ikey and Pinney, who both looked upon her as their worst enemy, waited for their opportunity, and, while she was engaged with Tom, stole around behind her chair, gave November two or three resounding kisses on the very top of his head, and then ran at full speed to their refuge among the ashes of the boarding-house.

"Come to my office this afternoon, and bring the boys with you," Mr. Barstow said to Jenny as he left the house and got into the carriage with Mrs. Hooper, the baby, and the strange gentleman.

Poor little Jenny Wren! She had bravely kept back her tears while the visitors were present; but as soon as they had departed, she hid her face in the pillows, and wept as heartily as did Pinney and Ikey on the ash-heap.

It was late that afternoon before Jenny remembered what Mr. Barstow had said to her, and then she feared that it might be hard to find the boys. But all five were still among the ruins, where Pinney, having recovered somewhat from his grief, was laying before his brother-directors a very elaborate plan for buying November from his mother, when Jenny and her mother came to tell them what the lawyer had said.

"Pinney, you and Ikey go into the house and wash your faces," she said. "We will walk slowly, and you can overtake us before we have gone very far."

Ikey and Pinney joined the party after a few moments, and so little curiosity was felt regarding the purpose of the visit they were about to make, that it was not even spoken of during the walk down-town. All believed that they had been asked to call upon Mr. Barstow simply to settle some matter relative to the new boarding-house.

They were considerably surprised, then, on entering the lawyer's office, to see the gentleman who had come with Mrs. Hooper in the morning. Mr. Barstow introduced him to the boys, by saying:

"This is Mr. Greyley, Mrs. Hooper's brother. He has been waiting for some time to see you."

"It was my fault that we did n't come sooner," Jenny said, meekly; "I forgot to tell the boys that you wanted them, because I could n't seem to think of anything but that we 'd lost November."

"Well, now that you are here, we can attend to business. Mrs. Hooper owns a house a short distance from where you are now staying; there is nobody living in it now; and as I had told her of the plan that you and your mother had for a boarding-house, she wishes to lease you that building for as long a time as you may need it. She gives it to you rent-free, instead of paying the reward mentioned in the advertisement."

"Do you mean that we are to have it for taking care of November?" asked Jenny, hesitatingly.

"Yes," said Mr. Barstow; "practically, that is what the offer amounts to."

"Then I don't think we want it," said Mrs. Parsons, promptly, while Jenny added very slowly and gravely, "We took care of the baby because we all loved him, and we would n't like to be paid for doing that."

"Of course not," said Tom. "There 's nothin' she could give us that we want, 'cept November himself,—an' I don't s'pose she 'd care to do that, would she?"

"I think not," replied Mr. Barstow; and he and Mr. Greyley and Mrs. Parsons laughed, although neither Jenny nor the directors thought there was anything very amusing in the matter.

"There is no reason why you should not take the house," said Mr. Greyley kindly, addressing Mrs. Parsons and Jenny. "It need not be given as a reward, but simply as an expression of Mrs. Hooper's gratitude. It is just such a place as would please you, I think. There are as many as twenty small rooms; it was used as a boarding-house by the last tenant. I am sure that you can find nothing else so suitable for your purpose."

"I think I can understand how you feel in regard to the matter," added Mr. Barstow; "but since I am interested in this boarding-house scheme to the extent of acting as your banker, Miss Jenny, I shall take upon myself the responsibility of accepting Mrs. Hooper's very generous offer."

"I spoke just as I felt," said Jenny, apologetically, "and before I had really thought of what you told us. We should be very glad to have the house, and—"

"And we thank her very much," added her mother.

"An' if we make any money we 'll pay her rent for it," interrupted Duddy.

"We can talk about that afterward," said Mr. Greyley, as he handed Jenny a bunch of keys. "These belong to the house, and the address is on the little tag. Mr. Barstow will draw up a lease for my sister to sign, and on the day you open the boarding-house, Clarence — or November, whichever you prefer to call him — shall pay you a visit."

"Will you let us keep him as long as we want to?" asked Pinney, quickly.

"Judging from what I have seen and heard, it would hardly be safe to promise that," said Mr. Greyley; "but he shall stay two hours at least, and he also shall be a frequent visitor."

"That 's better 'n nothin', I s'pose," said Pinney, doubtfully; and Ikey showed that he agreed with him by nodding his head gravely.

"Then I can't see that we have anything more to do now," said Mr. Barstow with an air of business. "I will make out the lease while you are looking at the house. If you take my advice, Miss Jenny, you will buy the furniture as soon as possible. Judging from the number of rooms, it will be necessary to make more extensive purchases than you expected when we talked the matter over yesterday. Don't hesitate to get sufficient to furnish the house comfortably, for if I have not advanced money enough to pay for everything, Mr. Greyley says he will make a contribution. We will attend to the lease now, if you please, Mr. Greyley, and let these folk go to see the new boarding-house."

The directors, hardly knowing if they were dismissed, stood in uncomfortable indecision, until Jenny, seeing that she was to have no opportunity of expressing her thanks to the already busily-engaged gentlemen, left the room, and the boys filed out behind her. When they were on the street once more, and Tom was about to set out at full speed in his impatience to visit the house, Pinney said, with an air of perplexity:

"See here, now. Before we go any farther, I want to know what that feller meant about November's bein' a 'frequent visitor,' and what 'contributions' are?"

"Oh, that don't 'mount to anything," said Tom, after a brief pause. "He did n't mean anythin' worth talkin' about, so hurry up, for I wanter see the new place."

It is possible that Pinney might have refused to proceed, so suspicious was he that Mr. Greyley would not act fairly in the matter of allowing November to visit them, if Jenny had not explained the meaning of the words.

"Are you sure that 's what they mean?" he asked, after she had concluded.

"Of course I 'm sure, Pinney, and I 've almost a mind to be ashamed of you for not knowing more," replied Jenny.

"I know enough not to let anybody get the best of me with big words," said Pinney; and then, all doubts having been removed, the party set out at a rapid pace to view Jenny's new boarding-house.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

IT is useless to attempt to describe the delight of Jenny and her mother and the young directors when they had inspected the building which, through Mrs. Hooper's generosity, they were to occupy rent-free as long as they chose to keep a boarding-house. In comparison with anything to which they had been accustomed, it was a palace; and although other and more favored children would probably have thought it shabby-looking and dingy, they were quite confident that it was as fine an establishment as could be found in the city.

The rooms had been arranged with a view to economy of space, and so greatly impressed was Pinney that he declared it would hold "every newsboy in town." He almost forgot his grief at the loss of November, in the delight caused by the fact that he would be one of the directors of the "swellest boardin'-house in the city."

Duddy was so enthusiastic that he at once rushed down-town with a general invitation for "everybody to come up and see the new house." As a matter of course, this was accepted in the same spirit as given, and after the place had been critically examined by at least fifty boys, there was only one whose opinion was not fully in accordance with the views of the directors.

Sam Tousey was the one who would not bestow full praise upon the place, and the only objection he could raise to it was that it was "so awful big, they 'd never get boarders enough to fill it!"

When it became known that the work of furnishing the house was a question only of time, not of money, Ikey was kept busy until a late hour in the evening, writing the names of the would-be guests, each one of whom insisted that he should be "the very first boarder." And Mrs. Parsons and Jenny found that, large as the house was, they would really have some difficulty in accommodating all who wished to board with them.

While Ikey was making a list of the future members of the household, Tom bought three candles, some wood and a bushel of coal; and a fire was built in the kitchen range, for the directors had decided to spend the night in their new home. Jenny left them before dark; and after she had gone, Tom conceived the brilliant scheme of giving a party. An invitation was extended to any boy who was willing to contribute something toward a feast; and when this informal housewarming, which lasted until nearly ten o'clock, was ended, both guests and hosts laid down on the kitchen floor to sleep, quite sure that they had been having a wonderfully jolly time.

The week that followed was a busy one for Jenny, and for the boys, who insisted on helping her in every possible way. They even found it quite a difficult task to prevent a squad of a dozen or twenty of their prospective boarders from following them while the furniture was being selected.

Mr. Barstow was informed each morning by Duddy of what had been done the preceding day. About as severe a task as the directors had, was the signing of the notes, in the lawyer's office, for money loaned. Each boy was just a trifle ashamed to show a specimen of his penmanship; but the ordeal could not be avoided. If they did not succeed to their entire satisfaction, they at least wrote their names so that even a stranger could have read them; and Mr. Barstow appeared to be satisfied.

When the house was completely furnished, on the day set for the formal "opening," Pinney insisted on paying a visit to the lawyer to remind him of Mr. Greyley's promise that November should be present.

"We 're goin' to have a swell dinner at seven o'clock," Pinney said to Mr. Barstow, "an' we 'll buy more 'n three quarts of milk, so 's November 'll be sure to get filled up."

"But that is a rather late hour for a baby to make a call," Mr. Barstow said, laughingly; "and besides, you will be so busy welcoming your boarders, that you will hardly be able to give proper attention to him. Now I should suggest that you be at home to see the baby about three o'clock in the afternoon, and then he will be out of the way before the important business of the day begins."

Pinney looked at the lawyer suspiciously for a moment, as if trying to decide "whether there was any scheme to get the better of him"; and then, evidently satisfied by the scrutiny, he said:

"Well, p'rhaps that will be best; but we 'll look for him sharp at three o'clock."

"I shall send a note to his mother immediately, and I feel sure that he will be there as promptly as you could desire."

Pinney scrutinized the lawyer's face once more to satisfy himself that the long words were not used for the purpose of "fooling him," and then walked out of the office with an important frown on his brow.

As early as two o'clock the five directors assembled in the little sitting-room to meet the baby whom they had once thought was their exclusive property. Before half past two, Pinney was in a high state of excitement, saying every few moments that he "b'lieved they were goin' to fool him after all," and watching the clock as if he fancied that it, too, had joined the conspiracy to defraud him of the baby's visit.

But, quite regardless of Pinney's angry frown, the hands of the clock continued their usual movements until, a few moments before they marked the hour of three, Ikey, who had stationed himself at the window, shouted:

"Here he comes! Here he comes! *Will* you look at the style he 's put on?"

The directors, and even Jenny and her mother, ran to the window just in time to see a smartly dressed nurse, with a baby in her arms, descending from a private carriage that had been drawn up in front of the door.



"I KNEW ALL ALONG THAT THEY 'D TRY TO FOOL US," THOUGHT PINNEY.

If the truth must be told, not only Pinney but all his brother directors were disappointed when the baby was brought into the room. The nurse, who acted as if it was a great condescension on her part to bring her charge to the boarding-house, would persist in calling him Clarence, when the boys had publicly declared that to them he should always be November. Then again, the little fellow did not look natural. They had been accustomed to seeing him in a very plain cotton dress; while now he was decked out with such a profusion of fur and lace and ribbons that they did not dare touch him.

Neither Mrs. Parsons nor Jenny showed that they were disappointed in the baby's improved appearance; they hugged and kissed him exactly as they had done when he was looked upon as a permanent boarder, and they seemed to enjoy his visit keenly. Pinney, after he had gazed at November some moments in silence, and glared at the nurse until, had she been of a timid nature, she would have fled in affright, beckoned his brother directors to follow him into the kitchen. Arriving there, and satisfying himself that the doors were closed so that he could not be overheard by those in the sitting-room, he said, angrily:

"I knew all along that they 'd try to fool us, an' now they 've done it."

"But the baby 's here, just as Mr. Barstow said," urged Duddy, completely puzzled as to the cause of Pinney's anger.

"Yes, he 's here," replied Pinney in a loud tone; "but we can't get any good of him. That woman just sits there, holdin' of him in her lap, an' how

can we have any fun? An' then they 've got him rigged up so 's we could n't even touch him if she 'd let us."

"But how can we help ourselves?" asked Ikey, beginning to think that perhaps they *had* been defrauded in some manner.

"We can't, an' that 's the worst of it!" wailed Pinney. "But I 'm goin' down to see that lawyer; an' if there 's any sich thing as havin' November as he used to be, so 's we can have fun with him, it 'll be done!—that 's all!"

"Well, you can't help yourself now," said Tom, philosophically; "so let 's go back and see him as long as he stays."

"You can, if you want to; but I won't stir a step. Why, I 'd jest as soon have 'em call *that* baby Clarence, if they want to; but what I 'm after is November,—just the same November he used to be when he was here."

And Pinney really refused to go into the sitting-room again while the baby was there. He remained in the kitchen trying to form some plan to gain possession of the original November, while the other directors were content to stare at Clarence Hooper.

At five o'clock the nurse departed with the baby, after telling them that she was to bring him there once each week. Then every one in the house plunged into the excitement of preparing for the coming of the boarders.

The directors made a formal tour of inspection through the bedrooms, looking with pride at the neatly made beds with their bright-colored counterpanes, at the snug little chests of drawers with tiny looking-glasses hanging just above them, and at the gay rugs which served in place of carpets, until they were satisfied that everything was as near perfection as is possible in this world. Hardly had they finished the final examination, when the first of the boarders arrived with his wardrobe neatly packed in half a newspaper; and from that time until a few moments before Jenny announced that dinner was ready, they continued to come, singly, in pairs, and in groups of half a dozen.

Every room had at least two boy-occupants; and it would have been impossible to have taken another boarder unless he would have agreed to sleep on the floor. Dory Lyons was there with his trunk in which he took such pride, even though it contained only a portion of an old coat and a straw hat with but a fragment of a crown. Sam was also among the boarders. He had not attempted to carry out his threat of appealing to Mr. Barstow for justice; and finding that it was impossible to become a director again, had asked, almost humbly, that he be received as a boarder. Every one was as good-natured as he was hungry; and when all had been summoned to dinner, it may easily be imagined that they were more than contented.

* * * * * * * *

The story of how Jenny started her boarding-house has been told. It would be impossible to explain what became of each one who has been introduced, either as partner or boarder, since they are even now but just beginning to carve out names for themselves in the world.

The boarding-house is still in successful operation, and has the same list of directors as when it was opened, nearly two years ago. It only remains to answer a few questions that have been asked by inquisitive readers, and then we must say farewell to Jenny and her mother and their boarders.

"Did the boys repay the money Mr. Barstow loaned?"

Indeed they did. Perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that they did with Jenny's aid. But even before the landlady had received any income from the house, they had paid something; and it is now nearly six months since they received back their notes from the lawyer, having paid both principal and interest.

"Did they serve Mr. Barstow regularly with papers?"

Duddy has never failed to do so, and probably on this very morning he was at the lawyer's office. Mr. Barstow at first objected to taking the papers without paying for them, after that one week was ended; but the directors were so persistent that he has now come to look upon this attention quite as a matter of course.

"How did Ikey succeed as book-keeper?"

If the truth must be told, it was many months before he could keep the books to Mr. Barstow's satisfaction; but during the following winter, thanks to his strenuous efforts to improve, he did so well that now he is expecting, through the lawyer's influence, to have a position as third assistant in the counting-room of a certain dry-goods establishment.

"What became of November?"

He lives in New York, and appears to be very well pleased with his regular weekly visits to those kind-hearted folk who once cared for him as tenderly as if he had been their very own.

THE END.

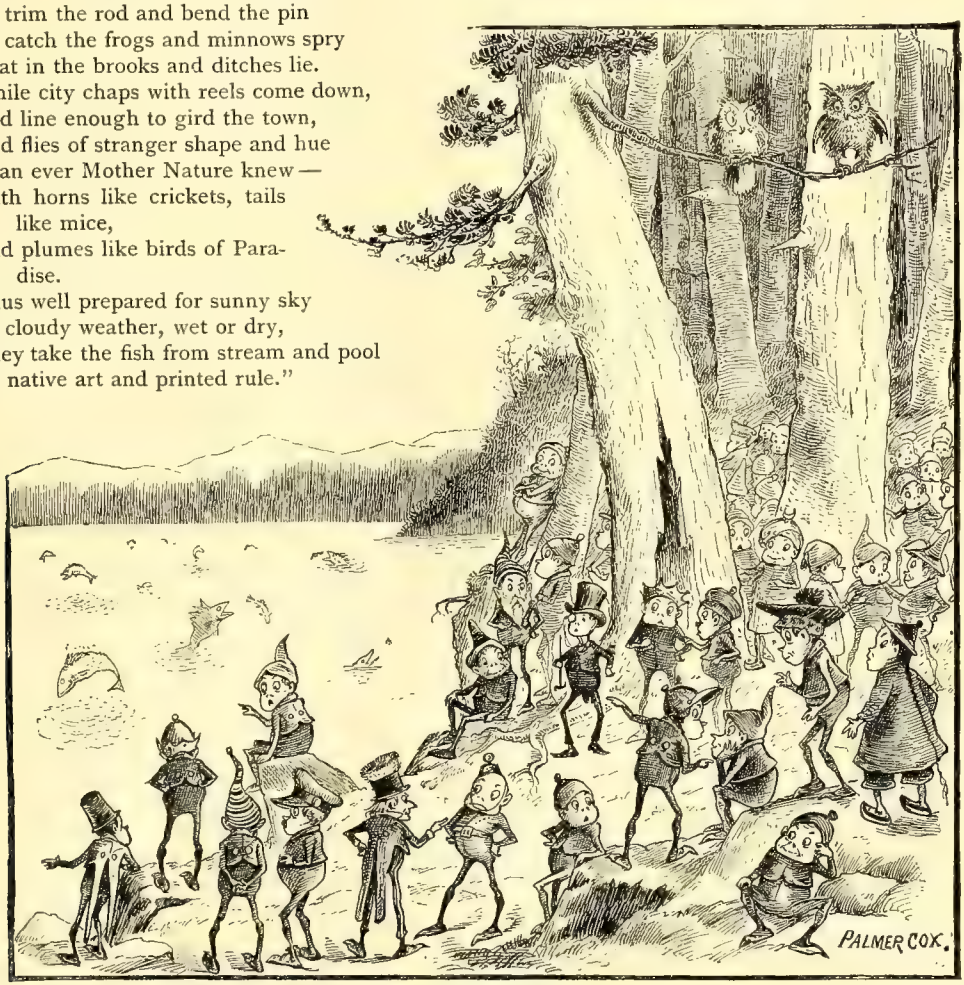
THE BROWNIES FISHING.

By Palmer Cox.

When glassy lakes and streams about
Gave up their bass and speckled trout,
The Brownies stood by water clear
As shades of evening gathered near.
Said one: "Now country lads begin
To trim the rod and bend the pin
To catch the frogs and minnows spry
That in the brooks and ditches lie.
While city chaps with reels come down,
And line enough to gird the town,
And flies of stranger shape and hue
Than ever Mother Nature knew—
With horns like crickets, tails
like mice,
And plumes like birds of Para-
dise.
Thus well prepared for sunny sky
Or cloudy weather, wet or dry,
They take the fish from stream and pool
By native art and printed rule."

There must indeed be pleasure fine
Behind the baited hook and line.

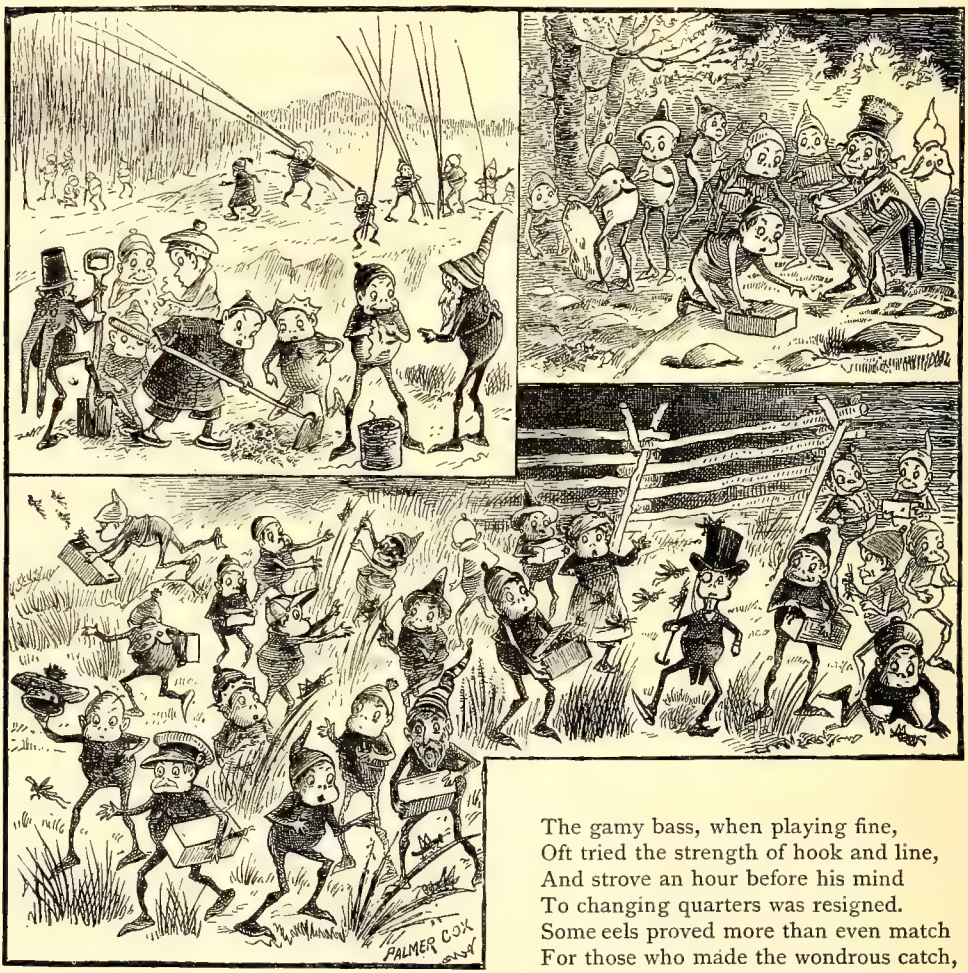
"Now, off like arrows from the bow
In search of tackle some must go;



Another said: "I 've often lain
In secret nook through sun and rain,
With bated breath and peeping eyes,
To watch an angler fighting flies,
And thought, when thus he stood to bear
The torture from those pests of air,

While others stay to dig supplies
Of bait that anglers highly prize,—
Such kind as best will bring the pout,
The dace, the chub, and 'shiner' out,
While locusts gathered from the grass
Will answer well for thorny bass."

Then some with speed for tackle start,
And some to sandy banks depart,
And some uplift a stone or rail
In search of cricket, grub, or snail;
While more in dewy meadows draw
The drowsy locust from the straw;
Nor is it long before the band
Stands ready for the sport in hand.



It seemed the time of all the year
When fish the starving stage were near;
They rose to straws and bits of bark,
To bubbles bright and shadows dark,
And jumped at hooks, concealed or bare,
While yet they dangled in the air.
Some Brownies many trials met
Before their lines were hardly wet,
For stones below would hold them fast,
And limbs above would stop the cast,
And hands be forced to take a rest,
At times when fish were biting best.
Some stumbled in above their boots,
And others soiled their Sunday suits;
But fun went on, for many there
Had hooks that seemed a charm to bear,
And fish of various scale and fin
On every side were gathered in.

The gamy bass, when playing fine,
Oft tried the strength of hook and line,
And strove an hour before his mind
To changing quarters was resigned.
Some eels proved more than even match
For those who made the wondrous catch,
And, like a fortune won with ease,
They slipped through fingers by degrees,
And bade good-bye to margin sands,
In spite of half a dozen hands.
The catfish left his bed below,
With croaks and protests from the go;
And nerve as well as time it took
From such a maw to win the hook.
With horns that pointed every way,
And life that seemed to stick and stay,
Like antlered stag that stands at bay,



He lay and eyed the Brownie band,
And threatened every reaching hand.
The hungry, wakeful birds of air
Soon gathered 'round to claim their share,
And did for days themselves regale
On fish of every stripe and scale.

Thus sport went on with laugh and shout,
As hooks went in and fish came out,
While more escaped with wounded gill,
And yards of line they 're trailing still;
But day at length began to break,
And forced the Brownies from the lake.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY, friends! You see I must give you as cool a welcome as possible this time, because of the warm weather. And now, by way of chilling you still more, we will partake of some

NATURAL ICE CREAM.

ONE very warm day lately, just before school broke up, the ice-cream man crossed my meadow on his way toward the Red School-house. He had timed his visit so that the children would be out-of-doors at their noon play. His "five-cent-a-glass" rang out loudly, and brought dozens of bright faces in sight; and pretty soon, when the man had gone on his way heavier in pocket and lighter in ice-cream, the Deacon read about a little account of what he called natural ice-cream. It had so cool a sound that nearly all the children listened. This is what he read:

"The people of Siberia in winter buy their milk in chunks instead of quarts. For convenience it is sometimes allowed to freeze about a stick which comes as a handle to carry it by. The milkman leaves one chunk or two chunks, as the case may be, at the houses of his customers. The children in Irkutsk, instead of crying for a drink of milk, cry for a bite of milk. The people there in the winter time do not say 'Be careful not to spill the milk,' but 'Be careful not to break the milk.' Broken milk is better than spilled milk, though, because there is an opportunity to save the pieces. Irkutsk people hang their milk on hooks instead of putting it in pans, though, of course, when warm spring weather comes on they have to use the pans or pails, as the milk begins to drop down from the hooks."

A CLEVER ORIOLE.

AN observing correspondent, Mr. G. B. M., sends me a letter about my friends, the orioles, or rather about one of these birds that had an eye to business and who did not believe in neglecting any good opportunity. "It is curious," says Mr. G. B. M., "what a variety of materials Baltimore orioles will use in the construction of their nests. In the lawn of one of the prettiest homes in the State of Maryland a pair of orioles selected a tree in which to build. It was a large fir-tree, about forty-five feet from the house. The lady of the house was sewing by one of the windows opposite this tree early one beautiful summer morning, and, on being called away to some other room, she placed her spool of cotton on the window-sill. When she returned she found the spool was gone, and on looking for it, discovered it on the floor of the porch which was just outside of the window. She found that a considerable length of the cotton was unwound, and looking for the end of it she traced it up to the nest of the oriole, and saw the bird busily weaving it into the nest. The lady placed the spool in the window, and it was shown as a curiosity to all who visited the house. I was one who was so fortunate as to see this curious proof of bird ingenuity."

A HUMBLE WORKER.

THE earth-worm does not stand very high in the community, I admit; but I happen to know that he is an honest, innocent, hard-working, and very useful fellow. Therefore I assent to this printed statement which has been laid on my pulpit:

"The earth-worm eats the earth in order to assimilate a little of the soil that it contains. He harms no root, and only uses a little of the material in which he lives. This indefatigable and silent laborer brings the earth to the surface from below, and the pits and galleries which he makes allow heat and moisture and all the atmospheric agents to penetrate the earth, thus rendering it lighter and consequently more favorable for the growth of the roots of trees and shrubs. As he enters these galleries he draws in with him leaves and mosses; and the very important results of thus burying them is to hasten their decomposition into mold. The earth-worm drains, cultivates, and enriches the soil."

So, girls, don't scream when he happens to squirm quietly across your path,—and you, boys, let him alone; take something else for bait.

DO MOSQUITOES KILL TROUT?

DEAR JACK: Our "Portland Transcript" states from some high authority that mosquitoes are a deadly enemy to young brook-trout. The paper tells of an observer who, one day in June, 1882, while sitting by the Tumichie Creek in Gunnison Valley, Colorado, where the water was clear and shallow, saw a number of newly-hatched mountain brook-trout swimming about. When one of these came to the surface of the water, a mosquito would fly at him and drive his trunk into the little creature's head. When the mosquito flew away, the little fish turned over, dead. Indeed, in the course of half an hour, he saw about twenty trout killed in this way. HARRY C. F.

This is a serious charge against a busy and musical member of our community, my hearers. But, if true, it should be noised abroad. In the Deacon's opinion, the mosquito is capable of almost any crime, but he advises careful investigation. Let those of you who happen in the future to be near trout-streams when the young trout are about, watch sharply. If you see a mosquito attack a young trout,—and you probably will,—report the fact at once to this pulpit.

WHAT IS IT?

YOUR friend Maria I. Hammond has requested me to mention to you the following facts concerning an article with which I am not familiar, but which she says all boys and girls have seen. The lady has a pretty, musical way of putting things, which I rather like:

Half-way in and half-way out
Of its tiny house,
Nearly all the time, no doubt,
Still as any mouse.

But quite suddenly, mayhap,
It will turn around,
Say abruptly, "Click!" or "Clack!"
Make a rattling sound.

Very fond of keeping still
In its little home,
It will go, too,—if you will,—
Anywhere you roam!

Keep on its right side, and learn
'T is a trickish sprite;
Or, perhaps, 't will take a turn,—
Shut you out some night!

Are you wondering where and how
This strange thing can be?
Well—you need not puzzle now—
I 'll give you the key. M. I. H.

SOME LONG-LIVED FISH.

A VERY wise man, Professor Baird by name, seems to think that, accidents excepted, a fish may live as long as it pleases. Carp, for instance, he says, have attained an age of two hundred years. He also says that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age, according to tradition, dated back to the fifteenth century. Another learned fish-observer has asserted that in the royal aquarium of St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that have been known by the records to have been in them one hundred and forty years. Some of them are, he adds, over five times as large as when they were captured, while others have not grown an inch in length. Then the Deacon says he knows a man, who knows another man who has read an account by a Chinaman, who says that there are sacred fish kept in some of the palaces of China that are even older than any of those in Russia. Goldfishes have been known to have belonged to one family in this country for over fifty years

If all this be so, then your Jack's advice to the fishes is, to get into a museum or aquarium as rapidly as possible. But what must be the feelings of a boy when he reflects upon the years of existence that might have been the happy portion of certain fishes of his acquaintance but for his hooks and lines!

A SNAIL'S PACE.

WHO knows what it is? A snail's pace is slow—of that we may be sure—but in how long a time can he go his mile?

This interesting question at last has been definitely settled. I am told that some bright Westerners recently made the following practical experiment:

They allowed half a dozen snails to crawl between two points about ten feet apart, and, by careful watching, the average pace was learned, and it was proved beyond dispute that an unmolested snail can crawl a mile in exactly fourteen days.

But it does not follow, you know, that we need imitate him when sent on an errand.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

A COMMITTEE of three bees came to see me the other day, but as they all buzzed their business at the same time, it was difficult at first to discover what they wanted. They were furiously indignant and not a little discouraged—that was evident—and they made some stinging remarks; but when they finally made me understand that they had seen at the village grocery a jar of their own precious honey, duly labeled and ready for sale, I could not help sympathizing with them, especially as the jar was tightly closed, and while the contents could plainly be seen, no bee on earth could get at it. But just as I was wondering what to say by way of comfort, the clover blossoms all about us began nodding and smiling, and sweet messages from the dear little School-ma'am's flower-garden



came pouring in, and the biggest bee buzzed cheerily:

"Rouze up, fellowz! no uze drowzing here, there 'z a thouzand doz-zen flowerz to be viz-zited yet—*Zip!*"

And off they flew.



By D. COFFIN.



DON'T be frightened, you young folk who were planning to spend your vacation on that cool, breezy corner of Massachusetts. Take "Sinks" as a noun and not as a verb, and read on serenely.

There are many ways of folding paper into pretty little things. There are boxes of several kinds, and the neat three-cornered notes that old English ladies fold; then I have seen people with their skillful fingers make a wonderful outfit, raised to dignity by the great name of Napoleon. How enchanting it was to see Napoleon's "breast-pin" transformed in an instant into his "steamboat," his "*chapeau*" made into his "dust-pan," and so through all the magic changes!

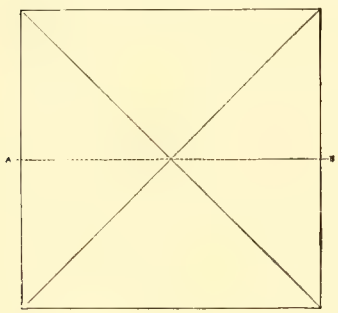
When I want to do something in return for such a pleasure, I make a "sink" such as I learned to make years ago in my island home. And unless some Nantucketer was looking on, I have never met with a person to whom it was not new. Was the art invented in Nantucket? Or did the early English settlers bring it from their old homes in Kent or Devonshire or Norfolk? These are questions for the antiquary; I can not answer them.

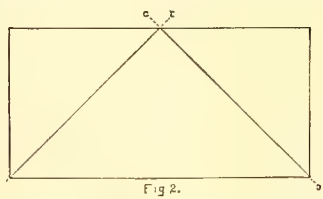
This is the way to make a "sink."

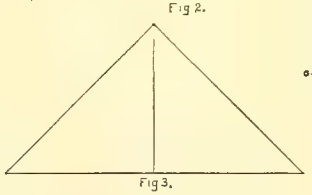
Take a square piece of letter paper, and after creasing it from corner to corner, both ways, to get the exact middle, fold the four corners down to the middle, as in Fig. 1. Every fold, all through, should be creased down to a sharp edge. The beauty of the finished work will depend upon its exactness and neatness. Fold next on the dotted line A B, turning the upper half away from you, which will give Fig. 2. Then fold on the lines D C and F E, turning one part toward you, and the other from you, giving Fig. 3. It will be a "soldier-cap." Put your fingers in and pull it out to a square, Fig. 4. This may be called a square pocket with a slit from top to bottom on each side. Put a finger in this slit and bring the lower point up to *a*, smoothing the paper out nicely and creasing it down in the way that it can not help going, and you will have Fig. 5. Turn the paper over and do the same with the other side. The oblong figure above the triangle you will find is a double wallet. Take the upper outer edge of one of the wallets and bring it down to the lower edge, which you can only do by making a little three-cornered wallet at each end, as in Fig. 6. Do the same to the other side. Bring the three-cornered wallet of each side together, folding by the line L M, first on one side then on the other, and you will have Fig. 7.

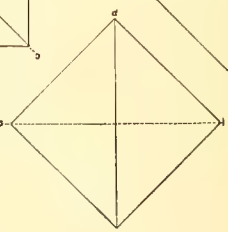
Observe always that the solid lines represent the shape of the paper at the successive stages; the dotted lines are only to fold by.

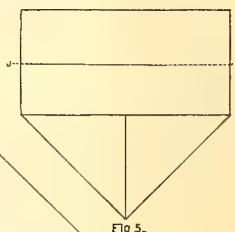
When you have Fig. 7, fold as shown by lines O N, O P, both sides the same, which gives Fig. 8. Fold the right and left hand edges exactly to the middle line, by folding on Q R and S T. Do the same with the other side; this gives Fig. 9. Turn up the low-

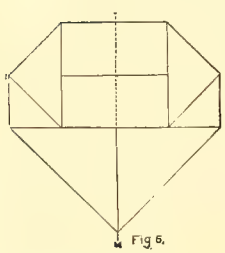

Fig 1.

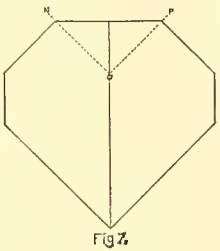

Fig 2.

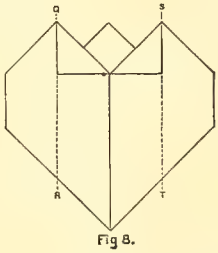

Fig 3.

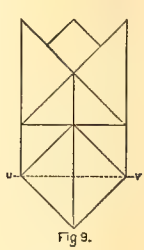

Fig 4.


Fig 5.


Fig 6.


Fig 7.


Fig 8.


Fig 9.

est point on both sides, folding on the line U V, which gives Fig. 10. Fold once more, turning up on the lower edge each side on the line

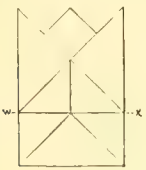


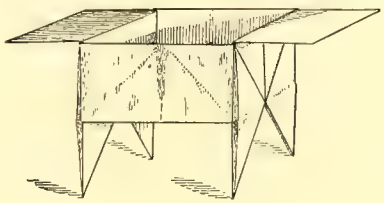
Fig 10.


Fig 11.

W X, and the folding is done! You have a sink in your hands, though it is upside down. Now turn it over and open it out, pushing up the middle point until the bottom is quite flat and pinch its edges into sharp angles. If your paper was a true square in the beginning and you have worked with exactness, you have a sink that will stand on its equal legs with pleasing firmness. If you have n't succeeded, try again till victory perches on your banner.

I know one ingenious youth who sometimes takes a double square of paper,— that is, a rectangle twice as long as it is wide,— and working on it by a similar process as for the common sink, it comes out long and narrow. But the ingenious youth tells me that while he was learning this variety of sink, it would frequently end with the legs pointing in different directions,— those at one end down and the others up in the air. That can never happen in making a square sink.

But try this variation if you choose; "Patience and perseverance will move mountains,"— a motto for your encouragement in many things besides "sinks."



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

TO THE EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: "So long as American boys and girls read the account of the nation's achievements, they will find no chapter more fascinating than that which tells of Sherman's March to the Sea."

Thus ends an article in the May number of your magazine, which "American boys and girls," my children, who have been for many years subscribers, have just read and called to my attention.

The writer of your article, after coldly recounting the facts, that the people of the Southern States embraced in the Confederacy were all devoted to the cause of independence; that no troops of any consequence whatever could be got together to confront Sherman's sixty thousand; that the country was fearfully desolated by him in an unparalleled manner, the foragers bringing in from homes only occupied by women and children, "even articles of furniture, or clothing, for war is often only organized robbery"— after recounting all this, he makes the concluding statement noticed above. Can "American boys and girls" find "no chapter more fascinating than that"?

Without discussing whether legitimate warfare is "organized robbery," or criticising the other quite vulnerable points in the article, I merely ask, in the interest of "fair play," to be allowed to add but a few lines, out of many of similar and sadder import I could write, to that chapter of horrors.

Just after the disbanding of the Confederate armies, I had occasion to pass through a part of North Carolina which Sherman had devastated. Early one morning I stopped at a house to endeavor to obtain some food for my nearly exhausted horse and for myself, of which we both stood in sore need. The region was what is known as "pine-land," very poor and desolate at best, with residences "few and far between," and these of the humblest description, many of which had then been burnt. The one at which I stopped showed in its surroundings that the cruel hand of destruction had been busy there, but it seemed in this respect no worse off than all the others in the "swath" made by "the scythe" of which your writer speaks. As I rode up to the entrance, there was no one to be seen; so, leaving my horse standing (he could do little else, poor fellow) by the steps of the piazza, I knocked at the front door. For some time there was no response from within, and I was beginning to think the place deserted, when I heard tottering steps slowly approaching; then the door was opened a few inches only, and I seemed to be confronted by the wan, emaciated face, the sharp features, and the dull, lack-luster eyes of a corpse. I will never forget the heart-sickening look of that woman, for it was a woman, though little resembling one. She asked me what I wanted, in a feeble, inanimate tone. I explained my horse's and my own necessities.

"Be you a sodger?" she said.

"Yes; I am returning from our disbanded army."

"Waal, you're welcome, then. Come in. I ain't got nothin' for your horse, but I kin give you somethin' to eat."

Motioning me to a seat on a broken chair, she took a dish from a shelf and placed it on a table and, apologizing for lack of plate or spoon, which had disappeared in the "military picnic," as your writer has termed it, invited me to fall to. The stuff was corn boiled whole, and though certainly far from attractive food under ordinary circumstances, I should have been then, in my famished condition, very thankful to devour it, intending to make payment out of a very scanty stock of silver, Confederate money, of course, being useless. But it occurred to me that perhaps the woman had little else for herself and family to eat, and I therefore hesitated to consume what had been placed before me. So I asked her if she had more food in the house.

"A little more corn like that; I ain't had nothing else since Sherman's company cum yere."

"I am glad they left you some corn."

"They did n't leave none. I picked some off the ground where Sherman's men fed their horses; me and Liz did. The horses had tramped it some, but I washed it."

"Where 's your husband?"

"In Mr. Lee's company, in Virginia, if he ain't dead."

"Who is Liz?"

"Liz!" she said, her hitherto dull, expressionless eyes lighting up with the maternal instinct; "Liz!" she repeated slowly. "Why, she was my little gal, but she 's dead now. She used to be powerful hungry, but when she 'd eat, she 'd git gripes and pains like, and then she got thinner and thinner, and then she died; but it won't hurt a big man like you. I eats it. Poor little Liz!"

This can not be "fascinating reading" for American boys and girls in any States of the Union. E. L. W.

No, this sad story is not fascinating reading, nor is it the sort of reading that was furnished by the ST. NICHOLAS article. Every human being with the least sense of compassion must deplore the

sufferings caused by war — and especially that which befalls non-combatants. For war is in itself terrible; and calamities are to be found in its track as inevitably as in the trail of a tornado. The fact that every war involves woe for the innocent does not make its cruelties or wrongs any more excusable or less lamentable. But the task of recording these cruelties and wrongs belongs to the patient chronicler and historian, who will investigate special instances of hardship and abuse on both sides, and sift the mass of testimony concerning them. Any attempt to present in a single magazine article, moreover, an account of a whole campaign must, of necessity, be very general, and the ST. NICHOLAS article dealt with its subject simply as a military movement. If E. L. W. will re-read the account dispassionately,—"in the interest of fair play,"— he will see that the phrases which he quotes are misleading when separated from the text which accompanied them, and that he has been inaccurate in his allusions to the "facts" which he charges our article with "coldly recounting."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only nine years old, and my home is in California. I have been here nine months, and I am going home the last of next month. My brother has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for three or four years, and I have enjoyed reading it, especially "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Jenny's Boarding-House."

I have not enjoyed the winter here, for I was sick for two months; besides, I miss my pets at home. I live on a ranch, and have my little dog "Fido," my cat "Spot," and lots of kittens, and my brother's pony, "Brownie."

I hope you will not think my letter is too long; but I want very much to tell you about the little birds which were brought to me from New York. They were a pair of American goldfinch. They were so tame that they would perch on my finger, and on my head, and were just as cunning as they could be. I am sorry to say that a neighbor's cat came in an open window and killed them both. This naughty cat's name is Beauty, but she is the homeliest cat you ever saw, and she does n't look pretty to us after doing such a naughty thing to my dear little birds. We hope to get another pair before we return to California.

I like to write letters, but I have never written to you before. Now, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your interested reader, FLORENCE A. DE L——.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that I would write to you to tell you that folk in Wichita like you just as well as anybody else. I am a little girl ten years old, and I have taken you ever since I can remember. I have quite a number of books, but the best of all is the ST. NICHOLAS. Wichita is a very large city, and from where we live we can see the Arkansas River. So it makes it very pleasant here in summer-time.

We have seven rose bushes in our yard, and two of them are in bloom; one is a red-rose bush, and the other is yellow, and there are three more in bud.

I take music lessons, and I like it very much. When I get big I 'm going to be a music teacher. Our school had a May picnic last Thursday, and, oh, what fun we did have!

This letter is getting pretty long, so I guess I 'll stop. From your constant reader, LAURA M. H——.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old; and we have been taking you for four years, but this is the first letter I have ever written you. I live on the border between the United States and Mexico; and I can go to a foreign land whenever I wish to, at the expense of twenty cents. Paso Del Norte is just on the other side of the Rio Grande river, and they sometimes call it the mud-town, because it is built of mud and is very old. There is an old church over there which is three hundred years old. The dark eyes of the *señoritas* are seen peeping from under a blue *rebosa*. Well, I must close, so, *adios* (good-bye).

FLORENCE R. B——.

NORTHWEST TERRITORY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not think you have had a letter from the Northwest before. I used to live in Japan, which is very hot; so at first it was very curious to have things sticking to my fingers, because of the cold. We had it forty-five degrees below zero last winter.

There are some wild cattle about here, and in the winter a great many died of starvation; some were so weak that when they tumbled down they could not get up again. One tumbled into our spring, and we had to pull its tail to help it out.

I think "Juan and Juanita" is very interesting. Good-bye.

Yours, MARGARET R. W——.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last year my papa occasionally bought a copy of you, and my sister Carrie and I (she is eight and I am nine) enjoyed reading the stories very much, some of them are so funny. Before the holidays Cousin Louise ordered you sent to us for one year as a Christmas present, and now we receive it regularly. Was n't that nice of her? We are very much interested in "Juan and Juanita," and when we read "Jenny's Boarding-House," it makes us laugh! and we are so anxious to know what becomes of November, the baby, that we can hardly wait for the next number. The "Brownies," too, are very "cunning."

Your loving reader, ANNETTA W. T——.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years. I had intended to write before. I am a little girl nine years old. I have a large St. Bernard dog; he weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. His name is Ringgold. As soon as the fire-bells ring he tries to make us go, and sometimes goes right up to the engine. He is very pretty. He is black, with a white ring around his neck. That is the reason I call him Ringgold.

Your constant reader, EMILY A. W——.

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will begin my letter by telling you where I live, and that is in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Most of the people in the United States think that Yarmouth is a mere fishing port, where the people do nothing but fish. But if they should come and see, they would find it quite a large town. This is my first letter, and as I had never seen any letters from Yarmouth, I thought I would like to write to you. I think your magazine is the best I ever saw for children. I think "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-House" are very interesting, and I always want to see what comes next. I go to the Seminary school. It has eight grades, and I am in the seventh. I have a little sister seven years old, and she is very fond of having me read to her out of the ST. NICHOLAS. She likes the "Brownies" best.

I remain your constant reader, JEANETTE C——.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a dog named Uriah Heep. We named him that because he wriggles around so much. I like the "Brownies," and always look for the Chinaman, the dude, the Irishman, and Yankee; but sometimes the Chinaman does n't turn up; but that 's when he 's boycotted.

Your little friend, MILAREA K——.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your delightful magazine ever since 1879, and we all love you as much as though you were a "real live" person who comes to see us and has a great many nice things to tell us about. The stories which I most enjoy reading are, "ST. NICHOLAS Dog-Stories," "Juan and Juanita," "Historic Girls," and "Jenny's Boarding-House."

The Flower Festival took place not long ago. A large building containing many flowers was devoted to the Festival. There were all kinds of flowers, used in making many representations, among which were those of a boat made of flowers (roses), and called the "Ship of State"; a shoe made of marigolds, containing a figure of an old woman and some other figures of children, all representing the "Old Woman in the Shoe"; also a wharf made of various kinds of flowers, representing the wharf at Santa Monica; and a ship, in full sail, on an ocean of violets, with white flowers for foam. Each night there was a procession which marched through the hall, sometimes persons dressed to represent flowers of different kinds; and at other times the militia would march.—I am thirteen years old.

Your affectionate friend, GRACE K——.

LAPEER, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little brother seven years old. His leg was broken this winter by a load of hay going over it. I like that story about "Jenny's Boarding-House" very much. I have four cousins that live in the same yard with me,— two boys

and two girls. There are a good many in Lapeer that take your magazine. My papa is editor of the "Clarion," and I have to fold papers. My little brother likes the stories about the "Brownies." I will be twelve years old the 4th of September.

Your little friend, BLANCHE W——.

RUTHERFORD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine since last September, and like it very much. I am reading "Juan and Juanita," "Jenny's Boarding-House," and several others. I hope Juan and Juanita got safely home to Mexico. During vacation I go out to my grandpa's in western New York. There are several salt-wells a few miles from where he lives. My uncle took us through the Livingston salt-works at Piffard. There are two wells in the building. The brine is pumped by machinery into large wooden vats and then boiled down by steam-pipes running through the vats. When you enter one of the large rooms it looks like a boiling lake. The men work with their shoes untied, as they sometimes make a misstep and step into the boiling brine. This is table-salt; but there is one mine where rock-salt is mined like coal. We saw one of the miners going home for the night with his lamp fastened to the front of his hat. We brought home some very nice specimens of salt that are shaped like icicles. I remain

Your affectionate reader, HARRY W——.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS; I am a little girl, thirteen years of age. I have a good many friends, so I have a very nice time. I go to the Lincoln School, which is the pleasantest public school in Oakland. I am very much interested in your magazine, although I have only taken it since Christmas. My cousin is up in the mountains, and does not get anything to read excepting your magazine. He likes you very much.

Your loving reader, GRACIE BELLE W——.

ROCKVILLE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-House" are such good stories I could n't keep from writing and telling you. When I get through these stories, I can hardly wait for the next number to come. I like the ST. NICHOLAS more every number.

The 25th of August I will be twelve years old. My sister is sixteen, and enjoys the ST. NICHOLAS as much as I do. The verse about "Rather Crowded" I thought was so good I taught it to my little cousins, who will be four this summer.

Well, I must stop.

Your reader, who loves the ST. NICHOLAS so, CAROLINE.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since November, 1884, and have enjoyed your stories very much, especially "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Driven Back to Eden," and "His One Fault." I have read "Driven Back to Eden" twice, and am now reading "His One Fault" for the second time. I am very much interested in "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-House."

Some time ago I read a letter from a friend of mine in St. Louis who had been to Texas. She spoke of her Aunt Bessie, with whom I was acquainted. I have seen several letters from Texas, but not lately.

I have no pets, but had a canary that died.

It is very warm down here. The thermometer has been as high as eighty-six degrees this year, and will be higher this summer.

I have visited the city of New York twice, but prefer to live in the South. I remain,

Your constant reader, CARRIE E. C——.

SHIPLEY, DERBY, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl aged twelve and a half. I have taken you for three years, and like you better than any other magazine I know. My sister Irene is still too young to understand you, but I think she will soon like the "Brownies." I have got a brother called Godfrey, and another little sister who is only a week old. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the best story that I have read for a long while; "Juan and Juanita" is very interesting too. I have got a great many pets: eighteen guinea-pigs, a lot of canaries and three linnets in a large aviary, sixteen doves, a dog, and two ponies whose names are Pickle and Billy; the former I ride, and the latter I drive in a little cart called the tin. I remain,

Your loving reader, EVIE M——.

CAMDEN, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are just as jolly as you can be. I have taken you for five years, and I keep liking you better and better all the time.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the sweetest story I ever read, I think, and "Juan and Juanita" interests me very much. I only hope they will get home to their mother, the Señora, all right.

I think the dear little "Brownies" are too sweet for anything, especially the "dude" and the Chinaman.

I am thirteen years old, and live in Camden, Maine, a lovely little seaport and watering place on Penobscot Bay.

Your most devoted friend and reader, LOUISE E. S——.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think it will interest all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to hear about my little marmoset, which came all the way from South America, and my dear little canary-bird, which I love very much.

I did not know that marmosets, in their own country, eat the little birds, so I put my two pets in the same room. Very soon my mother heard a little noise, and found that the wicked monkey had climbed on Dicky's cage and was trying to kill him. The poor little bird was badly bitten, and although my mother did all she could for him, I am afraid he will never sing again.

I hope you will publish this letter, so that if any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have a marmoset they will not be so foolish as to put him in the same room with a canary.

Your interested reader, HENRIETTE DE R——.

HACKBERY, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy seven years old, and I like you very much. I read your easy stories aloud to my mamma and sister, and they read the hard ones to me.

I like "Lord Fauntleroy," the "Brownies," and the "Griffin," but I don't think any of them can beat "Nimble Jim," "Hippity Hop," and "Tommie's Cousins," in some back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS that my brother took when he was a little boy. He is a cadet at West Point now, but still likes ST. NICHOLAS; he says several of the cadets take you, and they all like to read you. If you print this, perhaps he will see it and will know it is from his little brother, PAUL O——.

DENVER, COL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl thirteen years old. I thought as I have not written before, I would write now and tell you how much I enjoy you. We have taken you ever since you have been published, except the first year. I enjoy "Juan and Juanita" so much, and "Jenny's Boarding-House." I played "Roses Red" over on our piano, and think it is a very sweet little song. I think the "Brownies" are very cunning. My little brother Henry, aged five and a half years, is never tired of hearing some of us read to him "The Strange Horse-Car." The only pet I have is a minnow which was caught a short time ago in a creek not far from our house. I have three brothers and no sisters. I am afraid my letter is too long, so I will say good-bye.

Your affectionate reader, NELLIE D——.

UNIONVILLE, CONN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls seven and nine years old, living with our grandpapa all alone in this great house. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years, but this is the first letter that we have ever written to you. We like the "Brownies," and think Mr. Cox must be very nice.

We are your little friends, JENNIE AND ANNABEL.

CLINTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and I have never written you a letter before, so I hope this will be published. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for ten years. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and all the other stories ever so much. I took another magazine for a year, but I went back to the ST. NICHOLAS. I have taken it ever since I can remember.

Your loving reader, KITTY D——.

SALEM, MASS.

DEAR "JACK IN THE PULPIT": I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS for nearly five years, and like it very much indeed. I shall be twelve years old in July. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Prince Fairyfoot" very much, and am very much interested in "Juan and Juanita."

I write this note to ask if any of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS

can tell what mistake Mr. H. A. Ogden has made on page 522 of the May number of ST. NICHOLAS, in "Winning a Commission." Now I must close, for fear my note will be too long to be put in the ST. NICHOLAS. Your interested reader, NANNIE W——.

ARCACHON, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I receive you every month and enjoy you very much. We passed last summer in Wiesbaden for my painting and violin (though I prefer the mandolin), then went through beautiful Switzerland into Italy. Queen Marguerite is lovely. We then came to the south of France to Biarritz, where the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress passed their summers in the days of the Empire. The Villa Eugénie was opposite our hotel. This is a pretty little forest village on top of a hill, and quite near where the earthquakes were, but we did not feel them. Many refugees came here. We had the highest tide this week ever known on the coast of France, called by many a tidal wave. It did no damage, however. I collect old coins, postage stamps and everything, and am very fond of animals, especially as I am an only girl and my brothers much older. I ride horseback or in the dog-cart in the morning, and in the afternoon walk in the forest with my French governess. I was born in San Francisco fifteen years ago, and have been traveling ever since I was six months old. Excuse this long letter from

Your friend, K——.

SAUCELITO, MARIN CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I began taking you last November, and am very much interested in you. I like your stories of "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding-House," and I think the "Brownies" are full of mischief.

We have five pets,—two dogs, a cat, and two kittens. The dogs' names are Tom and Chance. Tom is very young, but he wants to fight every dog he sees. The other dog we call Chance because he followed Mamma home. The cat is a Maltese, and a very good ratter. The kittens are little April fools, for they were born on the 1st of April. One is very lively and gets out of the box a good many times a day. The other does not get out of the box so much. Their names are Tabby and Jumbo.

Your loving reader, GEORGE H. H——.

HERE are some rhymes by an eight-year-old poet of Detroit, Master Jack Prentis:

THE SUNSHINE.

THE sunshine is a glorious thing,
That shines on sea and land;
On battle-plain and field it shines,
And everywhere I stand.

The sunshine is a glorious thing,
That shines on great and small;
It shines on rich and poor alike,
And rock and towered hall.

And now may you and every one
Be faithful to the sun,
And try and shine in your own light
As bright as it has done.

WE present our thanks for pleasant and welcome letters to the young friends whose names are given in the following list: James Wilber Tate, Fred Burwell, Florence R. Greer, A. Griggs, May Sanders, Ogden K. Lodge, A. R. B., Bessie Robbins, E. K., Abbie R., Daisy F. Barlow, Florence V. Thorpe, Grace Van W., Arthur T. Jones, Mary A. Cook, Stella Mardis, "Cuckoo," John Warren, Alice Smith, Will H., Fannie H. M., Camilla Van K., "Mirandolina," Crom H., Grace E. Miller, H. P. Adams, E. G. L., Daisy and Lena, Sam Harper, Carrie M. A., "The Two L's," Otto Fleming, Bessie F. Carpenter, Clara R. Warren, Agnes M. C., Ruth Holmes, Jeannie M. Graves, Frankie Willis, Florence F. Keith, Mollie Orr, Florence W. H., Anna Wetmore, F. L. C., Grace C. Dotten, Jennie B., Allan F. Barnes, La Verne Hopper, and Irene R.



A JAPANESE BABY AND HIS PETS. (DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD.)

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Inez. 2. Name. 3. Emir. 4. Zero.

EASY GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Fact. 2. Aloe. 3. Coma 4. Teal. II. 1. Fort. 2. Oboe. 3. Rota. 4. Teal. III. 1. Teal. 2. Ebro. 3. Arab. 4. Lobe. IV. 1. Lobe. 2. Oval 3. Bars. 4. Else. V. 1. Lobe. 2. Oven. 3. Bead. 4. Ends.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. Primals, chaffinch; finals, interests. Cross-words: 1. CalculI. 2. HarpooN. 3. AnnuleT. 4. FalcatE. 5. FluttеR. 6. IteratE. 7. NonpluS. 8. ConduiT. 9. HideouS.

BEHEADINGS. Independence. 1. I-mage. 2. N-ever. 3. D-ears. 4. E-rode. 5. P-lump. 6. E-rase. 7. N-acre. 8. D-read. 9. E-mend. 10. N-once. 11. C-over. 12. E-vent.

TRIANGLE. 1. Alcoran. 2. Leaven. 3. Caned. 4. Over. 5. Red. 6. An. 7. N.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Gettysburg. 1. faGot. 2. spEar. 3. alTar. 4. otTer. 5. drYad. 6. buSts. 7. saBot. 8. frUit. 9. cuRve. 10. paGes.

CROWDED DIAMONDS. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. C. 2. Man. 3 Mural. 4. Caribou. 5. Nabit. 6. Lot. 7. U. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. B. 2. Dot. 3. Laura. 4. Boudoir. 5. Troll. 6 Ail. 7. R.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Juan Fernandez ("Robinson Crusoe"). Cross-words: 1. Jamaica. 2. Unst. 3. Australia. 4. Nicobar. 5. Falkland. 6. Elba. 7. Rhodes. 8. Nova Zembla. 9. Antigua. 10. Newfoundland. 11. Dominica. 12. Enderby Island. 13. Zanzibar.

REMARKABLE ANAGRAMS. 1. Nostalgia. 2. Senator. 3. Gnashing. 4. Usurper. 5. Spermaceti. 6. Antagonist. 7. Platitudes. 8. Mountaineers.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."—*Letter to Mrs. Adams*, July 3, 1776.

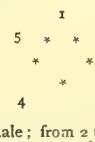
ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. L. S. 3. Lea. 4. Bear. 5. Sam. 6. Am. 7. R. II. 1. R. 2. Ha. 3. Ham. 4. Rate. 5. Ate. 6. Me. 7. E. III. 1. R. 2. Ma. 3. Mim (ic). 4. Rice. 5. Ace. 6. Me. 7. E. IV. 1. R. 2. Ra (p). 3. Ram. 4. Rare. 5. Are. 6. Me. 7. L. V. 1. E. 2. Ed. 3. Eve. 4. Evil. 5. Dim. 6. Em. 7. L.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In consequence of advancing the date of issue, hereafter answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15, from Maud E. Palmer — Russell Davis — Grace Kupfer — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — "Blithedale," — Maggie T. Turrill — K. G. S. — Mamma and Fanny — A. Fiske and Co. — Francis W. Islip — Margaret, Muriel, and Edith Grundy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15, from F. Boskovoitz, 2 — "Piccola, Noel, Arthur, and Lance," 3 — Heliotrope and Mignonette, 1 — "L. E. Nor," 4 — Amy F., 1 — Sister and I, 2 — "Venus and Minerva," 10 — Ida Rowland, 1 — "Little Buttercup," 2 — V. de B., 1 — "Auntie and I," 10 — "Odd Fish," 2 — Melanie, 1 — Rose and Oak, 1 — C. O. D., 1 — Everett P. Babcock, 1 — Fred Grabill, 1 — Tote, 1 — "Four Merry Girls," 1 — "Livy," 2 — Louise B. Murphy, 1 — W. K. C., 4 — Lily and Belle, 1 — Gertrude Allen, 1 — Gertrude L. Sprague, 1 — Anne Maynard, 1 — C. F. H., J. D. H., and Mamma, 9 — Ellen S., 1 — S. and B. Rhodes, 10 — "Paul and Virginia," 1 — J. F. Entz, 1 — Lou L. B., 4 — Wm. D. Keep, 2 — Alvin Barry and Violet, 2 — "May and '79," 6 — Helen and Ed, 4 — "Miss Tommy and Eureka," 8 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — "H. S. Nut, Jr.," 5 — Patience, 4 — Gladys and Kyrle, 5 — "One Third, 1 — M. E. Plummer, 2 — "Cadet 94," 1 — "St. Olaf's Kirk," 1 — "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 2 — "Falcon," 1 — "Nellie Bly," 10 — H. D. H., 1 — Buff and Rychie, 4 — Elise Ripley, 9 — R. V. O., 6 — "Three Graces," 2 — Scotty, 8 — Elsie Burrows, 1 — "Lehte," 11 — Halle P. Adams, 1 — Nellie and Reggie, 11 — Paul Reese, 7 — Hester Drayton Boylston, 3 — Prince Leo, 6 — "Rose," 1 — "Apple-blossom and Sweet-pea," 5 — "X.," 4 — "Mrs. Aleshine," 4 — Low Henry, 2 — "Triangle," 4 — John G. Ames, Jr., 4 — L. C. B., 8 — "Family Kid," 6 — "Professor and Co.," 7 — "Ben Zeen," 5 — Féodor, 3 — Stewart, 1 — "Scotchie," 1 — P. M. S., 2 — M. F. R., 1 — "Fanned," 5 — Jo and I, 6 — Nell R. 7 — No Name, Thornton Lodge, 8 — Annie Boone, 2 — Birdie Koehler, 9 — "Solomon Quill," 7 — Q. L., 1 — No name, Brownsville, Tex., 2 — Mary A. Cook, 1 — "Yenoh," Frankfort, 5.

THREE EASY STARS.



I. FROM 1 to 3, to exhale; from 2 to 4, small Portuguese coins; from 5 to 3, humble; from 4 to 2, a wizard; from 5 to 2, a lake.

II. From 1 to 3, the subject of many poems; from 1 to 4, to debate; from 4 to 2, captured; from 5 to 3, part of the day; from 5 to 2, a corner; from 3 to 5, mid-day.

III. From 1 to 3, an animal; from 1 to 4, an exploit; from 5 to 2, to think; from 3 to 5, a pastoral pipe; from 2 to 5, recompense.

"CŒDIPUS."

HALF-SQUARES.

I. 1. AN elaborate discourse. 2. To repay. 3. To expiate. 4. Harmony. 5. Anger. 6. A preposition. 7. In preposition.

II. 1. An arrogant menace. 2. The title of a book by "H. H." 3. Friendship. 4. To elect. 5. Some. 6. Half of a valley. 7. In opera.

"DYCIE."

FLOWER PUZZLE.

THE second letter of each of the flowers which compose the answer, when added together, will spell a season, part of which comes in August.

1. The emblem of *energy in adversity*. Shakespeare has said of this flower, "The more it is trodden on the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears."

2. The emblem of *faithful love*. It has derived this meaning, perhaps, from the poet Chaucer, who states that the fair queen Alceste, having sacrificed her life to preserve that of her husband, was changed into this flower.

3. The emblem of *love in absence*. This flower was dedicated to Venus. At Athens it was an emblem of civic authority. Among the ancients this plant was a great favorite for its elegance of form and its fragrant, evergreen leaves.

4. This is the emblem of *perfect goodness*, and it is said to be sacred to the fairies.

5. The emblem of *beauty and purity*. It was consecrated to Isis and Osiris; and the priestesses of Isis wore wreaths of this flower.

6. The emblem of *hope*. One variety of this flower is the "Life Everlasting."

7. The emblem of *friendship*. Thetis, the mother of Achilles, is represented by the ancients as of dark complexion, with disheveled hair about her shoulders, and upon her head a coronet of these flowers.

"FLORIST."

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

EACH of the ten following groups of letters may be transposed so as to form one word. When these ten words are placed one below another in the order here given, one perpendicular row of letters will spell a word meaning the science of instruction, and another row will spell a word meaning teachers of children.

1. R I M P R O P E.
2. D E E M S P A T.
3. D E S I G R A B.
4. D E A R T O M E.
5. S A P G R E E D.
6. I T A U C O U S.
7. C O T S T A G E.
8. R I T U N J O E.
9. S C R I T R E E.
10. D E E P S I D S.

"SILAS WEGG."

WORD-SQUARE.

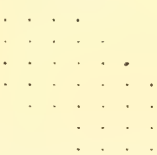
1. TO EXTORT by violence. 2. A term used in heraldry. 3. An ant. 4. Wasted. 5. A musical term meaning that all the singers or players shall perform together.

"EUREKA."



EACH of the twenty little pictures in the above illustration suggests the name of a fish. Name the fishes in the order in which they are numbered.

HEXAGON.



1. UNFURNISHED. 2. Minute particles. 3. One of the books of the Bible. 4. To proceed from. 5. Trapped. 6. A horse. 7. A whirlpool. CYRIL DEANE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and am a familiar couplet from Pope's "Essay on Man."

My 37–14–66–21–2–18–59 is to salute with kindness. My 48–30–25–55–39 is to utter with a quavering of voice. My 44–42–34–6 is to cry loudly. My 50–53–56–68–8 was a woman of ancient times who was noted for her beauty. My 41–51–46–16 is a period of time. My 11–54–65–9–27–1–61–20–24 is courage. My 13–63–23–32–57–47–4–64–10 is enormous. My 35–40–12–29 is a tribe. My 60–28–19–38 is a stone for sharpening razors. My 62–5–36–52–31–49–67–22–43–69 is nourishing. My 15–17–3–26 may be seen near the altar in many churches. My 58–33–7–45 is a pile. "V. IRGIL."

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a valley, and leave a beverage. 2. Behead a fruit, and leave to roam. 3. Behead close, and leave part of the head. 4. Behead to degrade, and leave the lower part of a column. 5. Behead said, and leave venerable. 6. Behead a kind of wood, and leave emaciated. 7. Behead a large basin, and leave to assert. 8. Behead a frolic, and leave an ancient ship. 9. Behead public, and leave an inclosure.

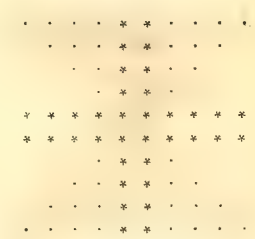
The beheaded letters will spell the name of a great Italian sculptor. "ODD FISH."

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

1. TAKE part of a chair from heated moderately, and leave to marry. 2. Take an animal from looking sullenly, and leave to hurl. 3. Take to decline from a narrow fabric, and leave the limb of a bird. 4. Take part of a chair from to declare, and leave a fermented liquor. 5. Take a small poisonous insect from enclosing, and leave to adhere. 6. Take quick from the heading of a chapter, and leave a young shoot. 7. Take an edge from slid, and leave hastened. 8. Take a number from an omen of ill, and leave a harbor. 9. Take to mistake from a boat, and leave for what reason. 10. Take a fragment from to describe, and leave to supplicate. 11. Take a cave from an animal of a certain class, and leave to decay.

All of the words removed consist of the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the central row of letters will spell the name of a notorious character in the French revolution, who was executed on August 28th, 1794. "ANNA CONDOR."

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS.



ACROSS: 1. A recent wonderful discovery. 2. Substantial. 3. An illness. 4. The Greek goddess of youth. 5. Once in two years. 6. Mental pangs. 7. A bivalve. 8. A town of South France. 9. A character in the "Merchant of Venice." 10. A city that is greatly benefited by the discovery named in the first cross-word.

CENTRALS (reading downward), first row, unpitying; second row, an eastern country and one of its inhabitants.

DOWNWARD: 1. In pushing. 2. A verb. 3. The Christian name of the hero of one of Burns's poems. 4. A territory of the United States. 5 (right-hand side of central rows). A girl's nickname. 6. Joyous. 7. A boy's nickname. 8. In pushing.

DOWNWARD (beginning with the first letter of the last row): 1. In pushing. 2. A prefix meaning "double." 3. A covering for the head. 4. A sac. 5 (right-hand side of central rows). A *carte du jour*. 6. A title. 7. A giant king slain by the Jews under Moses. 8. In pushing. GERTRUDE.

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TIB TYLER HELPS HER LITTLE FRIEND.

(SEE PAGE 804.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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TIB TYLER'S BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

BY NORA PERRY.

ALL the girls were out on the steps of the Ocean House at Burton Beech, waiting to see Tib Tyler's mother. They were girls whose ages ranged from twelve to fourteen and fifteen — girls, you understand, not young ladies. Tib herself was thirteen. Her name was Elizabeth, but a little sister had twisted the long name into Libbet and Tibbet, and by and by it had run into Tib. Tib was a nice girl and a nice-looking girl, a little spoiled, older people used to say, because she got so much attention. This attention came from her mother's many friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Tyler was very popular and very handsome. She was thirty years old, but she *looked* twenty. I suppose thirty years may seem a great age to the twelve and thirteen-year-olds who read this. But if you had seen Mrs. Prince Tyler, you would think differently. Tall and slender and graceful, she used to come down the hotel piazza, with a lovely smile on her lips; and people who had n't seen her before would say, "Who *is* that lovely girl?"

All who knew her, were attracted to Mrs. Prince Tyler. Her husband's name was Norman Prince Tyler, and Mrs. Tyler's greatest admirers and friends used often to call her the Princess of Normandy.

"Tib 's a lucky girl, I think, to have such a mother," said one of the girls who were waiting, the day that I speak of, to see Mrs. Tyler, who was coming back to the beach after a fortnight's visit at Saratoga.

"Lucky? — why?" suddenly asked a newcomer, who had not yet seen the Princess of Normandy.

For full three seconds Emily Waring, who had just made her emphatic statement of Tib's luck, stared at little Clarry Evanston before answering, then she broke out still more emphatically:

"Well, it 's clear that you are a late arrival, Miss Clarry Evanston, and that you don't know about things. Lucky? would n't you think it was lucky to be made much of by everybody, because you had a mother that was — well, like a sort of queen? Now, would n't you?"

"I — I don't know," said Clarry.

"Oh!" cried the whole flock of girls at this.

The color flushed Clarry's face a deep pink.

"They think I am envious and jealous," she thought. This thought gave her courage to explain — to say shyly:

"I — I was thinking I should care — should be so proud of *her*, that I should n't — should n't think of any attentions to myself."

Jenny Marshall, a tall girl of fourteen, nodded her head approvingly, and said quickly:

"Yes, of course,—anybody 'd be proud of her. Oh, she 's such a darling!" enthusiastically. "She 's just as sweet to us girls, every one of us, as she is to grown-up people."

It was just at this moment that they heard the roll of carriages and omnibuses coming up the road, or street; and a moment after, with a great clatter, a landau came wheeling around the curve, and they saw a girl's head leaning forward out of the window, nodding gayly to them.

They would have cried, "How-d'ye-do, Tib?" then and there, if Tib had been alone; but over and above Tib's head beamed the face of the beautiful Princess of Normandy.

Clarry Evanston drew in a deep breath — a

breath of delighted admiration. So this was Tib's mamma. She stood back a little, and watched the others,—saw the girls flock forward, and two or three who were on the piazza, jump up and run down the steps,—all to speak with, to assist if they could, that charming creature who sat smiling at them from the landau. She gave her bag to one, her umbrella to another, her book and her shawl to this hand and that, outstretched with proffers of service. Then the whole troop followed her in, and one asked for her room-key, and one offered to fetch this and another to fetch that, fully repaid, it seemed, by the sweet smiles she bestowed, and the word or two of thanks.

That night, after supper, Clarry wrote home to her mother the following letter, which will explain a number of things to the reader:

DEAR MOTHER: I received the pretty little jacket and the hat this morning, by express. The jacket is lovely, and so is the hat. Mrs. Needham says it 's the prettiest hat here, and when I told her you trimmed it, she could hardly believe it. She says she does n't see how you ever find time to do such work, but I told her you *made* time to do everything for everybody; and so you do, dear Mammy. Mrs. Needham told me to tell you that I am no trouble at all to her, so you see you need n't worry about that and think you must hurry away for that reason. But I do wish you were here, Mammy; everything is so lovely; and oh, Mammy! there came to-night the sweetest, prettiest lady you ever saw. She has a daughter about my age. They call her Tib, and I think I shall like her very much. I *know* I shall like her mother,—everybody does. Give my love to grandmother, and come as soon as you can to

Your loving daughter,
CLARRY EVANSTON.

The next afternoon Clarry had just left her room and was going down the corridor, when she heard some one call out:

"Have you a button-hook?"

She went toward the open doorway from which the voice proceeded, and saw Tib Tyler sitting on the floor in front of a little girl on a big sofa. And she was trying with her fingers to button a pair of overshoes on the little friend who had come to her for help before going to dig in the damp sand. Tib looked up as she caught sight of Clarry.

"Oh, I thought it was Emily Waring, but never mind,—*have* you a button-hook to lend me?"

Clarry ran back and soon returned with the hook, and in three minutes after the two girls were in the full swing of girl-chat, getting acquainted famously.

Tib buttoned the little girl's boots and sent her away happy, and then proceeded to do something that astonished Clarry. This was to sew on to the front of her jacket a fresh set of buttons. The buttons were silk, and it was by no means a task that a girl of thirteen is generally appointed to do.

Tib saw Clarry's look of astonishment, and said, "I 'm Jack at all trades. If I had to wait for Felice, I should wait till doomsday."

"Is Felice your nurse?"

"*My nurse!* A great, tall thing like me with a nurse! No, she 's the maid—Mamma's maid mostly. But ladies have to have so many things done for them, you know!"

Clarry murmured a feeble assent. But she did n't know anything of the kind. Her experience had n't been wide; it was confined almost entirely to her own mother, who never seemed to have much done for her. But, then, with a beautiful princess like Mrs. Tyler—of course it was different. While Clarry was thinking this, Tib was sewing on her buttons and running on in a ceaseless chatter.

"Your name is n't only Clarry?—oh, Clarissa! What an old-fashioned name! You were named for your mother, eh? I was named for an aunt. My mother's name is Edith. I call her Edith, myself, sometimes. She does n't mind—she laughs—she likes it. Mamma and I are great chums—like sisters. I have a real sister, though; she 's with the nurse at Grandma's; it costs too much for us all to come here. Is that the reason your mother is n't here?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so!" answered Clarry. "My mother went to see my grandmother first, because Grandmother is n't very well, and the two boys, my brothers, are with her. I needed sea air, the doctor said, so Mother sent me here in Mrs. Needham's care."

"Tib, Tib,—Tibby," called a musical voice, "here!"

"There 's Mamma, now, and Felice is away, I 'm almost sure. Come with me; we 'll all go down together in a minute."

So into the presence of the beautiful Princess, Clarry was thus summarily taken. The Princess smiled in her sweetest manner, and captivated Clarry anew by saying:

"Oh, I remember this face, and this fluffy, yellow hair! She is like our Margie, Tib; I thought so at once when I saw her last night."

Clarry felt as if she had heard the greatest of compliments, and looked up in unspeakable admiration into the soft, dark eyes that were smiling down at her.

Tib, in the meantime, was taking Felice's place, doing all sorts of little toilet services, in the most matter-of-course way. Clarry looked on in amazement. It seemed almost as if Tib and her mother had changed places in their relationship; Tib being the active little mamma, and Mrs. Tyler the dependent daughter. Clarry herself was not an idle girl at home; she had certain duties assigned to her which she never tried to shirk; but Tib did n't appear to have any special duties; she was, as she had said, "Jack at all trades," and a generally useful person.

But if Clarry was amazed, she was also amused,

and especially so when Tib, at the last moment before they left the room, said:

"O Mamma! don't carry that blue shawl; take the white one with gold stripes." Tib, it seemed, had a very clear idea of clothes, not only for herself but for her mother. And what lovely clothes this lovely mamma did wear! And really what lovely clothes everybody wore since the Princess of Normandy had arrived, to dazzle and suggest with her numerous toilets!



"TALL AND SLENDER AND GRACEFUL, SHE CAME DOWN THE HOTEL STEPS."

When next Clarry wrote to her mother, there was this little sentence in her letter:

"The ladies dress so beautifully here! Mrs. Tyler has a wonderful polonaise, like a picture, made out of a brocade worked with pearls, that was her great-aunt's. Could n't you get Grandmother to let you have that pretty old corn-colored brocade that she used to wear when she was young?"

"What has come over the child?" exclaimed Grandmother Evanston as she read this sentence in Clarry's letter. "I hope she is n't getting her head turned with these fine fiddle-faddles, Clarissa."

"Oh no, my Clarry is too sensible for that," said Clarry's Mamma.

"But, Clarissa, if you would like my corn-colored brocade, you are welcome to it."

Mrs. Evanston replied with a laugh. "Oh no, Grandma, it is n't at all suited to me. Clarry has a child's idea of things, and I thought you 'd be amused by it, that 's all."

Mrs. Evanston the elder shook her head. "It looks to me, Clarissa, as if Clarry was getting something more than a child's idea — that she was getting the idea of fashion and show."

"Oh, no, no; I can trust my Clarry."

Grandmother Evanston shook her head. This was Tuesday. On Tuesday night Mrs. Evanston wrote to Clarry that she might expect to see her Wednesday, — that she would come in the afternoon train.

When the distant rumble of the carriages and omnibuses reached Clarry's ears at five o'clock the next afternoon, she ran down the steps of the piazza, out upon the verge of the avenue, to catch the first glimpse of her mother, so excited was she. The little knot of girls left on the piazza laughed as her fluff of light hair blew out, and her hat blew off in her speed. First one carriage and then another rolled up and past Clarry, but her mother was in neither. Oh, what had hindered her, what had happened? But presently the omnibus loomed in sight. Nothing had happened, but her mother had come up in that, instead of in a carriage. As the driver saw Clarry's eager face, he stopped for her to get in, and for a moment the vague chagrin and disappointment she had felt that her mother had come up in a common omnibus, instead of a fine shining landau, was forgotten in the delight of greeting the dear "mammy."

All the little group of girls were waiting, eager and curious, as the big lumbering vehicle stopped at the piazza steps.

They saw, not another Princess of Normandy, but a small, thin little lady, with brown hair, turning gray beneath her simple gray straw bonnet. There was nothing stylish about her, either in her air or her dress. She smiled a little upon the group of girls, but that was all. She did not stop, as Mrs. Tyler would have done, with some sweetly toned remark, or question if these were her Tib's friends; and the girls, accustomed as they had become to Mrs. Tyler's manner, glanced at one another with vague disappointment.

"Not much like —" began Emily Waring a moment later, when a "hush!" from Tib made her turn to see Clarry coming back for a hand-bag that had been left behind. Of course all the girls' faces wore a look of embarrassment at this crisis, and Clarry saw it and felt it. She had heard, too, those unfortunate words, "Not much like—" and divined at once what Emily was preparing to say,— that the new-comer was not much like Mrs. Tyler.

At first a feeling of resentment took possession of Clarry's mind. Her dear "mammy" was better than anybody, and not to be compared with anybody, either. But that night, when she waited while her mother made certain little alterations in her toilet before going down to dinner, she thought, "If Mother would only crimp her hair and put it up high, she *would* look nicer"; and with Clarry, "nicer" meant, just then, more fashionable. But the dear "mammy" did not crimp her hair, nor put it up high, neither did she wear diamonds nor grand gowns like Mrs. Tyler and the gay throng of ladies who followed in Mrs. Tyler's train and made such a brilliant show. Her hair rippled softly away from its parting, and was gathered into a great knot at the back, and her gown was a pale gray, made very simply, and trimmed here and there with fine lace. Clarry did not know *how* fine this lace was, then.

As she walked through the big hall and into the dining-room with Clarry's hand in hers, Clarry noticed that one and another glanced up at the gray-clad figure with a look of scrutiny. Were they thinking as Emily Waring had thought? Were they comparing her — these grown-up people, as Emily Waring had compared her — with Mrs. Tyler?

The days slipped by after this in an odd, disjointed sort of fashion with Clarry. She loved the dear "mammy"; there was nobody like her, of course. But Clarry had entered a new life, before her mother arrived, which held her and fascinated her,— a new life where her mother had no part.

"You don't mind, do you, Mother dear, if I wait with the other girls for Tib and her mamma to go into lunch? Tib wants us all at her table this noon"; or, "Mammy dear, Mrs. Tyler asked me if I would drive with her and Tib to-night. May I?" were some of the propositions that Clarry seemed constantly putting to her mother; and her mother appeared to be quite willing that Clarry should take her pleasure in her own way, and offered no objection to any of these propositions.

There came at last a great occasion at the hotel,— a concert and grand reception, which was to be followed by a dance for young and old.

"And, O Mammy! I do wish you had Grandma's beautiful old brocade," said Clarry, regretfully, as she stood at her mother's bureau drawer, looking over the laces and gloves.

"But I have something much more suitable for me than Grandma's brocade, dear"; and Mrs. Evanston lifted from her trunk a pearl-gray silk, trimmed with white lace.

To Clarry, who had been dazzled for the last few weeks by elaborate combination-gowns of various hues and fabrics gorgeously trimmed and set off by gold cord and fringe and feathers mixed bewilderingly with lace, this soft, modest pearl-gray gown looked old-womanish and old-fashioned, and she gave utterance to something of this feeling to her mother.

Mrs. Evanston smiled a little. "Yes, I know how you feel — how it seems to you now, Clarry; but gay gowns are not suited to me, my dear."

It was a very pretty scene that greeted the eyes of mother and daughter as they went down into the hall together that night of the festival. All the rooms were opened as far as the wide doors would admit, and festoons of greenery and flowers

and potted plants and bright-colored lanterns gave an enchanted aspect to everything. They were early, and thus had the advantage of seeing the brightly dressed women,—not only of their hotel, but from the other hotels,—come trooping in.

"Oh, it is like Fairyland!" whispered Clarry, squeezing her mother's hand as the music struck up; and down the long hall the festoons waved, and the lanterns swung over the heads of the people.

ter than Tib, and Tib looks much more as if she belonged to that little Mrs. Evanston."

Clarry had looked up at this, half pleased, half ashamed and resentful. In a mirror she saw her mother, from whom she had strayed away, standing talking earnestly with a tall, awkward-looking man. Mrs. Evanston had a little defect in her figure—an unevenness of shoulder, which showed very distinctly when she stood in certain positions.



"CLARRY TURNED QUICKLY AND SAW THE SMILING FACES OF TWO NEW ACQUAINTANCES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The band gave its brilliant little concert, as a sort of overture, then came what the ladies called a reception, where two or three of those who had come to the place the earliest received the others and welcomed the invited guests from the outside. Mrs. Tyler was the queen of these receiving hostesses; she easily looked the queen in her beautiful white silk dress, set off by Jacqueminot roses, and with diamonds sparkling at her ears and throat. Clarry, more charmed than ever by all this beauty of appearance, hovered about her as a bee hovers about a flower. More than one, observing the two as they stood thus near each other, had remarked not only upon Mrs. Tyler's beauty, but upon Clarry's also. At last, Clarry overheard some one say:

"She looks much more like Mrs. Tyler's daughIt showed very distinctly as Clarry looked at her, and became for the moment a deformity. Clarry hated herself even then, as she allowed her eyes to stray to another reflection, that of Mrs. Tyler, tall, straight, and beautiful, whose companion just then was a tall, straight, and handsome man—an elegant, distinguished looking man, Clarry thought.

"Of course my mother is the best mother in the world," said the girl to herself; "and I could n't love her any more if she was as beautiful as Mrs. Tyler; but if she only would wear prettier clothes like—like—" and Clarry's eyes wandered to the gay raiment and jewels that shone under the chandelier; and perhaps she said to herself, also, as she looked at her mother's awkward companion, and at Mrs. Tyler's elegant cavalier, "If her friends, too, were only like—like—" It was while she

was thinking these very thoughts, half ashamed all the time, that a gay, light tinkle of girlish voices fell upon her ear, and one of the voices suddenly said:

"Oh, here she is!"

Clarry turned quickly and saw the smiling faces of two new acquaintances — girls she had met in her search after wild flowers during the past week. Clarry was very proud of these new acquaintances, for they were not only, by every external sign, charming, well-bred girls, but they were the daughters of a very distinguished literary man.

As she responded to their cordial exclamations, the elder and taller of the two, Esther Meredith by name, bent forward, after a moment, and whispered:

"Introduce us to your mother, do; she is *too* lovely."

Clarry was standing at the left, and a little in front of Mrs. Tyler, and caught with these words the double glance that included her with the beautiful woman beside her — the double glance of admiration that put her for the moment on the same pedestal of distinction and glory.

Her mother! She looked up at the tall and stately woman whose shining robes almost touched her. She began even then to say, "This is not —" when Mrs. Tyler caught her look, — it was a strange, confused look, — and noticing at the same time the admiring faces of the two newcomers, she said to Clarry:

"What is it, my little girl? Are these some new friends of yours?"

Clarry's heart beat hard and fast. Mrs. Tyler had called her "my little girl." It seemed to her so awkward, so difficult, so impolite, so forward, to make denial, or explanation now — she could do that later. Thus, in the flash of a moment, Clarry, confused and nonplused, without saying, "This is not my mother," merely repeated the names of her new friends; and after that moment, how strangely changed everything seemed! The band played, the flower odors came up from the garden, the garlands and flags swung, and people laughed and talked just the same — just the same, but nothing seemed the same to Clarry. The flutes and violins, the flying garlands and flags, the very voices of the people appeared to Clarry to carry reproach and accusation. She had virtually denied her mother, that dear, good, sweet mother, and all because of her own foolish vanity. To be sure, it was done tacitly. She had simply allowed her girl acquaintances to be deceived by their own mistake for the time. Any one might have done this in the haste, the confusion — might have forgotten — might have — But no, no, no; these arguments Clarry very well knew were untruthful excuses, every one. Though swiftly, she yet had done the thing deliberately; though there was haste and confusion, there was no forgetfulness. She had been ashamed of her mother almost from the first, since she had seen her beside these gay and fashionable people — this beautiful Mrs. Tyler. As she thought this, Mrs. Tyler's sweet voice was saying to the two young girls:

"And your father is here — ah, my dears, I have always wanted to know your father. Where is he? Bring him to me — but no, take me to him."

Esther, the taller of the girls, turned and looked about her for a moment, then exclaimed:

"Oh, there he is, talking to that lady in gray."

Clarry followed the direction of the speaker's eyes. Could it be that "the lady in gray" she spoke of was her own mother? Could it be that the tall, awkward-looking man was the distinguished scholar and poet she had heard so much about? Could it be? Yes; for the next moment there he was, returning the little familiar smile and nod of his daughter, and in another moment Clarry felt herself swept forward in the train of Mrs. Tyler. For a second she had held back, had tried to drop behind the rest and escape; for, oh, how could she face her new friends with her little acted lie striking back upon her so suddenly? But Mrs. Tyler's hand was upon her shoulder in a light but firm pressure, and there was no escape for her then. She heard, as in a dream, the great man's daughter's voice presenting Mrs. Tyler as Mrs. Evanston, Clarry Evanston's mother; then she heard a light ripple of laughter, and Mrs. Tyler herself contradicting the mistake, and then her own mother's, Mrs. Evanston's, sweet voice saying softly:

"Ah, here is my daughter. I thought you had forsaken me, Clarry."

Forsaken her! The playful words struck Clarry like a knife.

The next instant the "tall, awkward-looking man" was holding Clarry's hand as her mother said:

"This is my daughter." Clarry's eyes fell; when she raised them she met the searching, surprised gaze of her new girl-acquaintance. As the older people began talking, leaving the younger people to themselves, the girl said suddenly to Clarry:

"I thought that lady was your mother," indicating Mrs. Tyler.

"No — no!" faltered Clarry.

"But you introduced her as your mother."

"I did not contradict you, that was all. I — I —"

A look of distress came into Clarry's face, her eyes filled, her mouth began to twitch.

"Come into the garden," said her companion, in a low voice; "you must n't cry here." And taking Clarry by the hand, she slipped away with her, unnoticed by the rest of the party. The

tears and sobs were coming thick and fast as they neared the little summer-house at the foot of the garden.

Clarry never knew how it came about — how she ever had the trust or the courage to do what she did — to tell of all her foolish vanity, her meanness and wickedness, to this new girl-acquaintance whom she had been so proud to know. But she seemed urged on by a desire in some way to expiate her offense, to humiliate herself before the very person she had deceived. Of course this beautiful Esther Meredith would despise her, would turn away from her, when she found how unworthy she was; but that too would be part of her expiation, of her punishment, and she went on to the bitter end. But what was that she heard then? Was Esther — this grave, tall, dignified Esther — crying too? Her own tears ceased to flow in her surprise. "What is it? why are *you* crying, Esther?" she asked.



CLARRY CONFIDES HER TROUBLES TO ESTHER MEREDITH.

"Because I am so sorry for you — because I pity you so."

"Oh, Esther! you don't hate me and despise me?"

"No, I don't hate and despise you, because you hate yourself for what you have done. If you did n't, I — should n't be sorry for you — I should n't care for you."

"Oh, Esther! you care for me — *now?*"

Esther bent down and silently kissed the face upturned to hers. For a few minutes the girls sat hand in hand without speaking, then Clarry said: "If I could tell my mother and she should understand as you do, and forgive me, I should feel as if I had dropped a great load."

Then Esther lifted up her sweet, thoughtful young face.

"Of course, your mother would forgive you; but, Clarry, I think it is mean, sometimes, to pack off our hurts upon somebody else. I think that it is part of the punishment that we must take, part of the penalty that we must pay for wrong-doing, sometimes, *not* to drop our load on another's shoulders, but to bear it ourselves, and say nothing. I don't think you have any right to hurt your mother by telling her this."

"And it is n't deceitful *not* to tell?"

"No, it is n't deceitful to hold back from hurting a person needlessly; and you are truly sorry for what you did."

"But when Mamma speaks to me, and trusts me just the same without a suspicion that I have been so — so mean, oh! what *shall* I do, Esther?"

"Bear it; that is part of your penalty," said sixteen-year-old Esther in a proud young voice.

"Clarry! Clarry! Where are you? — they want you."

It was Tib's high, shrill voice that called. "Oh, here you are in this poky little mosquito-box! Come into the house, do; we 're going to dance."

"But where have you been all the evening till now, Tib?" asked Clarry.

"With Felice. Felice has one of her sick headaches. Somebody has to be with her, so I staid; Mamma could n't. But good-bye. I 'll tell your mother you are coming. She is waiting for me to find you. She did n't want you to lose the first dance."

Both Clarry and Esther thought the same thoughts as they followed Tib; but Esther only said, "So *that* is Mrs. Tyler's daughter! she seems like a little mother instead of a daughter."

When the girls came into the bright light of the parlor, the sets for the Lanciers were forming. Mrs. Tyler stood at the head of one of the sets,

radiant and youthful-looking. Esther and Clarry waited for a moment on the threshold to look at her. As they stood thus, a voice that seemed to Clarry the sweetest that she had ever heard said, just behind them:

"I am so glad you have come back! I wished you not to miss the dance."

Clarry turned. "But where are you going, Mammy?"

"I 'm going up to sit with poor Felice, who is ill. Tib has just left her, and I told her that she need n't go back again, for I would sit with Felice for the rest of the evening."

When Mrs. Evanston passed out of hearing, Esther Meredith, with a laughing light in her eyes, said half mockingly, but with an under-current of earnestness:

"If one could have two mothers I might choose, for one of them,— a society queen like Mrs. Tyler; but for only *one* mother, I should choose Mrs. Evanston." Then, with great energy,—"She 's a darling, Clarry, and see that you deserve her. But, oh, listen to that lovely music — tum, tum, ti tum,"— and Esther flung her arm around Clarry and waltzed with her down the room. And Clarry, as she kept time and step, seemed to hear in the sweet notes of the flutes and fiddles, Esther's tender admonition: "See that you deserve her!"



WHAT MOTHER SAYS.

By Lizbeth B. Comins.

Now here 's a hand-glass, let me try
If I can this time see
Just one of all those funny things
My mother sees in me.

She says my eyes are violets,—
And what she says is true,—
But I think they are just two eyes;
Don't they look so to you?

She says my lips are cherries red,
And makes b'lieve take a bite;
They never look like that to me,—
But Mother 's always right.



She says each cheek is like a rose;
And this I surely know,
I never would believe it,—but
What Mother says is so.

She says my teeth are shining pearls;
Now that 's so very queer,
If some folks said it, why, I 'd think,—
But then, 't was Mother dear.

I only see a little girl,
With hair that 's rather wild,
Who has two eyes, a nose, and mouth,
Like any other child.

THE WHISTLER.

By Fanny E. Gifford.

Do you know why this bird is called the Whistler?

It flies so fast that it makes its wings fairly whistle through the air!

The gunner, waiting in ambush, can tell of its approach by the shrill sound, and can get ready and take his position before it comes within gunshot.

This bird has many other names besides the Whistler.

Golden Eye, Great Head, and Spirit Duck are some of them.

The Indians gave it the last name, because it allows the hunter to come very near it, and then before he can twang his bow, the duck has vanished below the water.

This frightens the superstitious Indian. He thinks that such rapidity of motion can only be due to magic, and shudders at the thought that he has tried to shoot a spirit.

This bird has another strange habit. It builds its nest in the top of a tall dead tree, so old and worn that the bark and branches have fallen off, leaving only a slippery pole.

Nobody knows how the tender young ducklings get from the nest to the water.

Legend says that the mother bird carries her babies herself, holding them by the bill, and supporting them by her strong neck until she places them safely in the water. No wonder that the ignorant Indians think her an enchanted spirit.

When these birds are alarmed, they make a strange note, which sounds like the constantly recurring *good note* of an old worn-out hurdy-gurdy; such a one as is played by old women at street corners, and is so weak with long use that only the one *good note* can be heard at any distance.

The Whistler feeds on all sorts of marine insects and small shell-fish, and in some regions is so dainty as to prefer salmon spawn above all other food.



DANTE AND THE YOUNG FLORENTINE.

By E. Cavazza.



When Arnolfo Lapo was building the church of Maria del Fiore—
In the century of Dante begun, and finished only in ours—
Slowly the great cathedral grew up to the shape of its glory,
Wonder of architects' art and crown of the City of Flowers.

Block after block was lifted by chains that were strained at their strongest,
With creak and rattle and groan, the ponderous burden to bear;
Hour after hour, on a stone, in the days when the hours are the longest,
Dante the poet sat near, as the blocks were swung up through the air.

He with his deep-set eyes, of care and of foresight saddened,
Watched the toilers at work, as ants in an ant-hill that swarm,
Knew them for brothers and souls, and the spirit of Dante was gladdened,
As slowly before him the building began to take substance and form.

Even as the owl of Minerva, by brightness of sunshine blinded,
Sat on his bough and mused, while around him the pert little birds
Hopped and fluttered and pecked him — the Florentines frivolous-minded,
Seeing the poet so grave, mocked at Dante with foolish words.

Once as he sat and pondered, a citizen idle and youthful
Paused in passing, and spoke to him thus: "Messer Dante, I beg
You of your grace to declare me the name of the very best mouthful."
Dante looked up from his thoughts, and replied to the question: "An egg."

Almost we may see the swift smile, as a taciturn image of laughter,
Curving the subtle red lips of the youth while his lids veil the keen
Almond-shaped Florentine eyes, as he passed with no thought of it after,
Leaving alone on his slab the poet, majestic, serene.

All through the course of a year had the builders been busy together,
Setting each block in its place as the master, Arnolfo, had planned;
Month after month, week by week, day by day, in the storm or fair weather,
Massive the structure arose which through centuries was destined to stand.

At the end of the year, as before, on his slab sat the poet to ponder,
Again did the Florentine youth approach him and come to a halt:
"Master, with what?" was his question; and quick, without waiting or wonder,
Dante looked up from his thoughts, and replied to the question: "With salt."

AN OLD SEA-BEACH.

BY S. L. FREY.

IT is a long way from the ocean now, but still it is the sea-shore for all that; the sand and silt and shells and sea-weeds are all there, turned to stone to be sure, but still telling a story as plainly as a printed page. It is a sort of a dead language, however, in which the history of this old shore is written: obscure and puzzling, but one which we may understand if we will.

I think that all who walk in the fields, or climb the hills, or look at the rocky cliffs, ought to know something about them; it is a shame not to know the names of the flowers and plants and trees that we see every day; not to be able to name the birds; not to know a moth from a butterfly; and to walk for miles over slabs of fossil sea-weeds, and to know nothing and to think nothing of the maze of tangled marks that we see in every stone of the sidewalk.

It seems strange, and it is hard to realize, but we know that nearly all the land we see was at one time covered by the ocean, and that the rocks were formed by the sand and sediment settling to the bottom; all the shell-fish and animals and sea-weeds sank down, and were buried with the rest. Then, after long ages, the land was slowly lifted up by some force, and the ocean receded, and left the muddy bottom bare, and the sun and wind dried it up, and, as it dried, the mud shrank and cracked, making the seams and crevices and fissures that we see in the rocks. Of course, it took an immense number of years, of drying and freezing, of heat and cold, of rain and ice, and of immense pressure to turn all those great mud deposits into rock. A deposit of sand and mud forty thousand feet deep! for that is about the thickness of the Silurian rocks. So the geologists tell us.

The pressure that helped to turn these old mud-banks to rock was of three kinds: First, that of gravity, downward, the weight of the mass; second, the pressure upward, caused by the great heat of the interior of the earth; and third, the lateral pressure brought about by the shrinking and contracting of the mass as it slowly dried up and turned from mud and sand to layers of solid rock.

I want to take you out for a walk over this old sea-beach, for, although it is away inland, I am very sure that the ocean once rolled and thundered along its rocky shores. It was a very long time ago, and there have been mighty changes since then.

The rocks here at Palatine Bridge, on the Mohawk river, in the State of New York, belong to that period of the world's history which the geologists call the Lower Silurian, because they were first observed and written about in a section of Wales called The Silures.

We must imagine first how the sea-bottom looked when the ocean ran off and left it bare: it must have been a slimy mass of mud, desolate and dreary, for there were at that early period no land animals or plants, no birds, and no soil, even, as we know it; it was only one wide expanse of desolation, a bottomless abyss of mud, with the older rocks, the granite and gneiss, standing bare and bleak as cliffs and mountains along its shores.

Slowly and by degrees, as the mud dried and the air cooled, little land plants began to appear, and then shrubs and trees, and animals of strange form, birds and beasts and creeping things. Great changes took place, and there were fierce struggles between all forms of animal and vegetable life with each other, and with the forces of nature; but still there was, as it were, a constant procession marching along, races of plants and animals living and dying, and their places being taken by others and others, each one leaving the record of its life in this mud at the bottom of the ocean, which we can read now almost like a printed page. This record generally is the plant or animal turned to stone. As one might say, it has

> "Suffered a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

Such remains are known as fossils, and the science which treats of them is called paleontology, which means a description of the ancient things of the earth.

As we walk along this old shore, however, there are many things we must bear in mind if we expect to understand the wonders of the rocks.

In the first place, we must imagine that the whole of what is now North America was covered by the ocean, except a few mountains and islands of solid old granite rock, lifting their heads out of the waters. These primitive rocks, as they are called, appearing, for instance, in the mountains now called the Adirondacks, are the oldest that we know anything about, and as there are no fossils found in them, we may be pretty sure that there was no life, or very little, in the world when they were formed.

In the next place, we must imagine this great ocean, full of all kinds of animal and vegetable life, of the earliest forms, beating for ages against the mountains and the rocky shores, and grinding them up into sediment that settled in layers all over the sea-bottom, and then that this part of the continent, now the State of New York, was slowly lifted up from the north to the south; for we see in the rocks that we are walking over only sea-weeds and the lower orders of marine shells; this proves that these rocks were raised up out of the water before there were any higher orders of plants and animals in the world. While this was going on, the land further south was still under water, and higher orders of plants and animals had come into existence; then this in turn became dry land; but still the ocean covered a vast extent to the south and west, and as the air and water had become more favorable to life, the ocean swarmed with all kinds of fishes, and huge and terrible monsters, the like of which can be found nowhere at the present time.

Let us call the rocks the skeleton of the world, its solid framework, while the earth which rounds the hills and fills the hollows and levels the plains is the flesh and blood, and the trees and grass and flowers are the gay robes with which nature has decked the whole. Now, if we could cut down through it all, we should see something like this: On the surface is the soil that the farmer turns up with his plow — there is not much of this, only a few feet; then there may be sand and gravel, more or less, or a thick stratum of clay. The first rock that we reach is the last one that was formed under the old ocean; it is called the Utica slate, it being of great thickness in the vicinity of that place, and is full of the fossil remains of plants, shells, and trilobites; it is a black, soft rock that readily turns back to mud when exposed to the air and frost. It is yet several hundred feet in thickness, although it has been much worn and eroded since it was first raised up out of the sea.

The next rock below the slate is the Trenton limestone; this is often a mass of shells, trilobites, crinoids, and other old settlers, but is at this point only a few feet thick, increasing, however, as we go westward, until at Trenton Falls it attains its greatest thickness,— this being the reason why the rock is so named.

Below the Trenton limestone is the calciferous sand rock, or the lime-bearing sand rock, the upper courses of which are called the fucoidal layers, or sea-weed layers, from *fucus*, sea-weed or kelp. These are the rocks over which we are now walking; and being low down in the valley are entirely bare, all the rocks that were formerly above them or on the top of them, the Trenton limestone and the Utica slate, having been carried away by the action of the elements, principally ice and water. Although this rock is very near the surface and "crops out" in many places, still it is covered more or less deeply at other points with soil, sand, gravel, and bowlders; and if we examine these gravel banks, and these "round heads" as the farmers call them, we will find much that is interesting. We see upon examination that they are entirely different from the rocks in the ledges; they are much harder, the most of them being granite or gneiss; they are rounded and worn, and lie scattered about the fields all over the country, looking like strangers; and they are, for they have traveled many miles from their original place, and are therefore called "erratics," or wanderers. These that we see here have come forty or fifty miles from the north, for they are masses of the primitive rocks of the Adirondacks that have been torn off and borne along, and crushed and ground and rounded by the irresistible action of enormous glaciers and the washing of torrents of water. The natural features of the landscape are largely due to the action of such forces: the rounded hills, the deep valleys, the rugged cliffs, the great gravel beds and the scattered bowlders all show the action, through long periods of time, of slowly moving glaciers and rapid, roaring floods of water.

Wherever these deposits of gravel are cleared away and the rock exposed, we shall find a beautiful smooth pavement, scored with long grooves and scratches. These marks are all in one direction parallel, and do not cross each other; they are the written record that the old glacier has left of the "Great Ice Age," and they were made by the bowlders and pebbles imbedded in the ice, and moving slowly along across the solid rock.

These upper layers of the calciferous are of great commercial and industrial value, for they furnish the finest kind of stone for building purposes, and for the burning of lime. We can study them very easily at a place where a quarry has been opened, and see the layers of rock lying piled up one upon another.

The first layer which bears the marks of glacial action is about three feet in thickness, and is a hard compact sandstone used extensively for heavy bridge work, and for the foundations of buildings; below this there is layer after layer of rock of various thicknesses, for a depth of fifty feet or more, and then comes the calciferous sand rock proper, which is a mass of unknown thickness and of flinty hardness, containing geodes or cavities filled with beautiful quartz crystals; below this there is probably the Potsdam sandstone, so called from a locality in Northern New York — and this was the

first sedimentary rock deposited on the granite floor of the old ocean that once dashed and roared along these Silurian shores.

Fossils in the upper layers of the calciferous along the Mohawk are not abundant, except the sea-weeds; these are everywhere to be seen. Whenever the layers are separated, the slabs are seen to be completely covered with the imprint of these old fucoids; the sidewalks in the villages are a study, for when worn smooth every stone shows a perfect maze of these fossil sea-weeds, in which appear here and there the convolutions of a shell.

But, besides the fossils they contain, these rocks are worthy of study, and interesting for other problems and secrets that they hold. Why are the layers of different thicknesses, some being only four inches, and some four feet? Why is one layer sandstone, and the next pure limestone? Why are they not exactly level or horizontal? Why do they "dip," as the geologists say, to the southwest? Why is the edge of this cliff, which is so many feet above the present river, so worn and chiseled and eaten into? and what has become of the Utica slate, which we must believe once covered these rocks to a depth of hundreds of feet?

These are only a few of the hard questions that suggest themselves to our minds as we walk along this old sea-shore; but they are questions to each of which we may find a satisfactory answer if we only have the patience to investigate, and to think carefully of the way the world was made.



A SEA-BEACH OF TO-DAY.



THE BOYHOOD OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

By William H. Rideing.

As the dusk was setting in on a beautiful autumnal day about thirty-seven years ago, a man and a boy were driving a cow along a country road in Ohio. They had come a long distance and were weary; but though the boy limped, the conversation did not flag as they trudged along; and you might have seen that, while they talked with such animation, they were alive to the gold and crimson of the autumn woods, which seemed to have borrowed their flashes of color from the sunset sky.

They were evidently not farmers; both had the appearance of living a city life, but had they been observed, the things they were saying, and not their looks, would have attracted attention; for they were talking of Cervantes and Shakspere.

The cow needed much urging, and it was late at night when they reached some white-limbed sycamores beside the tail-race of a grist-mill on the Little Miami River, on the other side of which was the small log-cabin in which they lived. A question then arose as to how they should get the cow across. They did not know the depth of the water, but they knew it to be cold, and they did not care to swim it. The elder wanted the boy to run up under the sycamores to the saw-mill, cross the head-race there, and come back to receive the cow on the other side of the tail-race. But with all his literature, the boy was young enough to be superstitious, and afraid of the dark; and though the elder urged him to go, he would not force him. They could see the lights in the cabin twinkling cheerfully, and they shouted to those within, but no one heard them. They called and called in vain, and were answered only by the cold rush of the tail-race, the rustle of sycamore leaves, and the homesick lowing of the cow.

They then determined to drive her across from the shore, and then to run up to the saw-mill and down the other bank, so as to catch her as she reached it. When they came there, she was not to be found, however; she had instantly turned again, and during the night she made her way back to the town from which they had brought her.

The log-cabin was a small one, with a corn-field of eighty acres behind it, and it was nearly a quarter of a century old. The boy who entered it after this adventure was William Dean Howells, and the man was his father, who had recently brought his family from Dayton to take charge of the saw-mill and grist-mill on the river. The incident illustrates, with what follows, the simplicity of the early life of one who has since become one of the foremost American novelists.

Mr. Howells was born March 1, 1837, at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, opposite Wheeling, West Virginia. His father was of Welsh descent, his mother of German stock, and both were superior by education and tastes to the moderate circumstances in which they found themselves when this boy, who was one of eight children, came into the world. When he was only three years old, they left Martin's Ferry to live in Hamilton, Ohio, and then the father bought and edited the *Intelligencer*, a weekly newspaper, and his son was scarcely out of his cradle before he learned to set type. He had little regular schooling, but he was a great reader and had a natural gift for composition. He does not remember how young he was when he mastered the mysteries of the printer's trade, but it was certainly long before he was twelve; at that age he remembers having helped in his father's office to set in type President Zachary Taylor's inaugural message.

There were leisure moments between the working hours, and he occupied these in printing compositions of his own. However precocious they may be, few young authors see their work immor-

talized by the dignity and permanence of type before they reach their teens; but when this lad was only eleven, he set up and printed an ambitious work of his own. A thoroughbred is not less fearless of ditch and hedge than the budding author is of the magnitude of his theme. A veteran will stoop to write about rag-pickers or Punch and Judy, and go a-foot in search of a commonplace subject; but the beginner plunges his spurs into the flanks of Pegasus, and sends the winged horse galloping along the edge of the dizziest precipices of Olympus. Mr. Howells is called a "realist" now; he writes about men and women as they are, and will have neither villains of deep dye nor paragons of virtue in his stories; for he believes that good and evil are mixed in all of us. But he was of a different mind when he wore a white apron and stood before the printer's case, with its alphabetical compartments full of little metal letters. He boldly launched out then, not in any cockle-shell of rhyme, but in a five-act, blank verse tragedy; and it should be needless to say that the subject was the death of a Roman Emperor. Such ventures carry too much sail for their ballast, and, like other lightly laden ships, this has not been heard from since.

The literary ambition was fixed in him while he was very young, and it was stimulated by the scholarly tastes of his father and by his own appetite for reading. In a desultory way he went first to a public and then to a private school. His favorite study was history, and the study he cared least for, and for which he had the least aptitude, was arithmetic. He liked to read aloud, and could do it well. Probably he lost less through the infrequency and irregularity of his attendance than many others would have done, for he was one of the exceptional boys who do more for their education by observation and by reading than schoolmasters are able to do for them.

His favorite book at this period of his life was "Goldsmith's History of Greece," and side by side with it in his estimation were "Don Quixote" and the inexhaustible delights of the "Arabian Nights." The first novel he read was "The Trippings of Tom Pepper; or, the Effects of Romancing," and the moral it was intended to inculcate struck him so sharply that he entered into a solemn pledge with his brother to avoid prevarication under every circumstance. His admiration for "Don Quixote" was so great that the author of it became his hero, and instead of contenting himself with the romance of the "Mad knight" and Sancho Panza, as most readers do, he read besides the other works of the great Spanish author Cervantes, whom he still reckons as a peer of Shakspere. He was a rather delicate boy, and though he was fond of outdoor sports and games, he was not expert in any one of them.

In 1849 his father sold the *Intelligencer* and moved his family to Dayton, where he purchased another paper called the *Transcript*, which he changed from a semi-weekly to a daily. This movement was not a success, and at the end of two years the failure of it was confessed. All the editor's sons, of whom there were four, could set type, and all of them had helped in producing the paper. After working in the composing room until eleven at night, the boy we are writing about was often obliged to get up at four to carry the paper and deliver it to subscribers. But the boys took their misfortunes cheerfully, and when the last issue was printed, they all went down to the Miami and had a good swim.

It was then that they took possession of the log-cabin, and the year they spent there has been beautifully described by Mr. Howells himself. They did not regret this change from town to country. The father's passionate fondness for Nature had been nourished by the English poets, and he had taught his children all that he felt for the woods and fields and open skies. They glazed the narrow windows, relaid the rotten floor, patched the roof, and papered the walls.

"Perhaps it was my father's love of literature which inspired him to choose newspapers for this purpose," says Mr. Howells; "at any rate he did so, and the effect, as I remember it, was not without its decorative qualities. He had used a barrel of papers bought at the nearest post-office, where they had been refused by the persons to whom they had been experimentally sent by the publisher, and the whole first page was taken up by a story which broke off in the middle of a sentence at the foot of the last column and tantalized us forever with fruitless conjectures as to the fate of the hero and heroine."

It took some days to make the repairs; but when they were completed, the boys laid their mattresses on the sweet, new oak-plank of the floor and slept hard — in every sense. One night they awoke and saw their father sitting upright in his bed.

"What are you doing?" they asked.

"Oh, resting!" he answered, jokingly referring to the hardness of his bed.

Their life was full of privations, but it was sweetened by their love of Nature and their unfailing good-humor. The boys slept in the loft. "The rude floor rattled and wavered loosely under our tread, and the window in the gable stood open or shut at its own will. There were cracks in the shingle through which we could see the stars, and which, when the first snow came, let the flakes sift in upon the floor. I should not like to step out of

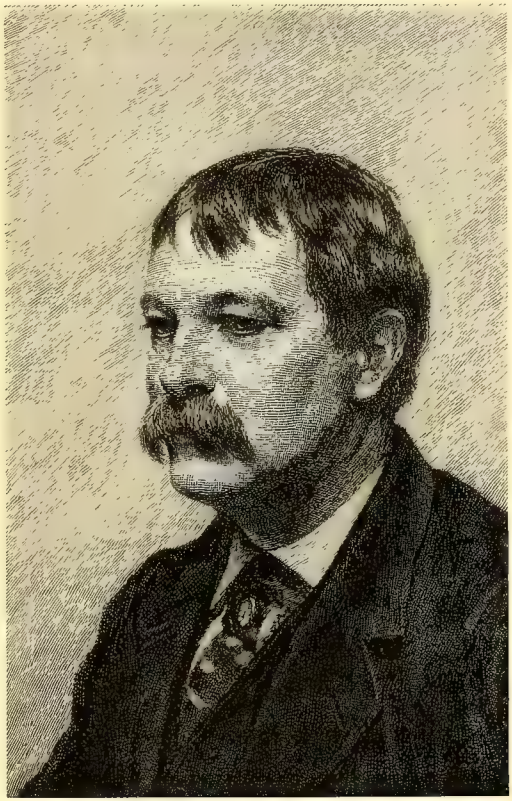
bed into a snow-wreath in the morning, now; but then I was glad to do it, and so far from thinking that or anything in our life a hardship, I counted it all joy."

"Our barrels of paper-covered books were stowed away in the loft, and, overhauling them one day, I found a paper copy of the poems of a certain Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, then wholly unknown to me; and while the old grist-mill, whistling and wheezing to itself, made a vague music in my ears, my soul was filled with this strange, new sweetness. I read 'The Spanish Student' then, and 'Coplas de Manrique,' and the solemn and ever beautiful 'Voices of the Night.' There were other books in those barrels which I must have read also, but I remember only those that spirited me again to Spain, where I had already been with Irving, and led me to attack seriously the old Spanish grammar which had been knocking about our house ever since my father bought it from a soldier of the Mexican war. But neither those nor any other books made me discontented with the small-boy's world around me. They made it a little more populous with visionary shapes, but that was well, and there was room for them all. It was not darkened with cares, and the duties in it were not many."

At the end of a year the foreman of a printing-office in Xenia came to the log-cabin and asked the boy to take the place of a delinquent hand, as he was known to be a good compositor, swift and clean and steady. He tried the job, and gave satisfaction, but time did not cure the homesickness he felt on leaving the simple little cabin in the woods, and he was obliged to return; few as its comforts were, he was held to it by a bond of affection which no offer of worldly prosperity could induce him to break. As long as the family remained there, he staid with them; and when, at last, they again went to live in the town, he took a place as compositor on the *Ohio State Journal*, at a salary of four dollars a week.

For several years after this, his literary ambitions were subordinated to the necessities of mechanical labor as a printer and reporter, but all the time he was equipping himself for a higher and better kind of work; he added French and Italian to his knowledge of languages, and made the great authors of the world his companions. Then one morning he gathered courage to knock at the door of *The Atlantic Monthly* with a bundle of verses in his hand, and they were so good that the editor accepted and printed them.

His advance was rapid after that, and in time he became the editor of the *Atlantic*, a position which he held for nine years. Meanwhile, he was doing original work of his own, and he has earned distinction as a poet, as a writer of plays, and, above all, as a novelist.



W. D. Howells.

Quite recently he went back to the place where the old log-cabin had stood, but it was there no more. Thirty years had passed, and all that had happened since seemed so much like a dream that, when he spoke of his boyhood to a little fellow who followed him, he himself could scarcely believe that what he told was true, and he says that he had a sense of imposing upon his listener.



A BOY'S IDEAS OF TRAVEL.

By Henry Tyrrell.

In tales of travel my delight
Has always seemed to be,
And I am eager for the sight
Of lands beyond the sea.
But if in this I 'm to be blest,
I hope the time is nearing;
For all the things of interest
Are disappearing!

The great Atlantic, deep and blue,
Of which I was so fond,
Has shrunk — if what they say be true —
Into a "herring-pond."
And those who cross by what they call
The "ferry o'er the ocean,"
Plow straight along through calm and squall
Without emotion.

In Paris, 't is the hardest work
To say, from what you see,
If it be really not New York,—
For all the styles agree.
Dutch Rotterdam is much the same;
For each progressive nation
Is playing at a mutual game
Of imitation.

Beyond the smiling plains of France
Arise the snow-crowned Alps,
Despoiled of much of their romance
By steam-cars on their scalps.
Hotels amid the glaciers stand;
And — oh, the imposition! —
Tame chamois are brought up by hand
For exhibition.

In Venice, Adriatic's bride,
The place of carnival,
Not gondolas, but steamboats, glide
Along the Grand Canal.

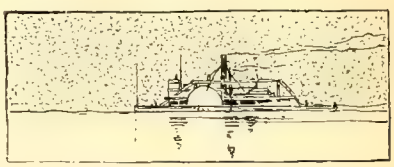
French flats are more to new Rome's mind
Than ancient mausoleum.
A horse-car you must take to find
The Coliseum.

The mummy and the monument,
Once Egypt's and the Nile's,
Are scattered, with a wise intent,
O'er many thousand miles.
The plundered pyramids yet stand
Beside the ancient river;
The Sphinx has lost its robe of sand —
It seems to shiver.

The Russians, on the Asian plains,
Strike oil, and make it serve
To send adventurous railway trains
Into the heart of Merv.
The boys of mystic India all
Now dress in English fashion.
For roller-skating and base-ball
They have a passion.

In photographs from far Japan,
One very plainly sees
How there they ape the Yankee man,
Though ill at (Japan)ease.
'T is strange they choose our awkward clothes
To wear, from mere bravado,
Instead of stunning robes like those
Of "The Mikado!"

So I discover less and less
Encouragement to roam;
It might be better, I confess,
To look about at home.
Of my own country I will first
The mysteries unravel;
Then, I perhaps may quench my thirst
For foreign travel.



JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Chapter XI.

Little as they imagined it, the children were only about seventy-five miles from the Texan frontier when they were overtaken by the norther. The fact that game grew steadily scarcer and wilder from the time they left the river made Juan suspect that they might be nearing civilization; but it also occurred to him that this might only mean that Indians were, or had been, in the neighborhood; so he said nothing to Nita about his suspicions, and kept a bright lookout.

The last wild turkeys they had seen were in the woodland where Juan and Juanita camped after crossing the prairie. While they were sitting quietly by the fire at nightfall there came a sound of alarm from the trees where the flock had settled.

Out charged Amigo, always ready to accept a challenge of any kind, and they soon heard him fighting some invisible animal.

"Amigo has the best of it," said Juan, "for I hear him barking. He must have treed something. Let us see what is up!"

Together, he and Nita turned out and came upon Amigo, much excited and still barking, his eyes fixed intently upon something in the tree he was guarding. Juan seeing this, made a little circuit, and crept up on the other side, where he had a good view of a large wild cat sitting upon a limb, growling and showing its teeth savagely at Amigo. So completely absorbed was the cat in Amigo's barking and boundings, that it did not see Juan at all, nor did it notice his flank movement until an arrow whizzed into its side just behind the shoulder. It sprang into the air and fell with a great thud — mortally wounded.

Amigo, thinking the battle over and the victory won, pounced eagerly upon the prey, and had a very nice map of Texas scratched on his face for his foolhardiness. The cat expired almost immediately, however, and Amigo, quite convinced that the triumph was his, looked jubilant and vainglorious as he followed the children back to camp.

Nita admired the skin of the cat so much that she persuaded Juan to save and stretch it, and they spent a great deal of time on it, using it finally to ornament Amigo's pack-saddle.

This was their last stirring adventure.

They had now not seen a buffalo for weeks, nor a deer for ten days; and as the small game gave evidence of having been hunted, again it became no easy matter to get food. Water they did not lack, for they came upon two or three creeks, and managed to keep their canteens well filled, as a rule; but something to eat became the great question as they went on. A quail or a fox-squirrel was now a boon to them; and they would really have suffered, had not Amigo's hunger sharpened his wits and led him to turn his attention to rabbits, which he ran into holes and corners and hollow trees continually, and nabbed occasionally. This was but a precarious subsistence, however, and so it came about that the children went supperless to bed one evening at the close of a long, fatiguing march. Altogether, they had never felt more thoroughly downhearted and perplexed than when they lay down patiently side by side in a certain little dell at dusk on the 18th of August, 1875.

They were so tired that at once they fell into a doze, from which they were aroused by Amigo. He had crouched near them, as usual, and had rudely awakened them by springing up and growling and barking furiously, all his hair bristling about him, and all the dog spirit in him excited to the highest pitch. Up rose Juan and promptly administered a cuff. It was all very well for Amigo to give warning, if danger impended; but it was stupid to make such a row as that and attract attention. Forced to keep quiet, he still stood in his place, quivering with excitement. The children, looking about them with all their eyes and listening with all their ears, now heard a faint, very distant, but unmistakable sound,— that of a dog barking! Listen as they might, they heard nothing more, and the barking ceased after a while; whereupon Amigo became tranquil again, and the children lay down.

"It is the Indians!" affirmed Nita, positively, and quaked afresh with fear.

"It may be white people," hazarded Juan, more to re-assure her than anything else. But that bark made it impossible for either of them to sleep. Awake were they the whole night, and they feared and hoped, and discussed many things, and waited with infinite impatience for daylight and certainty to come. When it was barely light, they rose and walked rapidly on, keeping near the shelter of the wood in case it should be necessary suddenly to conceal themselves from Comanches or Apaches. So sustained were they by excitement as hardly to be aware of the fact that their

long fast was still unbroken. On they hurried, and would have continued to hurry, had they not suddenly been arrested by another sound which had upon them much the same effect as though they had stumbled upon an electric battery fully charged.

And what was it that came to them, clear, distinct, and apparently quite near, on the still morning air?

Only the crow of a cock.

Only the crow of a cock do I say? Only home, love, joy, liberty, and all that is sweetest in life! They were safe! They had reached the settlements! They would soon be in their mother's arms!

Is it any wonder that they stopped as suddenly as though they had been shot, turned pale as little ghosts, gave a shriek that ought to have penetrated to the *hacienda*, and threw themselves weeping upon each other, and embraced and laughed and sobbed and gesticulated and danced about like the frantic, wild things they were? And then how they did scamper toward that blessed "cock-a-doodle-doo," with might and main, and heart and soul, and a speed that they had never equalled even when the fear of death, instead of love and life, lent wings to their feet!

They raced on until they were almost breathless, and then, perforce, ran slower and slower, astonished not to see further evidences of civilization; deceived, as many an older person has been, in regard to the distance a cock-crow can be heard at dawn. They were obliged to subside into a walk at last, if the hurried, buoyant, joyous tread with which they got over that prairie can be called a walk. Amigo, perfectly comprehending that something delightful had happened, bounded along beside them all frisks and wags and laughing content. It had seemed very near, only a few hundreds yards away. But it was two miles; and, to their burning, consuming impatience, it seemed two hundred. Up came the sun to see the charming spectacle that awaited him; and there, yes, there was a road, newly-traveled,— assurance doubly sure! And there was a house! and a garden! in that garden a white man! Oh, joy! oh, rapture! Transported with delight, the children rushed down that road, leaped over that fence and rushed up to that white man, — crying out, "*Señor! Señor! Señor!* (*Sir*)" in accents of frenzied ecstasy.

At least they rushed *toward* him. They did not get up to him, for the simple reason that he no sooner caught sight of them, than he, too, made a rush, but not in their direction; and, although he was a stout, unwieldy man, he was inside his house and had the door barricaded almost as quickly as though he had been the slimmest of youths or a professional athlete, so alarmed was he by what he believed to be the advance-guard of a party of Indians.

The children, left standing in the midst of his neat rows of beans and melons, stared blankly in the direction in which he had disappeared, completely confounded for the moment by his behavior. It had never occurred to them that their satisfaction at seeing a civilized being again would not be shared by that being also. But the pleasure was anything but mutual. They had made their way by chance to one of the cabins that formed the fringe of the German settlement near Fredericksburg, — a settlement on which the Indians frequently made raids, and in which a Comanche was more dreaded than anything in the world; and the children had given a terrible fright to a worthy Teuton who had taken himself, his excellent wife, and seven blue-eyed, flaxen-polled children out there to subdue the wilderness and make it blossom like the rose, or rather, like their beloved "Vaterland."

For six months or more the Indians had left the settlers in peace, and when the industrious head of an industrious family had turned out at daylight that morning to work in the garden, he had gone armed only with his hoe and a powder for killing the striped bug which had attacked his melons. Great had been the horror, then, of Mr. Conrad Braun at the descent of the supposed savages; and once indoors, he lost no time in arming himself and his boys, and in shutting and bolting and barring every door and window in expectation of a siege.

"They are afraid! — afraid of us!" exclaimed Nita in excessive astonishment. She was so much more used to feeling terrified than to inspiring terror that she could not understand how she could alarm any one.

"They take us for Indians!" replied Juan. "We must explain who we are. But don't go too near the house, Nita; you will be shot before I can make them understand, if you are not careful."

Thus warned, Nita dropped into the background, and Juan went forward a little. Mr. Braun, who was reconnoitering at a peep-hole, saw him distinctly, and only waited for him to come a little nearer before shooting. Juan stopped, puzzled how to explain the situation by pantomime. The next moment, he picked up a small, white garment, that Frau Braun had left out on the grass to bleach overnight. Vigorously waving this improvised flag of truce, he walked slowly and cautiously toward the house again, taking care not to run any risks, and crying, "*Amigos! Amigos!*" again and again. Unfortunately, the Indians had done the same

thing, in one of their forays, as a ruse to gain admittance to a house in that very neighborhood, the inmates of which they had proceeded to treat in any but a friendly way. Mr. Braun's suspicions, so far from being allayed, were strongly confirmed by Juan's conduct. He remained behind his stout wooden shutters, gun in hand, and had no idea of being taken in by any such device.

Juan knew that it would never do to follow his impulse and approach the house. He dared not move another step toward it, and though angry at being mistaken for an Indian, he could not hit upon a plan of action. At last he threw down his bow and quiver, and holding up his hands, ran down the path that led to the front door, shouting out, "*Mexicanos! Mexicanos! Captivos de los Indios. Amigos! Amigos!*"

Luckily for Juan, Mr. Braun understood Spanish. He had been a baker in San Antonio for some years and had learned the language there. Still, he was by no means sure that this might not be another Indian ruse, and he meant to make no fatal mistake. So he waited for some time on the right side of his door while Juan banged impatiently on the other side, repeating vehemently his explanation.

Finally, after a long parley, Mr. Braun peeped and peered all about the yard, and not seeing anything in the shape of a grown Indian, began slowly and cautiously to unbolt and unbar the door. He had previously repeated and translated to his wife what Juan had said. Wholly unconvinced by what she considered specious fictions, she gave a great shriek when she saw what her spouse was going to do.

"Thou wilt be killed, Conrad, and our loved children!" she cried, and snatched up as many of her offspring as she could, expecting to see a dozen savages pour into the room through the opening door. Hearing this, Mr. Braun repented of his rashness and shut the door suddenly again in Juan's very face. Finding, however, that nothing dreadful succeeded,—nothing of any kind, indeed,—he plucked up courage to open the door again, a little wider this time. He held his hand upon the knob, ready to close the door the instant he saw anything to alarm him; but he saw only Juan, who kept on repeating that he was an Indian captive, but not an Indian,—a Mexican, on the contrary.

Fully re-assured at last, Mr. Braun changed his tactics completely. He flung wide the door, and shouted to his wife:

"It is true, Minna. Come thou here!" and he seized Juan and would have dragged him bodily into the house, had not that agile young person slipped like an eel from the ex-baker's large grasp into the path and called to his sister to join him, in eager, delighted tones.

She obeyed, shrunk back abashed for a moment on seeing the whole Braun family assembled there, caught Juan's eye, and walked with him indoors.

Benevolent, large-hearted Frau Braun, rid of all fear for the safety of her husband and children and (incidentally) herself, was at once all excitement and emotion, her ready sympathies diverted into another channel. Her broad, mild face radiated the vivid and kindly interest that she felt, and her motherly heart went out at once to the haggard, tattered, wayworn children before her, though she little knew what cause she had to pity them.

"Indian captives! So?" she said. "Escaped, you say, Conrad! Sit here! Sit here! Tell us of it. But, no! Not now. Rest first; you are tired."

She pushed two stools toward Juan and Nita as she spoke, and continued to regard the children with the friendliest eyes, but they took no notice of her offer. They had not seen anything in the shape of a chair since they left the *hacienda*, and while they understood her gesture, felt much embarrassed by the proposition, and quickly dropped down on the floor near each other in cross-legged comfort.

Mr. Braun, acting as interpreter, now took a seat and began to question Juan. The Braun children formed in a semicircle and stared at Juan and Nita as only children, and country children at that, can stare; the good Frau took her little Conradchen on her knee and prepared to listen. Nine pairs of large blue eyes seemed to grow bigger every moment as Juan briefly and simply told his story; and one pair overflowed with pitying tears more than once during the recital. Frau Braun rocked violently backward and forward and clasped her baby more closely in her arms as she heard how these little Mexicans had been torn away from their mother. Over their subsequent sufferings among the Indians, the escape, and journey, she wept copiously and sighed deeply, and declared in frequent ejaculations that there had never been anything like it. And when Juan told of the cock-crow, and of his joy at finding himself among white people again, and of his wish to go back to the *hacienda* as soon as possible, Frau Braun got up impulsively, shifted Conradchen to the left arm, and sinking down on her knees by Juan and Nita, she encircled both of them with her right arm in a warm embrace, and without a moment's hesitation kissed the dirty brown faces that were turned toward her in wondering astonishment.

Her husband only half believed what he had been told. It seemed incredible to his mind that any two children could have safely accomplished such a journey, so he made no demonstrations of any kind. The Frau accepted the story as truth at once, and her mother-heart yearned over them in-

expressibly. It was a relief to her feelings to set about getting them a good breakfast, and she laid the baby in his cradle and set to work at once with this object in view. Her husband returned to the garden and his vegetables; the little Brauns broke ranks somewhat, but continued to indulge in absorbed stares from every part of the room; and as about almost as if she were the Señora. So strongly were they reminded of their mother by the Frau, although there was no resemblance between them except that of womanly kindness and general motherliness, that the tears rose to Nita's eyes, and she whispered to Juan, "Don't stay here. Let us go home as soon as we can."



"MR. BRAUN NO SOONER CAUGHT SIGHT OF THEM, THAN HE, TOO, MADE A RUSH, BUT NOT IN THEIR DIRECTION."

"*Si, si,*" assented Juan and nodded; and then both found a new attraction in the baby which was cooing and kicking, and gurgling and smiling at them not two feet away — a baby that promised to be a shade larger and fairer than any of its brothers or sisters, with even bluer eyes, and pretty little golden curls escaping from under its close German cap.

When breakfast was ready, one of the boys ran out to the well and brought in a pail of fresh water, part of which he spilled on the floor in consequence of the necessity he was under of looking at Juan and Nita instead of noticing what he was about; and another boy being told to call his father, ran to the back door and gave his voice, indeed, to his work, but scarcely removed his eyes for one moment from the fascinating strangers in the corner. Mr. Braun came; the family seated themselves at table. With instinctive politeness the good housewife had not laid a place for the Mexican children, and did not ask them to come to the table; but she seized two big plates, and perhaps she did not pile them high with smoking meat and vegetables, and hominy and bread! Not content with this, she went over to a cupboard and added a smaller heap of preserves, a huge slice of seed-cake and even some of her very best sweet-pickle. This last, by the bye, was pushed aside as soon as tasted, condiments being unpleasant to the palates of the half-wild boy and girl.

With a plate each in front of them, Juan and Nita left their knives and forks to serve an ornamental purpose, and furnished such effective substitutes in the way of fingers that everything was soon ravenously snatched up and disposed of, the little Brauns watching the performance with unflagging interest. The plates were again filled by the smiling Frau, and again emptied by the hun-

for Juan and Nita, they found occupation enough for their eyes when left to themselves. They were in a house, which was in itself a novel and striking fact; and cabin as it was, that house was full of the most interesting objects to them.

There was a bed in the corner for one thing, and the brother and sister exchanged glances over it. They had not seen a bed for many a long day. And there was a table, and chairs, and a fireplace, and pots and pans, and kettles, and buckets, and other household effects, and a woman bustling

gry children, who unceremoniously threw the discarded bones down upon the floor, filled their hands with hominy to be conveyed in bulk to their mouths, and displayed, generally, Comanche table-manners.

As for Amigo, no one who knows him can suppose for one moment that he had not shared in all that had happened,— the reception accorded his young master and mistress, the morning court of inquiry, and most important of all — the breakfast. He had bounded into the cabin with Nita, sniffed searchingly at every member of the Braun family, made the rounds of the room to see what it was like, had consented to be petted by Mr. Braun, and then had curled up on the floor at Juan's feet, having satisfied himself that all was well. So Amigo returned to that civilization of which he was a bright ornament, as well-bred and far more accomplished than when he left it at the call of duty. He was not roughened by contact with rough people; nothing could make a savage of him. He was at home alike in the finest drawing-room and in an Indian lodge, and would have shone as conspicuously in the best society as in the worst.

He now ignored the life he had been obliged to lead for several years; and being out of the woods, relapsed with easy grace into the habits and manners of polite life. He was quite tall enough to have made a snatch at the tempting steak and corn-muffins that graced his host's board; but as a matter of fact, what did he do? Why, he walked around the circle assembled there quietly, at first, merely to be on hand if he were wanted; and then he looked with intention and expectation now at one, now at another member of the family. Finally, surprised to find himself rudely neglected, he stood on his hind legs and laid one paw in remonstrance on Mr. Braun's arm, merely to recall him to sense of what was due to a guest from a host. Then, being given an immense bone, he gracefully expressed his thanks, in the only way left to him, by repeated wags of his handsome tail; and retired politely out-of-doors with his breakfast, that he might not get so much as one spot of grease on Frau Braun's neatly scrubbed floor,— conduct that defies criticism and challenges admiration in a dog that had eaten nothing for more than twenty-four hours, and had spent the best years of his life among Comanches.

During all the stay of the travelers with the Brauns, Amigo's behavior kept on this high level. He was simple, natural, affable, gave himself no airs of superiority, demanded no sympathy for past tri-



"THEY BOTH FOUND A NEW ATTRACTION IN THE BABY WHICH WAS COOING AND SMILING AT THEM NOT TWO FEET AWAY."

umphs or sufferings, and managed, moreover, to endear himself to all with whom he was thrown. He must have been singularly attractive; for several times that day, the youthful Brauns actually averted their eyes from Juan and Nita for a moment in order to look at Amigo. And this was more than their mother had been able to effect,

although she had given them many a nudge and frown intended to convey the idea that they had goggled long enough at the Indians' captives.

But, not content with having satisfied the wants of the inner man, or rather child, Frau Braun's mind was full of schemes for improving the outer Mexican. While she was attending to her daily duties she kept revolving certain possibilities, mentally trying to determine whether Hans's coat and Carl's trousers would fit Juan,—although Hans was a great deal bigger, and Carl as much smaller than Juan,—and whether Faustina's clothes would do for Nita. The tattered buckskin garments, the dirty faces and matted locks of the pair before her were such a contrast to the condition of her own cleanly, fair, rosy brood, that she could scarcely wait, until she had finished certain household duties, to get at the family wardrobe and see what it would furnish forth.

Before entering upon the work of the day, Mr. Braun rejoiced Juan's heart by telling him that he was going to San Antonio shortly and would take them that far on their road to Mexico—news that made the boy's large brown eyes sparkle with delight and caused Nita literally to jump for joy. It further appeared that Mr. Braun was collecting a load of pecan nuts to take with him, and meant to take a goodly store of honey, butter, and eggs, as well, to that market. He asked the children whether they would like to help him, and they did like; and, accompanied by our two Mexicans and by six of the seven of his own offspring, he started out into the woods, where they all staid until dinner-time and gathered bushels of nuts which they brought home and deposited under the shed back of the house.

In the course of this work some advance toward acquaintance, if not intimacy, had naturally been made between the German and Mexican children. With the free-masonry of youth and a few words and signs, they managed to get on very well in their joint labors; and a good understanding was inaugurated, enough to take the edge off the Braun stare, at all events, and to make Juan and Nita feel more at home.

All that afternoon Frau Braun had her enormous work-basket beside her, and diligently sewed upon various garments previously shaped by her immense shears; and by evening, lo! a neat, if not particularly stylish, outfit for Juan, and another for Nita. This done, she prepared baths in the two rooms overhead set apart for her boys and for her girls; and, calling to Mr. Braun, arranged the next step in her admirable programme. The result was that even Amigo scarcely knew his own master and mistress at supper that night. They had been tubbed, and scrubbed, and rubbed, their hair had been closely cut, their clothes thrown away, and themselves inducted into a full suit of garments which were remarkable in cut, indeed, altered and patched, but as clean as soap and water could make them.

The brother and sister scarcely knew themselves or each other in this guise, but they were infinitely refreshed and as comfortable as they could be in civilized clothes which seemed to them to be constructed on painfully rigid and constraining principles, and to be unnecessarily numerous, and very gorgeous. It was well, perhaps, that the small Brauns wore their feet without any artificial covering and that no attempt was made to put Juan and Nita into stockings and stiff shoes just then. Not all their gratitude to the people who had so kindly received them could have stood such a test, I fear.

And how Frau Braun did beam at them when she seated them with her own children around the tea table! And how she did butter their corn-bread, and set a great bowl of bread and milk before each of them! And how kind Mr. Braun was! And how well Hans and Gustave and Carl, Albert, and Faustina, and Bertha, and Wilhelmina Christine did behave themselves, to be sure!

And, later, what were Nita's sensations at finding herself lying once more under a roof and on a bed, between sheets! She dropped off to sleep before she had time properly to realize how cool and soft and clean and deliciously comfortable it was—which was a pity! She slept until Frau Braun called her next morning, and took ten minutes, then, to get her eyes really open.

It was different with Juan. He tried conscientiously to stay where he was put, and to go to sleep, but he only tumbled and tossed, and tossed and tumbled. He could not sleep in a bed. That was the trouble. It suffocated him, somehow; and at last he stole downstairs and outside, where he stretched himself out under the trees and took an express train to the land of Nod. There Frau Braun found him, much to her surprise, when she went out to do her milking, and could n't understand it. Her husband, coming out of the house just then, saw it too, and shook his fat sides with laughter over it for fully ten minutes.

(To be concluded.)

SEPTEMBER.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

HERE 's a lyric for September,
Best of all months to remember;
Month when summer breezes tell
What has happened wood and dell,
Of the joy the year has brought
And the changes she has wrought.
She has turned the verdure red;
In the blue sky overhead
She the harvest-moon has hung
Like a silver boat among
Shoals of stars,—bright jewels set
In the earth's blue coronet.
She has brought the orchard's fruit
To repay the robin's flute
Which has gladdened half the year
With a music liquid clear;
And she makes the meadow grass
Catch the sunbeams as they pass,
Till the autumn's floor is rolled
With a fragrant cloth of gold.

FIDDLE-JOHN'S FAMILY.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

Chapter III.

THE life on shipboard did not agree with Fiddle-John. Like a spoiled child, he was unhappy when he was unnoticed. The forecastle was often deserted, and there were probably not many among the emigrants who would have been capable of judging whether his voice was in any way extraordinary. And yet, one there was who found an untold amount of comfort in listening to that clear, sweet tenor of Fiddle-John's, and that one was the Savoyard boy. It had been his constant effort, since his encounter with the purser, to make himself as inconspicuous as possible, and it would have gratified him much if he had possessed some means of making the bear invisible. As the forecastle was the least visited portion of the ship, he had chosen to hide himself there behind the anchor-cable.

He trembled whenever any one approached, and would throw the end of the tarpaulin which covered the deck-freight over his friend, the bear. The only people whose company did not incommode him were Fiddle-John and his children, for whom he testified his devotion by smiles and gestures and all sorts of endearing Italian diminutives which, on account of his caressing tones, even a dumb brute could not have failed to appreciate. After a long and exciting pantomime, Truls ascertained that his name was Annibale Petrucchio and that his bear gloried in the name of Garibaldi.

Both boys felt that they had made great progress in each other's friendship when these facts had been established, and another hour of dumb show, intersprinkled with exclamations, resulted in a still more astonishing revelation, which was that Annibale and his friend slept every night on deck, because they feared to arouse once more the purser's displeasure by invading the steerage. Sometimes Annibale curled himself up with Garibaldi within the coil of the anchor-cable; but when it rained or when the sea was high, they crept under the deck-freight tarpaulin. The only trouble was that the April nights were very cold,—Annibale shivered all over to show how cold he was,—and anchor-cables and deck-freight were not particularly soft to sleep upon.

As Alf and Truls became duly impressed with the unpleasantness of the Savoyard's situation, they took counsel in order to ascertain how they might relieve his distress. But all the plans that were suggested were found to be risky, and night came before they had arrived at a decision. The weather had been raw and blustery all the afternoon and the officer on the bridge had been looking every minute uneasily at the falling barometer. After sunset, the gale increased in violence, and the ship pitched and rolled in the heavy sea. In the steerage there was a terrible commotion; women prayed and screamed and moaned, children of all ages joined in the chorus, the lamps swung forward and backward in their brass frames, and bottles,

glasses, and loose crockery made a terrible racket, sliding to starboard and back again to port with every motion of the ship. The wind howled in the cordage, and big waves often swept across the deck and poured out through the scupper-holes.

Alf and Truls, who had been lying awake for hours listening to the hollow boom of the waves and the shrieking of the wind, conversed in a whisper about the poor Savoyard, who had to be on deck in that terrible weather, and they finally summoned courage to creep toward the ladder and slowly to mount it, clutching each other's hands tightly. It was a risky undertaking, and their hearts stuck in their throats, as they clung to the door-knob, hesitating whether they should open the door. Without knowing, however, they must have given the knob a twist; for suddenly the door swung open with a tremendous bang, and Truls was flung across the deck against the bulwarks with such force that for an instant he scarcely knew whether he had alighted on his head or his feet.

He picked himself up, however, without any serious damage, and half rolled, half crept up toward the prow, where a couple of lanterns were swinging. Nevertheless it was so dark that he could not discern an object ahead of him, and only groped his way along the bulwarks, until he stumbled upon a demoralized mass of rope, which he knew to be the anchor-cable.

"Annibale!" he shouted at the top of his voice, "are you here?" But before he had time to receive a reply, the ship plunged into a monstrous wave, which rose in a storm of spray and drenched the whole forecastle back as far as the mainmast. Truls, in his effort to keep his footing, tumbled forward and seized hold of something wet and hairy, which slid along with him for a couple of yards, and then was hauled back by some unseen force. The boy crawled along in the same direction and shouted once more, "Annibale! Where are you?" And a voice answered: "*Ah, Monsieur Truls, Garibaldi et moi, nous sommes à demi morts.*"*

"Now, don't jabber at me, Annibale," Truls observed, making his voice heard above the wind; "but if you will come along with me, Alf and I will give you half of our berth; and Garibaldi can sleep at our feet."

Whether Annibale understood the words or not, he could not fail to comprehend the friendly feeling which had prompted them. He eagerly seized Truls's hand and they plunged bravely forward, but slipped on the wet deck, and the bear and the boys slid with great speed in the direction of the descent to the steerage. They were drenched to the skin and considerably bruised when, after several unsuccessful efforts, they seized the door-knob. Alf, as it turned out, feeling too ill to keep watch, had already preceded them to bed. Garibaldi, who had seemed keenly conscious of his disgrace since his adventure with the purser, slunk along as meekly as possible, and only now and then shook his wet skin and coughed in a dispirited fashion. He was not as grateful, moreover, as might have been expected, when he was assigned his place on the straw at the foot of the berth, but gradually pushed himself upward until his nose nearly touched that of his master; whereupon he curled himself up comfortably and went to sleep. It was a very pretty sight to see the blonde Norse boys and the swarthy Savoyard peacefully reposing on the same pillow, with the shaggy head of the bear between them, the Savoyard half-unconsciously clutching his pet in his embrace.

Toward morning the storm began to abate, and the dim light peeped in through the port-holes. The steerage was comparatively quiet. Fiddle-John arose and went on deck; a strange oppression had come over him. The dim gray light, the all-enveloping dampness, and the incessant throbbing and clanking of the machinery wrought upon his sensitive soul, until he seemed in danger of going mad. The world seemed so vast and so empty! The waves heaved and wrestled in their gray monotony, until it made him dizzy to look at them. Merely to rid himself of this terrible oppression Fiddle-John lifted up his voice and sang wildly against the wind; his beautiful tenor seemed to cut through the fog like a bright sword and to flash and ring under the sky. His soul expanded with his voice; the sun broke forth from the clouds, and he felt once more free and happy. He scarcely knew how long he sang; but when by chance he turned about, he saw to his surprise that a crowd of well-dressed cabin passengers had gathered about him. His three children stood holding one another's hands, looking in astonishment at the fine ladies shivering in fur-trimmed cloaks, and wondered why their father was attracting so much attention.

"Charming!" "Wonderful!" "Magnificent!" exclaimed the fine people when Fiddle-John had stopped singing; and a portly American gentleman with gray side-whiskers, who seemed more enthusiastic than the rest, put his hand on his shoulder, and said that if he himself were ten years younger, he would undertake to make a fortune out of Fiddle-John, which, of course, was a very generous offer on his part. Jens Skoug, the emigration agent, translated the remark; and as the American seemed to have more to say to Fiddle-John, offered his services as interpreter.

"What is your trade?" asked the gentleman.

"I sing and play," said Fiddle-John.

* "Ah, Mr. Truls, Garibaldi and I are half dead."

"But, I mean, how do you make your living?" repeated his questioner.

"By singing and playing," said Fiddle-John.

"You won't make much of a living by that in America; people won't understand you, unless you sing in English," remarked the American.

It had actually never before occurred to Fiddle-John that his songs would be unintelligible in America. He had supposed that music appealed equally to all nations and needed no interpreter. The remark of his new friend, therefore, was a positive shock to him, and it took him fully a minute to recover from its effect.

"I will sing to the President of America," he said in an injured tone. "Jens Skoug there says that the President will make me a great man when he hears my voice."

It did not suit Skoug's convenience to translate this remark correctly; and he made instead the jocular remark, with a confidential air, that Fiddle-John had got into his head the notion he wanted to sing to the President. The American was evidently amused at this, and said, with a laugh, that he feared the President was not so great an authority in music as in affairs of state.

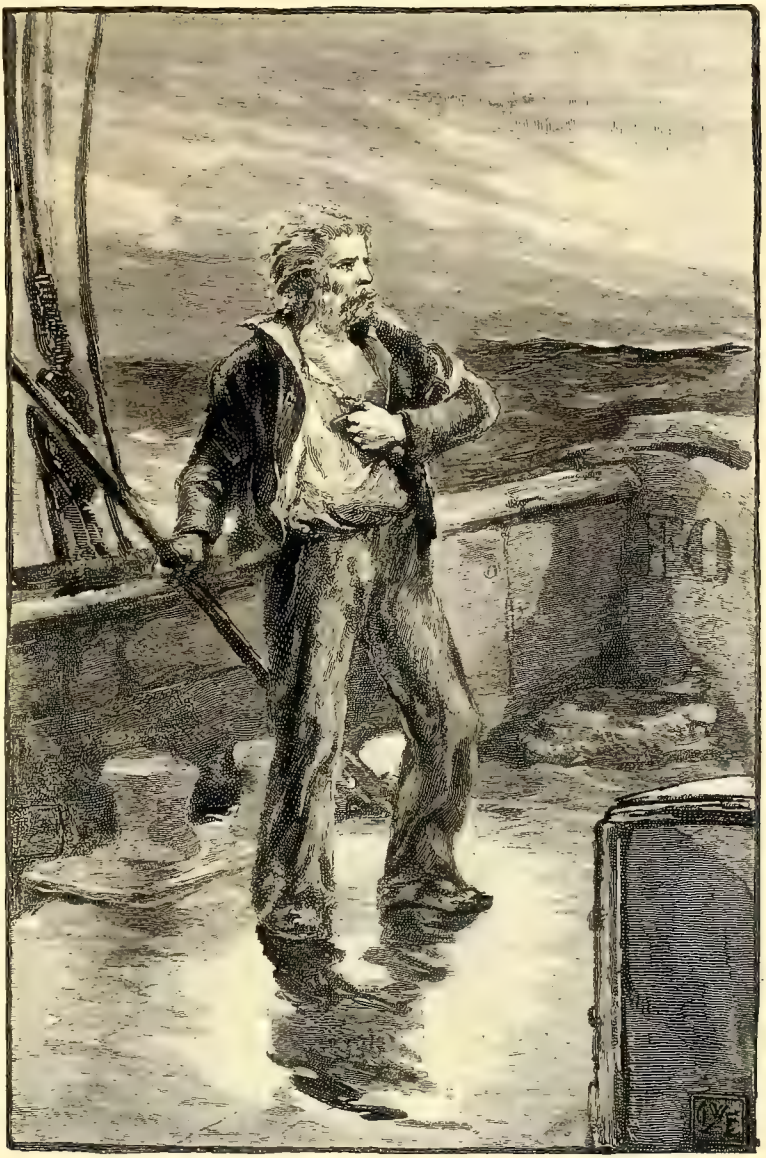
Fiddle-John was extremely puzzled, and a little distressed at the jocose manner of the American gentleman; it could scarcely be possible that he was making fun of him. But American ways were probably different from Norwegian ways, and he would therefore not be hasty in taking offense.

"I know a great many songs," he said, with a determination to appear amiable; "and what is more, I can make songs about anything you choose."

"Aha, you are a sort of a poet, — an *improvisatore*, as the Italians say. Now I begin to understand. Perhaps you can make a song about me," suggested the American.

"Indeed I can!" cried the Norseman.

"Well, let us have it!" urged the other.



"FIDDLE-JOHN LIFTED UP HIS VOICE AND SANG WILDLY AGAINST THE WIND."

Fiddle-John never needed much urging to sing. He straightened himself up, flung back his head and was about to begin, when his son Truls, whose ears had been burning uncomfortably during

the whole interview, seized his father's hand and entreated him not to sing.

"Don't sing to that man, father," he said. "He is making sport of you. Please don't. Both Alf and I are distressed to think that the gentleman should dare to speak to you as he does. He thinks——"

"Get out of the way, sonny! No one is talking to you," interrupted Jens Skoug, pushing Truls rudely aside; but the boy, fired with sudden wrath, wheeled quickly around.

"It is you who have brought all this misery upon us," he cried, excitedly. "I know you mean to desert us as soon as we get to New York, and I only wish I were big enough to give you the thrashing you deserve now, on the spot."

"Why, little chickens can crow like big roosters," Jens Skoug exclaimed; "but if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head," he added, with a menacing scowl, "I will make you dance a jig to a very lively tune — the hazel tune; perhaps you may have heard of it."

This was more than Truls could stand; and with clenched fists, a flushed face, and eyes blazing with anger, he rushed at the exasperating emigration agent. But the American, who thought that the fun had now gone far enough, seized the angry boy by the collar and restrained him. "Hold on, my little fellow!" he said; "it is time to stop for refreshments. You are a lively little customer for your years. I don't know exactly what you are angry about, but I can assure you it is n't worth fighting for. Now, simmer a little, and then cool down!"

During this scene, Fiddle-John had been standing irresolutely shifting his weight from one foot to the other and gazing with a bewildered air at Jens and Truls. He could not understand what had happened to arouse the anger of his son, and his excited words had scarcely furnished him with a clew to the mystery.

"Why — why — why don't you want me to sing, Truls?" he stammered helplessly. "I am sure I sing as well as anybody, and need not be ashamed to be heard."

"Oh, it is n't that, Father!" the son responded in a tone of tender consideration, which appealed strongly to the American. "You sing beautifully; but these people would not understand you — and — and — wait till we are alone, Father; I will tell you what I mean."

It was the manner, rather than the words, of the boy which gave the stranger an insight into the relations which existed between him and his father; and what he saw, and still more what he inferred, interested him greatly. There was a diffidence in Truls's tone, and at the same time an air of protectorship, which, in one of his years, was quite touching. The American could not help admiring his spirited behavior, and he only wished he could have told the boy how far he was from wishing to humiliate either him or his father. But he had lost confidence in Mr. Skoug as an interpreter, and he saw no one else, who, for the moment, could take that gentleman's place. He therefore put his hand caressingly on the boy's head, and trusting to his intuition rather than his knowledge of English, said:

"If you should ever happen to need a friend in the United States, you must remember to come to me. My name is Alexander Tenney, and I live in New York. Here is my card, with my address upon it."

He gave Fiddle-John and his son each a friendly nod and sauntered away toward a group of ladies who were seated in their steamer-chairs, conversing with the captain about the state of the weather.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a beautiful sunny morning in May when the steamer cast anchor in the bay of New York. Fiddle-John and his children and a thousand other poorly clad people from all parts of the world were carried by little steam-tugs to a large building by the water, where there was a babel of noise and confusion. Everybody was shouting at the top of his voice; children were crying, women hunting for their husbands, husbands hunting for their baggage; policemen were pushing back the crowd of screaming hotel-runners who were besieging the doors, and an official standing on the top of a barrel was yelling instructions to the emigrants in half a dozen different languages.

Fiddle-John, to whom this spectacle was positively terrifying, could do nothing but stare about him in a hopeless and dazed manner; while he pressed his violin-case tightly in his arms and allowed himself to be pushed hither and thither by the surging motion of the crowd. He was finally pushed up to a gate where an official sat writing at a desk:

"How old are you?" asked the official, or rather the interpreter who was standing at his elbow.

"Thirty-five years," said Fiddle-John; but a vague alarm took possession of him at the question, and his heart began to beat uneasily.

"What is your occupation?"

"Occupation? Well, I sing. I am a singer."

"A singing-teacher? Is that what you are?"

"No, I don't teach."

"What do you do, then, for a living? Perhaps you are a sort of theatrical chap — an actor?"

Fiddle-John looked greatly mystified; he had never heard of such a thing as a theater in all his life, and the word "actor" was not found in his vocabulary. Nevertheless, he thought it best to keep on good terms with the great official, and he therefore made one more effort to explain the nature of his occupation.

"If you will pardon my boldness," he began, with a quaking voice, "I may say that I am a kind of poet — a minstrel —"

"Aha, that 's what you are," roared the official with a laugh, as if he had at last found the solution of the problem; "you are a negro-minstrel."

Fiddle-John stood aghast, as the interpeter repeated the official's words. He was not a combative character, but the recent scene with the American gentleman on ship-board had aroused his suspicion, and the conclusion now suddenly flashed upon him that the official was making fun of him. The blood mounted to his head and his whole frame trembled.

"How dare you mock me?" he cried passionately; "how dare you call me a negro? Don't you see with your own eyes that I am as white as you are?"

"Be careful, now, or I 'll have you arrested on the spot," the other replied coolly. "I can't afford to waste my time on you. So far as I can learn, you are a beggar who walks about in the street, singing. Now that kind of thing won't do well over here; and you 'd better not try it. How much money have you?"

"I have n't any money."

"And what is your destination? Where do you intend to go?"

"I am going to see the American President, and sing to him."

"Sing to the President! Well, I expected as much. Why, my good friend, it seems you are a lunatic as well as a beggar. I shall send you to an asylum, and you will be returned by the next steamer to Norway. It is only able-bodied, self-supporting emigrants we receive here, not street-singers and crazy people!"

The poor Norseman stood as if riveted to the spot. A sudden faintness came over him, and he felt as if he were going to sink into the ground. He made desperate attempts to speak, but his words stuck in his throat, and he could not utter a sound. A policeman was called and Fiddle-John was unceremoniously hustled through the crowd and forced to board a small steam-tug, where, with three other forlorn and miserable-looking individuals, he was locked up in a dirty and ill-smelling cabin. All this had been done so quickly that he scarcely had time to realize what was happening to him. But now the thought of his three children came over him with terrible force, and a sickening sense of his helplessness took possession of him. In one moment the blood throbbed in his face and temples, and he burned with heat and indignation; in the next, the thought of what was to become of his dear ones,— alone and friendless as they were, in a foreign land, — suddenly drove the blood away from his cheeks, and he shivered with dread. He was in the midst of these tormenting fancies when the tug gave a couple of shrill whistles and steamed away through the harbor toward an island covered with gray, dismal-looking stone buildings, the very sight of which filled Fiddle-John's breast with fear.

The children, in the meanwhile, had an experience hardly less discouraging. They had seen their father led away by a policeman, and had shouted to him with all their might; but their voices had been drowned in the general confusion, and in spite of all their efforts they had not been able to make their way to him through the dense throng. They searched for hours, but could find no trace of him. Being afraid of the man at the desk, who had been so severe with their father, they hit upon the plan of slipping through the gate in the train of a German family which had so many children that it seemed hopeless to count them. This scheme succeeded admirably, and toward evening they found themselves in a broad square planted with trees and budding shrubs. They still had some hope of finding their father, thinking that perhaps his detention would merely be temporary; and they sat upon the benches or roamed along the Battery esplanade with a miserable feeling of loneliness gnawing at their hearts. They were hungry, but they did not know where to turn to obtain bread. The world seemed so vast and strange and bewildering, that it gave one a headache only to look at it. To ears accustomed only to the murmur of the pines in the summer night and the song of birds and the river's monotonous roar, the huge city, with its varied noises and its incessant deafening rattle of wheels over stone pavements, seemed overwhelming and terrible.

Only Truls, who had a spirit less sensitive and less easily daunted than his brother and sister, could summon courage to think,— to devise a way, if possible, out of their perplexities. He carefully investigated first his own pockets, then his brother's, in the hope of finding something that might be exchangeable for a loaf of bread. But he could find nothing except a couple of buttons, some curious snail-shells, and a folding knife, the blades of which had been sharpened until there was scarcely anything left of them. After a few minutes' meditation, he resolved, although with

an aching heart, to part with his valuable treasures; and he took Karen by one hand and Alf by the other, and led the way through the Battery Park toward Greenwich street, where he hoped to find a baker's shop.

They had advanced but a short distance, however, when they caught sight of their friend Annibale, who was sitting on a bench, swinging his legs with an air of deep dejection. His eyes lighted up a little when he recognized Truls; he jumped up, and, pointing to something resembling a large muff under the bench, exclaimed, in a tearful voice:

"Garibaldi is very sick. Garibaldi will die. He has been ill a long time; he will not stand up any more. He hangs his head like this."

Annibale here demonstrated, with pathetic absurdity, the pitiful manner in which the little bear hung his head. There could be no doubt; it was a serious case. Truls was especially conscious of this, after having stooped down and noted Garibaldi's symptoms. His eyes were much inflamed, his nose was hot, and he frothed slightly at the corners of his mouth. Yes, it was plain that Garibaldi was going to die.

Alf and Truls nearly forgot their hunger and their distress at the thought of this great calamity. By signs and gestures, they persuaded Annibale to seek lodgings where his pet might receive proper care and perhaps stand some chance of recovering. This seemed sound advice, and Annibale was not slow in following it, when once he understood it. But it was a very sad march; for Garibaldi refused to move, and the three boys had to carry him as best they could.

A lodging-house was finally found where supper and bed could be procured for twenty cents; and though neither was particularly inviting, the boys were too hungry and tired to be fastidious. The Savoyard fortunately had a little money, which he was very willing to share with his Norse friends as soon as he had gained an inkling of the day's adventures. Moreover, he had relatives in the city, and knew the addresses of many Italian friends. He therefore had no fear of suffering want, and, as he asserted in words and explained in pantomime, could well afford to be generous.

The boys and the bear slept in a little square box of a room in which there were two beds, while a kind-hearted servant carried weary little Karen to her own apartment. Truls, out of gratitude to Annibale, offered to watch over the bear; but unhappily, his gratitude was not lively enough to keep him awake, though he struggled bravely to keep his eyes open. Toward midnight his head sank slowly down upon Garibaldi's back, and when the daylight peeped in through the dusty window panes, he was yet sleeping peacefully. The sunbeams crept, inch by inch, across the floor, until they lighted on Truls's chin, then climbed up to his nose and reached his eyes. Then he awoke with a pang, sprang up, and stared confusedly about him.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon Garibaldi, who lay immovable at the foot of the bed; he stooped down and touched him. The poor bear was stone cold! It must have died quietly in the night. Truls, with a dim notion that Garibaldi's death was due to his own lack of watchfulness, made haste to rouse his friend, and explain to him, with tears of grief and remorse that he had, without meaning to do it, used Garibaldi as a pillow, and the poor animal had probably died in consequence. Annibale, however, showed no disposition to reproach Truls, but, leaping out of bed with a frightened face, flung himself down upon the bear, hugged it, and wept over it, overwhelming it with caresses and endearing names. But it was all in vain. Poor Garibaldi was really dead. He had caught a violent cold during the night of the storm at sea, from which he had never recovered.

Although it was yet early in the morning, all the city seemed to be awake and to be surging and roaring outside of the windows like a storm-beaten sea. Stage-coaches, carriages, and enormous drays laden with bales and barrels and boxes, were pouring in steady streams up and down the street; people of all sorts and conditions were hurrying hither and thither; and out in the harbor, but a stone's throw distant, there was a forest of masts, and big and little steamboats rushed shrieking in all directions. It seemed like tempting Providence to venture out into this wild turmoil, and Truls implored Annibale not to risk it, when he perceived that the latter was bent upon some such dangerous expedition.

Annibale, however, had seen great cities before, and gave no heed to his companion's fear, but tore himself away, promising to return before noon. With a painful fascination Truls stood watching him from the window, following his lithe and dexterous motions as he wound himself through the crowd and dodged the huge wheels and wagon-poles as they seemed on the point of knocking him down. When at last the Savoyard vanished around a street corner, and Truls was about to relapse into his sad meditations, the kind-hearted servant girl caused a sensation by entering with Karen and a tray, upon which were three pieces of bread and three cups of coffee. Truls then awoke his brother, who had slept soundly through the recent excitement, and the three had quite a pleasant meal, considering their forlorn condition.

They covered up Garibaldi with a blanket. He

had had a hard life of it on board the steamer, and had suffered much. Now his career was finished. At least, so Alf and Truls supposed, until a very extraordinary thing happened.

They had finished their breakfast some little time, when the door opened, and Annibale entered with a little, smoky and shriveled-up Italian. He was Annibale's uncle; his name was Giacomo Bianchi, and by trade he was a taxidermist. When he talked, he used his arms, legs, eyes, and mouth, all with equal vigor. Fiddle-John's children stood and gazed at him in undisguised wonder; they had never in all their lives seen anything so lively.

"*Ecco!*" he cried, pointing excitedly first to the dead bear and then to Truls; "the fit will be perfect. He is of the same height, and will do perfectly well. If he has any wit, and not too much of it, he can act the bear as well as if he were born one. I will prepare the skin for you, and stuff it just enough to fit his figure. Then you can make as much money as the sands of the sea. I have a small hand-organ at home, and a tambourine which that vagabond Gregorio left me for a debt. You give me half of what you earn, and I will lend you all these things. You will become a rich man before you die. The bigger boy can play the hand-organ, the little girl can strike the tambourine, and you yourself lead the bear and make him dance. Behold, my son, your fortune is made. *Ecco*, I have spoken!"



"BEHOLD, MY SON, YOUR FORTUNE IS MADE. *Ecco*, I HAVE SPOKEN!"

Giacomo's dark eyes flashed with enthusiasm as he unfolded this inglorious scheme, and he flourished his stick so violently in the direction of Karen, that she grew frightened and began to cry. Her brothers, too, viewed the excitable little man with suspicion, and listened in no friendly spirit to his unintelligible talk. To their guileless Norse minds his gestures seemed at first to indicate insanity, but after a while they concluded that, for some reason, he was angry at their sister. Having arrived at this decision they clenched their fists in their pockets and made themselves ready to pounce upon him the very moment he ventured to touch her.

His apparent wrath suddenly left him, however, and he came up to shake hands with each of them, smiling, and nodding his shaggy head with extreme affability. Still they could not quite conquer their distrust of him, and it required a long and lively pantomime to induce them to accompany him to his own dwelling. At last they yielded, because they knew of nothing else to do. Garibaldi was wrapped carefully in a bag, and Giacomo and the boys, taking each a corner, carried him easily down the stairs and put him into Giacomo's little two-wheeled handcart, which stood before the door,—a convenient means of transporting goods, and one without which the average Italian seldom remains unprovided when he sets himself up in trade.

Then they started out for the shop of Giacomo, who, as leader of the party, took charge of the cart and easily trundled it along through the streets. First, however, they went to Castle Garden to inquire for Fiddle-John, but there was no one there who knew anything about him. Another steamer had just come in with over eleven hundred emigrants, and the officials were too busy to give heed to the questions of the strange-looking boys who talked a strange-sounding language. All their attempts to get possession of the baggage were also unavailing; and with sad, heavy hearts they plodded along together with the Italians and Garibaldi, winding their way wearily through a labyrinth of dirty streets, until they finally reached a little, ill-smelling bird shop in Canal street.

Here, too, there was a bedlam of noise, and the young Norseboys remained standing in the middle of the floor, staring about them in helpless bewilderment. Two great blue-and-yellow macaws were shrieking overhead, an ancient and wise-looking cockatoo was apparently scolding them for their undignified behavior, and uncounted paroquets, pigeons, and canary-birds were chirping, cooing, and screaming in a confused chorus which would have racked the nerves of a mummy. The barking of a number of dogs, which seemed to object to the limited area of their cages, added to the uproar; and it was a great relief to the whole juvenile company when Giacomo at last invited them to ascend to the floor above, where he had his own personal domicile.

The bird store, according to Annibale's assertion, was a source of enormous revenue, but belonged to his other uncle, Matteo, who was a citizen of much weight and influence in the Italian colony. This great man, however, it was understood, had more important matters to attend to, and left the business in charge of his humbler brother, Giacomo. A vague impression of these facts Annibale had managed to communicate to his friends, in spite of the linguistic difficulties under which he labored; and the Norse boys, who during the two weeks on the steamship had learned the Italian names for many common things and ideas, were pleasantly surprised at the readiness with which they comprehended the mixture of signs, gestures, and words which constituted Annibale's medium of communication.

Uncle Giacomo's rooms proved a much more agreeable place than the shop below. The noise of the birds penetrated the floor only as a subdued confusion of sounds, and did not interfere with conversation. On a little low table at the window there was a multitude of small, sharp tools, and an array of bottles which emitted strong but not unpleasant odors. Some of them had feathers sticking through their stoppers, and others were labeled "Poison" in big red letters. Around about the walls there were rows of shelves, upon which stood bright-colored birds, perching upon twigs, as if on the point of taking flight, owls with big yellow eyes and a dignified sullenness of expression, hawks with wings outspread, swooping down upon unseen, unsuspicious rabbits; and besides these impressive groups and specimens, there were little pet dogs and birds, whose skins had been preserved by the taxidermist's art for sorrowing owners.

All these objects the boys and Karen found highly entertaining, and Uncle Giacomo, who was bent upon making a good impression, allowed them to take down and examine anything that struck their fancy. The work of skinning poor Garibaldi also served to occupy their minds, and thus the forenoon passed rapidly until it was time to sit down to dinner. They did not sit down, however; for their dinner consisted only of bread and milk, and that could be eaten just as well standing. In the afternoon they were allowed to fetch up some rabbits and guinea-pigs from the store, and when they had played with them for a couple of hours, Uncle Giacomo brought them a green parrot that could talk and scold in both English and Italian. Alf and Truls and Karen understood none of its talk; but for all that it entertained them, and served for a time to keep their

minds from dwelling on their misfortunes. They scarcely knew what was to become of them; the world seemed so vast and so pitiless, and they themselves such a very small part of it. They thought with flutterings of hope and fear of their father, and determined never to abandon their search for him until they should find him.

Their fate seemed strange, incomprehensible. But a few weeks before they were living happily in their quiet Norse home, in the little cottage under the mountain-wall. Now they were flung out, helpless and alone, into a huge whirlpool of foreign life; their mother, whom they had loved more than any one else in the whole world, was dead, and their father was wandering about, no one knew where, vainly seeking them, perhaps, and not knowing whither to turn. Indeed, much can happen in two short weeks. If they had but known what was to befall them before they left their happy home! Oh, if they had but known!

(To be concluded.)



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL; OR, THE "BLUE-COAT SCHOOL."

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

If some day, when you happen to be in that part of London called "the city," you see a boy who has apparently forgotten his hat, and who has on such a queer dress that at first you are not sure whether he is a boy or a girl, follow him, if you can, down and perhaps across the street, in among the omnibuses and hansoms and wagons, where he appears to be very much at home.

Keep your eye well on him, for he will suddenly disappear down a narrow, slightly winding passage-way. This will lead you to a brick doorway, black and grimy with smoke and dust, over which, in a niche, is a statue of Edward VI. in robes of state, while above the high wall of the house is a great cluster of chimney-pots. To one side is a church; to the other a quiet, shady graveyard full of gray tombstones and fresh green grass.

This pretty doorway, hidden from the street, is an entrance to Christ's Hospital, which is the odd name of a large and famous school for boys, the many buildings and three open squares of which form a large inclosure in one of the busiest parts of the city.

From crowded Newgate Street you may look between the iron railings of a high fence, across a narrow strip of pavement, and then through another fence, and see the boys as they walk in the cloisters or play in the quadrangle. If you should see them only in their quiet moments, you might think them so many young monks; for they wear long, dark, blue coats which almost touch the ground, leathern girdles about their waists, and white bands at their necks. But come back a little later when, school hours over, they are running after a foot-ball or playing hockey. Then the skirts of their coats fly wide open or else are tucked up high in their girdles, and show their very unmonk-like gray knee-breeches and brilliant orange stockings.

But what is stranger still about these boys, is that they never wear hats or caps of any kind. If you meet them on the coldest days in winter or the sunniest in summer, their heads will always be bare. Their hair is their only protection from heat and cold. It is because of their peculiar uniform that the institution is familiarly called the "Blue-coat School," and the boys who go to it, "Blue-coats" or "Blues."

Their quaint costume is not a modern invention, but is very much the same as that worn by boys of the lower classes in the sixteenth century, at the time the school was founded. There have been a few slight changes made in it of late years. Formerly the "Blues" wore a yellow petticoat instead of the present knee-breeches; and every boy was obliged to carry about in his hand an absurd little cap, which, since it was too small to wear, seemed made for no other purpose than to worry its owner. Still, the boys in Christ's Hospital to-day dress very much like the little orphans for whom it was originally intended as a sort of asylum.

But, by degrees, the institution became more than an ordinary charity school for poor children. Many famous men have been "Blues." Richardson, the novelist; Coleridge, the poet; Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, all wore the blue coat and yellow stockings in their youth. Boys now consider it a great privilege to be admitted, and they are proud of their dress because of its age and associations. All English people, as a rule, respect it for the same reason. To understand why this is so, you must know something of the origin and history of the school. There are few boys or girls who will not be interested in the story; for its founder was a mere boy, not any older than many readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

Several centuries ago the Monastery of the Gray Friars stood where the Blue-coat School now is. The monastery was taken from the Gray Friars and closed when Henry VIII. drove the monks out of England. But as many poor people had depended upon the friars for alms, King Henry gave, "The church and house of the late Gray Friars within the city, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging,"—as the old deed says,—to the mayor and citizens of London, intending that the property should be used in some way or other for the relief of the needy. But after he had made this gift, no one took much interest in it. The King and the mayor seemed to forget all about it.

Edward VI., the only son of Henry VIII., remembered it, however, when he came to the throne, in 1547, a boy king ten years of age. Child as he was, he was much troubled by the misery of the poor people in his capital. Only a few months before he died, when he was fifteen years of age, he confirmed the gift his father had made of the old monastery, and converted it into a home for fatherless and destitute children, where they should be clothed, fed, and educated. He was so much in earnest about it that citizens who up to this time had been indifferent, at once set about repair-

ing and altering the old building, so that in less than six months the school was opened and three hundred and forty boys had been admitted.

There was a great ceremony at the palace when the young king gave the directors of the new Christ's Hospital their charter. All the children who were then at the school were present.



(FROM A PAINTING IN THE COURT ROOM OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.)

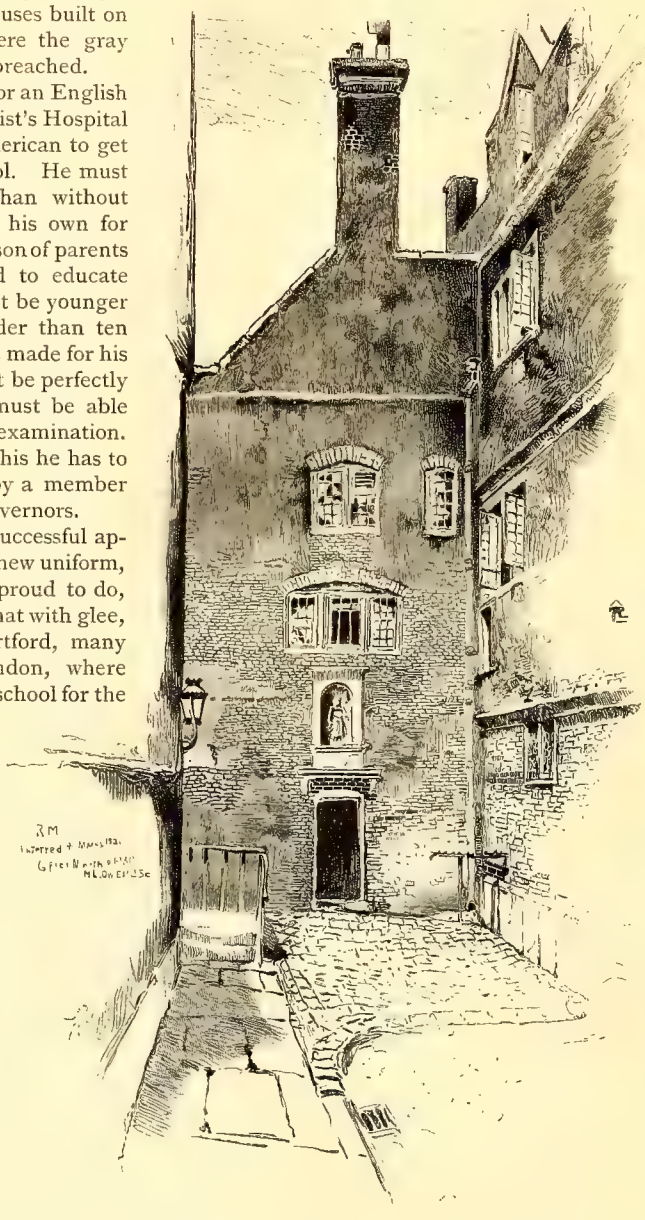
They never forgot that day, nor the love and gratitude which they owed to the youthful sovereign who had been so good and true a friend to them. A month later, Edward died; but his memory has always survived among the boys. His statue stands over the entrance to the Hospital; there are portraits of him in the counting-house and in the large hall where the governors of the school meet; and in the boy's dining-hall there is a large picture which represents him in the act of handing the charter to the Mayor.

What Edward wished above everything was that his school should be useful. The citizens who have had it in charge since his time have ever remembered this. Therefore when changes and improvements seemed necessary to accomplish his object, they have been made. But old rules, so long as they do not interfere with the good work of the hospital, are retained in honor of its royal founder. So, since it is quite certain that the boys can study as well in orange stockings and

blue coats as in the usual colored jackets and trousers, they still go about in the old-fashioned dress. And, as the "sick list" shows that London air is no less healthful for them than that of Harrow or Eton is for other English boys, they still live in houses built on the very spot where the gray friars prayed and preached.

It is not as easy for an English boy to get into Christ's Hospital as it is for an American to get into a public school. He must either be an orphan without money enough of his own for his support, or the son of parents who cannot afford to educate him. He must not be younger than eight nor older than ten when application is made for his admission, he must be perfectly healthy, and he must be able to pass a certain examination. In addition to all this he has to be "presented" by a member of the Board of Governors.

As soon as the successful applicant puts on his new uniform, which he is very proud to do, throwing away his hat with glee, he is sent to Hertford, many miles out of London, where there is a separate school for the younger "Blues." They there have a large green field to play in, instead of paved squares, and therefore they can romp as much as they choose, for, if they tumble it will be on soft grass, and not on hard stones. Occasionally, they stroll through quiet lanes and under shady elms, in the neighboring country, with the much-feared, much-respected beadle in command. Sometimes, during these walks, they meet the little girls who form part of the establishment in Hertford, but who are led quickly on by the careful matron. These girls, of whom there are sixty, make almost all the linen they and the boys wear. Once they dressed like charity children in straight blue skirts, green aprons, white mob caps, and white capes. But now, though they have a uniform, it is very like the dress of other children.



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. (SEE PAGE 836.)

The older boys who are at the school in London look down upon the youngsters fresh from Hertford, and call them "cads." When the little fellows first arrive at the hospital, they are sent by these superior beings to the kitchen to ask the cook to measure their mouths for silver spoons, and to the treasurer to petition for a half-holiday, and on other equally unprofitable errands. But the new-comers make the best of these jokes, for they are always glad to leave the country for the town, where their life as "Blues" really begins. I will describe what this life is, by telling you first how they work, and then how they play.

The school is divided into sixteen wards. In each of these there are forty-five boys under the immediate superintendence of a monitor, who is chosen from among them because of his high standing in his classes, and his general good conduct. But he has to work to retain the distinction thus conferred upon him. It is his duty

to keep order in the dormitory, where all the boys of his ward sleep, and if anything goes wrong, he is called to account. He has also to regulate them in the dining-hall, and to walk up and down by their tables until they have finished their meal, when he sits down to his. He is shown some small favors in return, however. He has another "Blue" to wait on him. The latter is called monitor's boy, for the word fag is seldom used in this sense in the Hospital, though fagging is common enough. Even the monitor's boy has his boy, who in turn has a still smaller "Blue" at his command, who thus becomes, when his title is given him in full, the monitor's boy's boy's boy. The monitor can sit up till ten o'clock, long after his less fortunate companions have gone to bed, and he has a right to a late supper of bread and cheese.

The dormitories are the living as well as the sleeping rooms of the boys. Besides the beds they have tables and chairs, and they study and sit here when they are not in class or on the playgrounds, which is not often in fine weather. A matron, or "nurse," as she is called, is in charge of each dormitory and takes care of the boys and of their clothes. She has a little parlor all to herself and a kitchen, and above these a bedroom with a large window in the wall overlooking the ward.

The boys all eat together in a large hall. This hall is in the building which you see when you look through the railings on Newgate Street. It is very large, as indeed it has need to be, for there are over seven hundred boys to sit at the tables. It has high-pointed windows, and at one end is an organ, and at one side a carved pulpit, where a "Grecian," or senior scholar, stands at the beginning of each meal and says grace. Every Thursday in Lent there is a "supping in public," when visitors come and watch the "Blues" as they eat their supper. The Lord Mayor, the Treasurer, or the Governors preside. When supper is over, the boys sing an anthem and, walking two by two, pass in front of the principal guests, to whom they bow. This ceremony is called "bowing 'round."

At one time swarms of rats used to come to the hall and have their supper in it after the boys had gone to bed. They sometimes were seen running along the top of the picture-frames, and the "Blues" used to catch them with their hands. They thought it would show a want of pluck to lay traps for them.



THE SCHOOL-PUMP. (SEE PAGE 842.)

The boys wait on themselves at table. Some lay the cloth, others bring the salt, still others pass the bread, and, in a word, each has his special charge. These charges are known as the "trades," and the boys are called bread-boys, water-boys, potato-boys, and so on, according to their duties. It is one of the great sights of the Hospital to see them preparing for dinner. About one o'clock the trades-boys leave the playgrounds, for the dining-hall. Many of them come in such a hurry that their faces are red and warm with running; their skirts are still tucked up in their girdles; and their pockets, stuffed with balls and other treasures, hang heavily down behind.

The cloth-boys begin work, and very awkward they are about it sometimes. I once saw one little fellow who, in his efforts to place the cloth straight, walked right up the middle of the table on the cloth itself, giving it little pokes into the right direction with the tip of his boot. Then the mug-boys, mustard-boys, pepper-boys, salt-boys, bearing the articles of their trades in big baskets, follow and set the tables.

This done, they go below to the hall quadrangle, where all the other "Blues" are assembled. The bell rings. The warden, who is the chief superintendent of the boys when they are not in school, comes in to preside. The boys fall into rank, according to their wards, each detachment headed by one of the number bearing a colored flag. The bugle sounds. The sergeant, or drill-master, calls out his orders, the principal of which is, "Hands out of your pockets!" Then the Hospital band strikes up a march and the seven hundred and fifty boys march in to dinner. When they reach the cloisters, certain of the trades-boys leave the ranks and go down to the kitchen. There, under the superintendence of the cook, they take the dishes of meat, buckets of potatoes and baskets of bread, that have been prepared, and carry them upstairs.

When the boys are all in the hall, there is an interval of silence. The "Grecian" says grace, and then follows such a chattering and clattering as I am sure was never heard anywhere else. A matron, at the head of each table, carves for the boys of her ward, and the monitors and beadles keep order. I think of all the trades-boys the water-boys have the hardest time. For often they have to fill their cans two or three times during the course of dinner, and to do this they must walk downstairs, through the cloisters and half-way to the Newgate street entrance.

In earlier days, when it was believed by a great many school-masters besides Mr. Squeers that boys ought to be hardened by poor food and little of that, "Blues" did not fare very well. There was a time when they had meat only three times a week, and roast beef twelve times a year.

Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt both tell dismal tales of their meager dinners and still scantier breakfasts and suppers. If you want to learn more of old Hospital customs, you should read Charles Lamb's essay on the subject, and the first few chapters in Leigh Hunt's Autobiography. But there have been many changes since they were "Blues." And one of the best is that the boys now have as good food and as much of it as they would have in private school.

They are quite ready for dinner by a quarter after one o'clock, for then they have had three hours of school and one of play. The morning school hours are from a quarter-past nine to a quarter-past twelve, and in summer there is an hour before breakfast from seven to eight for the preparation of lessons. Then, after dinner come two more hours in school, from half-past two to half-past four, and in winter an hour and a quarter's preparation school, beginning at seven o'clock. So you see they are not overworked.

The division of their classes is a little different from that in any other school. There are, to begin with, a grammar-school and a junior grammar-school, with three forms and three sections in each. These are the lowest classes, and into them the little boys are put when they come up from Hertford. Then there is the modern school, with two lower fourth forms and two upper fourth forms. A great many boys leave the Hospital from the upper fourth form. But those who have studied very hard and have shown much ability are promoted to still higher classes and prepared for college. These classes have names which have never been used except in the Hospital. They are called "Little Erasmus," "Great Erasmus," "Deputy Grecians," "Junior Grecians," and "Grecians." Once a boy is in the "Little Erasmus," his schoolmates begin to respect him. But when he finally becomes a "Grecian," he is held in the greatest esteem, and treated as if he were a superior being. Indeed, the mere fact that he is now allowed a little room to himself raises him at once to a far higher sphere than that of the ordinary "Blue" who has to sleep and work in a dormitory with forty-four other boys. I wish you could see a "Grecian's" room. It is about the size of a closet, and is in one corner of the dormitory. It is raised up in the air, projecting into the room, just as a bow window projects out over the street, and has a ladder-like flight of steps leading to it. Underneath is his bed, with little curtains to draw around it.

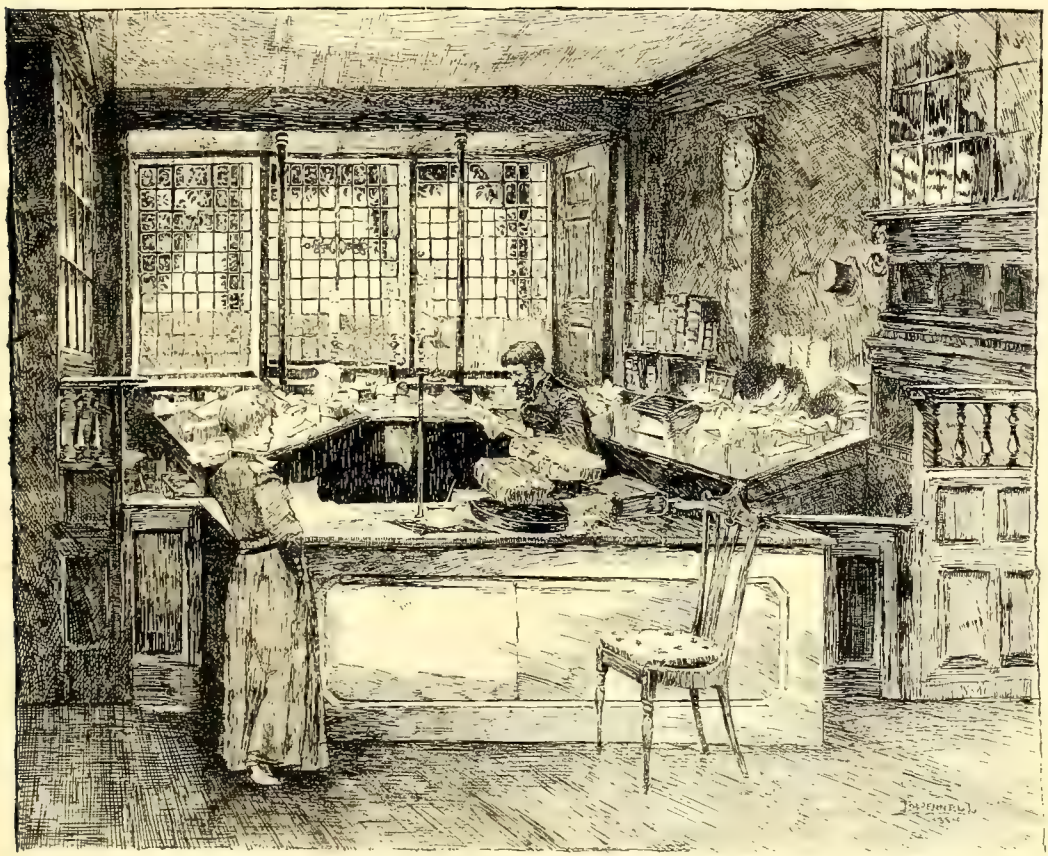
A "Grecian" may sit up till eleven o'clock, and of course he has a boy to wait on him. Another of his privileges is that he may go and see his friends at any time out of school hours, while the younger boys may leave the grounds only at stated times or by special permission. Then he has fish or bacon with his breakfast, and jam with his tea, and a late supper of bread and cheese. He and his fellow-"Grecians" have a table to themselves in the dining-hall, apart from the others, and when the other boys are being drilled in the square, they stand at one side in the cloisters, and walk upstairs in whatever order they choose. Is it any wonder the younger boys call them "swells"?

There are about sixteen "Grecians," though only three or four go to Oxford and Cambridge the same year. But until lately there were seldom more than two "Grecians" at a time. The fewness of their

number adds to the respect in which they are held. Charles Lamb tells us that the play of the lesser boys was stopped, or else its noise silenced, when the "Grecians" came out in the quadrangle. They seemed so tall, and walked with such stateliness through the cloisters! They never beat nor struck the boys. "That," he says, "would have been to have demeaned themselves — the dignity of their persons alone insured them all respect." Even now, when the boys make too much disturbance in a ward, and will not be silenced by the nurse or monitor, the latter calls in the "Grecian" from his study, and he usually restores order at once.

But there is still another class which, though not so much respected as the "Grecians," was at one time more feared by the younger boys. This comprised the "King's Boys"; or, as they are now called, the "Royal Mathematical Boys," who belong to the Mathematical School. There are forty of them, and they are being prepared for sea service. Their school was founded by Charles II. especially for the sons of naval officers. But their number is sometimes made up of other "Blues" who think they will care for a seafaring life.

There was once a curious fashion of admitting these volunteers. Some of the older "King's Boys," when there were any vacancies in their school, would go around from ward to ward very late at night, when every one was in bed. In each ward they would ask, "Who wants to be in the Royal Mathematical School?" Then they would write down the names of the boys who said they would like to join it. This was but a small part of the night's work. Their principal object was to make a great deal of noise, and if doors were not opened for them at the first knock, they pounded the panels as if they were trying to break through.



THE OFFICE, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

The boys enjoyed these visits. But the monitors and matrons were very glad when they were over, because they never knew what great mischief might be done. The "Grecians" always staid away, because even their influence could not have quieted the "King's Boys," and they did not wish to lose the respect of the younger boys. These young sailors

were called the "First Order." The "Blues" were afraid of them because they had a fashion of always walking in a straight line, no matter if it led them even over the heads of small boys. If any one said, "The First Order is coming," little fellows would leave their marbles and tops, and run for dear life.

The Royal Mathematical Boys wear a medal on their shoulders to distinguish them, and in the "good old days" of their power they slept in a ward by themselves. But when their tyranny bade fair to interfere with school discipline, they were distributed through the dormitories and only separated from the rest of the boys during school hours. This put an end to their greatness. Once every year they go to Court, and their maps and charts are examined by the Queen. This has been the custom ever since their school was founded.

I am not going to give you a list of the books "Blues" study, for boys' studies in large public schools are very much the same the world over, excepting that English boys begin to study Greek and Latin earlier than American school boys.

There is a commercial school to which all the boys in the grammar-school go; and there are French and German and drawing and chemistry classes which they must attend when they reach the higher forms.

One very good thing in the hospital is that the boys are taught to work with their hands as well as with their brains. They have a large workshop where they learn to use carpenter's tools. Boys are always better off for knowing how to handle saws, planes, and chisels. They do not find it stupid or tedious, for their teacher, after they have had a few lessons, lets them make whatever they choose.

You will now want to hear what the Blue-coat Boys do with themselves during play hours. The Newgate Street entrance leads into the square which the boys call the garden, because it was here the monks had their garden. But, as Leigh Hunt says, "Its only delicious crop for many years has been pavement." The large pump in the center to which the water-boys come for water is a favorite lounging-place. Another attraction is the "tuck" shop, which is on the left as one comes in from the street. There the boys buy all those many articles, from tarts to writing-paper, without which school-boys do not seem able to live. It is kept by a man known to them all as "Johnny." He must make a very good income, for the "tips" the "Blues" get are usually spent over his counter. There was a time when "Blues" had a peculiar kind of money of their own which alone was of value within the Hospital grounds. It was called "housey-money," and whenever they were given ordinary shillings and pennies they had to take them to the beadle to have them changed for their own coins.

The hall playground is the square in front of the hall. It is to the left, or west, of the garden, and separated from it by a large building in which are dormitories. One amusement here is looking out on Newgate Street. On Sunday afternoons I have seen the inner fence lined with boys. Then to the north of the garden, and cut off from it by a cloister where the "Grecians" usually walk, is the third playground, called "the ditch," because a town ditch once ran right through it. The treasurer of the Hospital, the masters, matron, and warden have houses in this square.

The favorite games played in these playgrounds are football and hockey. When the boys tuck their long blue coats in their leathern girdles, they can run fast enough, and can kick the balls as far and as high as if their coats had no skirts. Still there is not enough space here for cricket. For this reason the governors have given them a large playground at a place called Herne Hill, some little distance from London. Two wards can go there together once a week, and sometimes twice. This is a delightful half-holiday. They go by train with a beadle to keep order.

The beadles assist the warden in regulating the boys at all times, except at their classes, when they are under the control of the masters. These beadles wear high hats with gilt bands around them, and a large medal on their coats, and not the cocked hats and knee-breeches which Dickens and Cruikshank have made us believe were indispensable to men of their calling.

At Herne Hill the boys play cricket to their hearts' content. They have two "elevens," and the boys who belong to them can go to this cricket ground at any time out of school hours. They play match games with the large London schools, playing, as a rule, against the "eleven" of Dulwich College and also of the Merchant Taylors' School. Therefore, while "Blues" are certainly not as famous and skilled cricketers as Eton and Harrow boys, it can not now be said of them, as it often has been, that they do not know how to play cricket.

The "Grecians" and "Deputy Grecians" have a boat club, and row on the Thames. They then change their blue coats for flannels, as, indeed, they do for cricket, and wear caps or straw hats. They often take part in public races and have rowed in the Henley regattas. You may always know them on these occasions by their badges or hat ribbons of blue and orange, the Hospital colors. But the race of the year in which they take most interest is "the Past *vs.* Present"; or, that of the "Grecians" still at the Hospital against those who have gone up to college.



A "BLUE-COAT" GIRL. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY HANS HOLBEIN.)

Then there is a large, open square near the hall playground, which is used as a gymnasium, and once a year the boys have athletic sports on the cricket field at Herne Hill, when a great many strangers come to look on. They have a swimming bath, too, so that they no longer go to bathe in the New River as they did in Charles Lamb's time.

For the more studious "Blues" there is a library, furnished with comfortable chairs and tables, where, at certain hours, they can sit and read. Or else they may take the books with them to their wards. There is also a museum, where they may study at their pleasure minerals and specimens of pottery, stuffed birds and animals. Another of the more serious amusements is the music school, in which boys who really care for music, can have an excellent musical training, as is shown by the excellence of their instrumental band.

Young orators and philosophers have a chance to address an audience and to open an argument by joining the Debating Society of Blues. While those who care for literary work can contribute their writings to "The Blue," an entertaining monthly school magazine.

Speech day, which falls toward the last of July and at the end of the scholastic term, is the principal event of the year at the Hospital. As I was fortunate enough

to be present on one of these occasions, I will describe to you all the ceremonies as I saw them. When I reached the Hospital, I had to show my ticket to the beadle, for no one was admitted who had not a ticket. Inside the quadrangle small detachments of "Blues" were falling into rank at the sound of the bugle, and marching through the cloisters to the hall. When I came into the hall, I saw at one end rows of seats raised one above the other on either side of the organ. These were for the boys. At the other end were more seats for visitors. In the middle were tables piled with books and prizes; and masters in their black gowns were busy arranging them. A "Blue," wearing white gloves, and holding a pile of programmes, came forward and gave me a place in the center of the hall just behind the chairs of state reserved for the distinguished guests, where I could see all that was done.

Presently, after the boys had all assembled and the visitors had been shown to seats by the polite master of ceremonies, the band, stationed on the topmost row at the boys' end of the hall, struck up a march; and then there came in from the hall beyond, first, about ten or twelve gentlemen, carrying long green sticks. These were the Governors of the Hospital. Then came a beadle in a gorgeous blue gown with yellow trimmings. After him walked an army officer in brilliant red coat and gold lace with a sword clattering by his side as he walked, who looked for all the world like the Major-General in the "Pirates of Penzance." Behind him were two gentlemen who wore powdered wigs and black flowered silk robes with lace ruffles in their sleeves, and lace jabots at their necks. These were "Mr. Mace" and "Mr. Sword," who always walk before the Lord Mayor on state occasions. Last of all came that great gentleman himself, and his dress was the gayest there. For he had on a long scarlet cloak, trimmed with sable and velvet, and over his shoulders was an elaborate gold chain, ornamented with white enameled daisies, and on his head was a big bonnet, covered with black ostrich feathers. He sat down right in front of me, and so I had a good look at him. When he took his hat off, his curly white hair stood up all over his head.

As soon as the Lord Mayor was seated and the march was finished, the "Grecians" began the speech-making. They sat in a semi-circle by themselves, below the raised seats. But each one, when his turn came to speak, stood on a small platform just opposite the Lord Mayor, and a little distance from him. There were several speeches in Latin, Greek, German, French, and English, and the boys who delivered them first presented copies of them to the Lord Mayor and to one or two of the Governors. There was a great deal of applause, especially from the younger "Blues," who listened with deep attention.

The speeches over, the boys sang an anthem, and then the prizes were distributed by the Mayor. There was one boy who had so many that some one else had to help him carry them. The smallest boys, too, were among the most successful, and the Governors patted them on their shoulders and complimented them on their successes.

But it was after the prizes were all given out that the strangest part of the ceremonial took place. For then the "Grecians," whose time had come to go to college, went around among the audience, each one carrying a glove. And as the boys passed, all the guests were expected to put some money in these gloves to help to pay the college expenses of the departing "Grecians." This has been a custom for ever so many years, and the "Grecians" are not ashamed of it. In addition to what they can collect in this way, each boy is given sixty pounds (three hundred dollars), out of the Hospital funds, so that even the poorest can provide himself with the books and clothes he must have on going up to the university. Some of the gloves when the collection was over were well filled.

Then there was loud cheering by the boys, for the Lord Mayor and the masters and everybody present, and finally, one of them proposed, "Three cheers for our noble selves," and they cheered louder than ever. After this they all stood up and sang "God save the Queen," for they are very loyal subjects, these young Blue-coats. The Lord Mayor and the audience rose, too, and I saw the Major-General, and ever so many others, join in the singing. This ended the ceremonies, and the gay procession once more fell into line, and headed by the beadle, marched out again, but not before the Lord Mayor, with great gallantry, bowed to the ladies who were sitting behind him, and begged their pardon for having turned his back upon them all the afternoon.

What a scene there was in the garden square when I went downstairs again! Visitors were walking about; boys were running here and there, loaded down with bags and boxes, and tripping over their coat tails in their hurry, for they were going home for the summer holiday. I saw one little fellow with a big bag in each hand, a cricket-bat under one arm and a tin box under the other, but despite all his baggage he was hatless, for each boy is obliged to keep on his uniform at home. At the gate an impatient crowd was gathered around the beadle, whose blue and yellow gown had been changed for plain every-day clothes. He was giving to each boy a paper, which, when he returned

in September, he would have to bring back signed to certify that he was free from all contagious diseases. There was still another crowd at "Johnny's," pushing and screaming and climbing over one another in their appetite for sweets. But in the cloisters a group of "Grecians" and one or two masters stood talking quietly.

The next day the cloisters and squares were still and silent. For all the boys had gone. Even those who are fatherless and homeless have their holiday outing. They are sent by the Hospital authorities to Little Hampton by the sea, for the month of August.

The next most important event in the year is the visit to the Lord Mayor on Tuesday in Easter-week. All the boys, accompanied by the matrons and beadles, go together to the Mansion House. There the Lord Mayor receives them, shakes hands with each one in turn, giving them at the same time a shilling fresh from the mint. Then his lordship's servant in livery comes forward and serves refreshments. Charles Lamb, writing about these visits, says that the Blue-coats always cared more for the jokes and pleasantries of the Mayor than for the shillings and the rest of the banquet.

Another quaint observance is the pilgrimage made by sixty "Blues" every Good Friday to the Church of All Hallows in Lombard street, where, after they have sung an anthem, they receive a bag of raisins and a penny apiece. A citizen in the seventeenth century gave a certain sum of money to be used in this way. But the "Blues," instead of being grateful made a great deal of fun of him and his bequest. Only the youngest go to get the raisins; and when they come back, their schoolmates chaff them unmercifully. They have made a doggerel rhyme to ridicule them. This is it:

> "Come, little Blue-coat boy, come, come, come,
> Sing for a penny, and chant for a plum."

But while they laugh at plums and pennies, they quite appreciate another long-established custom which gives them free admission at all times to the Tower of London.

Thus, between play and study, the "Blues," with their quaint dress and customs, pass, as Leigh Hunt calls it, a well-trained and cheerful boyhood.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

By Nancy Nelson Pendleton.

Buzz, buzz, buzz
  This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow,
  And yet a good worker is he.

In days that are sunny,
He 's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy,
  He 's hoarding his wax;
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms
  He levies a tax.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover
He humming hangs over;
The scent of the roses
  Makes fragrant his wings;
He never gets lazy,
From thistle and daisy
And weeds of the meadow
  Some treasure he brings.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!
From morning's first gray light
Till fading of day light,
He 's singing and toiling
  The summer day through,
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'T is harder by far
  To have nothing to do.



HISTORIC GIRLS.*

By E. S. Brooks.

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN:

THE GIRL OF THE NORTHERN FIORDS.

A. D. 1636.

THERE were tears and trouble in Stockholm; there was sorrow in every house and hamlet in Sweden; there was consternation throughout Protestant Europe. Gustavus Adolphus was dead! The "Lion of the North" had fallen on the bloody and victorious field of Lutzen, and only a very small girl of six stood as the representative of Sweden's royalty.

The States of Sweden — that is, the representatives of the different sections and peoples of the kingdom — gathered in haste within the Riddarhaus, or Hall of Assembly, in Stockholm. There was much anxious controversy over the situation. The nation was in desperate strait, and some were for one thing and some were for another. There was even talk of making the government a republic, like the State of Venice; while the supporters of the King of Poland, cousin to the dead King Gustavus, openly advocated his claim to the throne.

But the Grand Chancellor, Axel Oxenstiern, one of Sweden's greatest statesmen, acted promptly.

"Let there be no talk between us," he said, "of Venetian republics or of Polish kings. We have but one King — the daughter of the immortal Gustavus!"

Then up spoke one of the leading representatives of the peasant class, Lars Larsson, the deputy from the western fiords.

"Who is this daughter of Gustavus?" he demanded rudely. "How do we know this is no trick of yours, Axel Oxenstiern? How do we know that King Gustavus has a daughter? We have never seen her."

"You shall see her at once," replied the Chancellor; and leaving the hall he returned speedily leading by the hand a diminutive, but by no means bashful-looking, little girl. With a sudden movement he lifted her to the seat of the high silver throne that could only be occupied by the Kings of Sweden.

"Swedes, behold your King!"

Lars Larsson, the deputy, pressed close to the throne on which the small figure perched silent, yet with a defiant look upon her little face.

"She hath the face of the Grand Gustavus," he said. "Look, brothers, the nose, the eyes, the very brows are his."

"Aye," said Oxenstiern; "and she is a soldier's daughter. I myself did see her, when scarce three years old, clap her tiny hands and laugh aloud when the guns of Calmar fortress thundered a salute. 'She must learn to bear it,' said Gustavus our King; 'she is a soldier's daughter.'"

"Hail, Christina!" shouted the assembly, won by the proud bearing of the little girl and by her likeness to her valiant father. "We will have you and only you for our Queen!"

"Better yet, brothers," cried Lars Larsson, now her most loyal supporter; "she sits upon the throne of the Kings; let her be proclaimed King of Sweden."

And so it was done. And with their wavering loyalty kindled into a sudden flame, the States of Sweden "gave a mighty shout" and cried as one man, "Hail, Christina, King of Sweden!"

There was strong objection in Sweden to the rule of a woman; and the education of this little girl was that of a prince rather than of a princess. She was taught to ride and to shoot, to hunt and to fence, to undertake all of a boy's exercises and to endure all a boy's privations. She could bring down a hare, at the first shot, from the back of a galloping horse; she could outride the most expert huntsman in her train.

So she grew from childhood into girlhood, and at thirteen was as bold and fearless, as willful and self-possessed as any young fellow of twenty-one. But besides all this she was a wonderful scholar; indeed, she would be accounted remarkable even in these days of bright girl-graduates. At thirteen she was a thorough Greek scholar; she was learned in mathematics and astronomy, the classics, history, and philosophy; and she acquired of her own accord German, Italian, Spanish, and French.

Altogether, this girl Queen of the North was as strange a compound of scholar and hoiden, pride and carelessness, ambition and indifference, culture and rudeness, as ever, before her time or since, were combined in the nature of a girl of thirteen. And it is thus that our story finds her.

One raw October morning in the year 1639, there was stir and excitement in the palace at Stockholm. A courier had arrived bearing important dispatches to the Council of Regents which governed Sweden during the minority of the Queen, and there was no official to receive him.

It was the period of what is known in history as the "Thirty Year's War" — that era of strife and diplomacy, war and controversy, that, reaching

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from the year 1618 to 1648, embroiled all the nations of Europe, developed great generals and countless unknown heroes, ruined thousands of families, and laid in woful waste the industries and homes of Europe. Into this dispute Sweden had been drawn, and not even the death of her great King at Lutzen could end her share in the strife. Christina, as head of the State, carried on Sweden's part in the war, and her captains and soldiers were among its sturdiest fighters.



"GIVE ME THE DISPATCHES," SAID THE GIRL, "I WILL ATTEND TO THEM." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The courier to the court at Stockholm evidently bore important dispatches. His manner was peremptory and his bearing impressive. Closely following the lackey who received him, the courier strode into the council-room of the palace. But the council-room was vacant.

It was not a very elegant apartment, this council-room of the palace of the Kings of Sweden. Although a royal apartment, its appearance was ample proof that the art of decoration was as yet unknown in that country. The room was untidy and disordered; the council-table was strewn with the ungathered litter of the last day's council, and even with the remains of a coarse lunch. The uncomfortable-looking chairs all were out of place, and above the table was a sort of temporary canopy to prevent the dust and spiders' webs upon the ceiling from dropping upon the councilors.

The courier gave a sneering look upon this evidence that the refinement and culture which marked at least the palaces and castles of other European countries were as yet little considered in Sweden. Then, important and impatient, he turned to the attendant. "Well," he said, "and is there none here to receive my dispatches? They call for — Ha! so! what manners are these?"

What manners indeed? The courier might well ask this. For, plump against him, as he spoke, dashed, first a girl and then a boy who had darted from somewhere into the council-chamber. Too absorbed in their own concerns to notice who, if any one, was in the room, they had run against and very nearly upset the astonished bearer of dispatches. Still more astonished was he, when the girl, using his body as a barrier, danced and dodged around him to avoid being caught by her pursuer. The startled bearer of important dispatches was evidently in use as a "buffer" — here in the very council-hall of the Kings of Sweden — in a rather rough and exciting game of tag. Scandalized and indignant, the courier shook himself

free from the girl's strong grasp. Seizing her by the shoulder he said, sternly:

"How now, young maiden! Is this seemly conduct toward a stranger and an Imperial Courier?"

The girl now for the first time noticed his presence. Too excited in her mad dash into the room to distinguish him from one of the palace servants, she only learned the truth by the courier's harsh words. A sudden change came over her. She drew herself up haughtily and said to the attendant:

"Who is this officious stranger, Klas?"

The tone and manner of the question again surprised the courier, and he looked at the speaker, amazed. What he saw was an attractive young girl of thirteen, short of stature, with bright hazel eyes, a vivacious face, now almost stern in its expression of pride and haughtiness. She had flung aside the masculine fur cap that had, at her entrance, rested upon the mass of tangled light-brown hair, and this imperfectly tied with a simple knot of ribbon, fell down upon her neck. Her short dress of plain gray stuff hung loosely upon a rather trim figure; while the black scarf that had encircled her neck lay crumpled upon the floor. In short, he saw a rather pretty, carelessly dressed, healthy, and just now very haughty-looking young girl, who seemed more like a boy in speech and manners,—and one who needed to be disciplined and curbed.

Again the question came, "Who is this man, and what seeks he here, Klas? I ask."

"'T is a courier with dispatches for the council, Madam," replied the man.

"Give me the dispatches," said the girl; "I will attend to them."

"You, indeed!" The courier laughed grimly. "The dispatches from the Emperor of Germany are for no harebrained maid to handle. These are to be delivered to the Council of Regents alone."

"I will have naught of councils or regents, Sir Courier, save when it pleases me," said the girl, tapping the floor with an angry foot. "Give me the dispatches, I say,—I am the King of Sweden!"

"You—a girl—King?" was all that the astonished courier could stammer out. Then, as the real facts dawned upon him, he knelt at the feet of the young Queen and presented his dispatches.

"Withdraw, sir!" said Christina, taking his papers, and visiting upon his recognition of her station the scant courtesy of a nod; "we will read these and return a suitable answer to your master."

The courier withdrew, still dazed at this strange turn of affairs; and Christina, leaning carelessly against the council-table, opened the dispatches.

Suddenly she burst into a merry but scarcely lady-like laugh. "Ha, ha, ha! this is too rare a joke, Karl," she cried. "Lord Chancellor, Mathias, Torstenson!" she exclaimed, as the three leading members of her Council entered the apartment, "what think you? Here come dispatches from the Emperor of Germany begging that you, my Council, shall consider the wisdom of wedding me to his son and thereby closing the war! His son, indeed! Ferdinand the Craven."

"And yet, Madam," suggested the wise Oxenstiern, "it is a matter that should not lightly be cast aside. In time you must needs be married. The constitution of the kingdom doth oblige you to."

"Oblige!" and the young girl turned upon the gray-headed chancellor almost savagely. "Oblige! and who, Sir Chancellor, upon earth shall *oblige* me to do so, if I do it not of mine own will? Say not *oblige* to me."

This was vigorous language for a girl of scarce fourteen; but it was "Christina's way," one with which both the Council and the people soon grew familiar. It was the Vasa* nature in her, and it was always prominent in this spirited young girl—the last descendant of the masterful house.

But now her boisterous play-fellow, the young Prince Karl Gustaf, or Charles Gustavus, had something to say.

"Ah, cousin mine," and he laid a strong though boyish hand upon the young girl's arm. "What need for couriers or dispatches that speak of suitors for your hand? Am not I to be your husband? From babyhood you have so promised me."

Christina again broke into a loud and merry laugh.

"Hark to the little burgomaster,"† she cried; "much travel hath made him, I do fear me, soft in heart and head. Childish promises, Karl. Let such things be forgotten now. You are to be a soldier; I am a King. Have done, sirs! You do weary me with all this. Let us to the hunt. Axel Dagg did tell me of a fine roebuck in the Maelar woods. See you to the courier of the Emperor and to his dispatches, Lord Chancellor; I care not what you tell him, so you do but tell him no. And, stay; where is that pompous little Dutchman, Van Beunigen, whom you did complain but yesterday was sent among us by his Government to oppose the advices of our English friends. He is a greater scholar than horseman, or I mistake. Let us take

* Vasa was the family name of her father and of the ancient kings of Sweden.

† Prince Charles Gustavus, afterward Charles XI., King of Sweden, and father of the famous Charles XII., was cousin to Christina. He was short and thickset, and so like a little Dutchman that Christina often called him "the little burgomaster." At the time of this sketch he had just returned from a year of travel through Europe.

him in our hunting party, Karl; and, look you, see that he doth have one of our choicest horses."

The girl's mischief was catching. Her cousin dropped his serious look and, seeking the Dutch envoy, with due courtesy invited him to join the Queen's hunt.

"Give him black Hannibal, Joüs," Christina had said to her groom; and when the Dutch envoy, Van Beunigen, came out to join the hunting-party, too much flattered by the invitation to remember



THE STARTLED SCHOLAR, WITH A CRY OF TERROR, CLUTCHED BLACK HANNIBAL AROUND THE NECK. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

that he was a poor horseman, Joüs, the groom, held black Hannibal in unsteady check, while the big horse champed and fretted, and the hunting-party awaited their new member.

But Joüs, the groom, noted the Dutchman's somewhat alarmed look at the big black animal.

"Would it not be well, good sir," he said, "that you do choose some steadier animal than Hannibal here? I pray you let me give you one less restive. So; Bror Andersson," he called to one of the under-grooms, "let the noble envoy have your cob, and do you take back Hannibal to the stables."

But no, the envoy of the States of Holland would submit to no such change. He ride a servant's horse, indeed!

"Why, sirrah groom," he said to good-hearted Joüs, "I would have you know that I am no novice in the equestrian art. Far from it, man. I have read every treatise on the subject from Xenophon downward; and what horse can know more than I?"

So, friendly Joüs had nothing more to say, but hoisted the puffed-up Dutch scholar into the high saddle; and away galloped the hunt toward the Maelar woods.

As if blind to his own folly, Van Beunigen, the envoy, placed himself near to the young Queen; and Christina, full of her own mischief, gravely began to compliment him on his horsemanship, and suggested a gallop.

Alas, fatal moment! For while he yet swayed and jolted upon the back of the restive Hannibal, and even endeavored to discuss the "Melanippe" of Euripides with the fair young scholar who rode beside him, this same fair scholar,—who, in spite of all her Greek learning was after all only a mischievous and sometimes rude young girl,—faced him with a sober countenance.

"Good Herr Van Beunigen," she said, "your Greek is truly as smooth as your face. But, it seems to me, you do not sufficiently catch the spirit of the poet's lines commencing

ἀνδρῶν δὲ πολλοὶ τοῦ γέλωτος οὕνεκα *

* The commencement of an extract from the "Melanippe" of Euripides, meaning, "To raise vain laughter, many exercise the arts of satire."

I should rather say that τοῦ γέλωτος should be rendered —— "

Just how τοῦ γέλωτος should be rendered she never declared, for, as the envoy of Holland turned upon her a face on which Greek learning and anxious horsemanship struggled with each other, Christina slyly touched black Hannibal lightly with her riding-whip.

Light, however, as was the touch, it was enough. The unruly horse reared and plunged. The startled scholar, with a cry of terror, flung up his hands, and then clutched black Hannibal around the neck. It was but another though earlier case of John Gilpin:

"His horse, who never in that way
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

"Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He never dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig."

Minus hat and wig, too, the poor envoy dashed up the Maelar highway; while Christina, laughing loudly, galloped after him in a mad race, followed by all her hunting-party.

The catastrophe was not far away. The black horse, like the ill-tempered "bronchos" of our western plains, "bucked" suddenly, and over his head like a flash went the discomfited Dutchman. In an instant, Greek learning and Dutch diplomacy lay sprawling in a Swedish roadway, from which Joüs, the groom, speedily lifted the groaning would-be horseman.

It is claimed that the discomfited Van Beunigen never forgot nor forgave this discourtesy, and that it really prevented an important treaty of friendship between Sweden and Holland.

But this affair of the Dutch envoy was not the only piece of madcap folly in which this wild young queen indulged. Even in her zeal for study, really remarkable in so young a girl, Christina could not forego her misguided love of power and her tendency to practical joking. One day, it is said, she even made two grave philosophers, who were holding a profound discussion in her presence over some deep philosophic subject, suddenly cease their arguments to play with her at battledore and shuttlecock.

A girlhood of uncontrolled power, as was hers, could lead but to one result. Self-gratification is the worst form of selfishness, and never can work good to any one. Although she was a girl of wonderful capabilities, of the blood of famous kings and conquerors, giving such promises of greatness that scholars and statesmen alike prophesied for her a splendid future, Christina, Queen of Sweden, made only a failure of her life.

At eighteen she had herself formally crowned as *King* of Sweden. But at twenty-five she declared herself sick and tired of her royal duties; and at twenty-eight, at the height of her power and fame, she actually resigned her throne in favor of her cousin Prince Karl. Publicly abdicating her kingly position she left her native land, and for many years led the life of a disappointed wanderer.

The story of this remarkable woman is one that holds a lesson for all. Eccentric, careless, and fearless; handsome, witty, and learned; ambitious, shrewd, and visionary,—she was one of the strangest compounds of "unlikes" to be met with in history.

She deliberately threw away a crown, wasted a life that might have been helpful to her subjects, regarded only her own selfish and personal desires, and died, a prematurely old woman, unloved, unhonored, and unlamented.

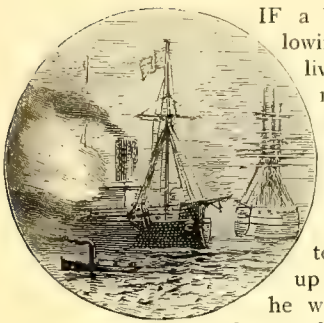
Her story, if it teaches anything, admonishes us that it is always best to have in youth, whether as girl or boy, the guidance and direction of some will that is acknowledged and respected. Natures unformed or overindulged, with none to counsel or command, generally go wrong. A mother's love, a father's care, these — though young people may not always read them aright — are needed for the molding of character; while to every bright young girl, historic or unhistoric, Princess or peasant, Swedish Queen or modern American maiden, will it at last be apparent that the right way is always the way of modesty and gentleness, of high ambitions, perhaps, but, always and everywhere, of thoughtfulness for others and kindliness to all.

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

By George J. Manson.

A Sea-Captain.



IF a boy thinks of following the sea for a livelihood, let him not start by running away from home. That will not add any pleasure to the occupation, nor tend to cheer him up in the hard work he will have to perform and the bitter experiences that will surely come to him during the years he is trying to work his way upward.

Having decided to be a navigator, if a boy has nothing else, let him at least start with the consent and blessing of his parents or guardians, and then go to work with the determination of becoming nothing less than the captain of a ship.

My young reader can get a good idea of a boy's progress in the nautical art from the experiences of a sea-captain, a friend of mine, connected with one of the large European lines that sail from New York. I give you his story, as told to me, in his own words:

"My father was a sailor,— eventually a sea-captain,— and at the age of thirteen I started on a ship as a cabin-boy. I worked my way up until I became an ordinary seaman.

"You will know how little schooling I must have had up to the age of thirteen when I say that six cents a week had been spent on my education. But while I was a cabin-boy I picked up all the knowledge I could from such books as lay in my way, with special reference to my chosen occupation. I used to study in the forecastle among the sailors, and my companions were not a very quiet set of fellows, I can tell you.

"Finally, I became an able seaman, that is, a grown-up, able-bodied man, knowing a sailor's duties, such as splicing, reefing, steering, all about the ship's rigging, and so on. I was an able seaman for three or four years, and, in the meantime, I was always studying navigation.

"This science is simple enough to a boy who has brains. He must have a thorough knowledge of the four rules of arithmetic. I have no doubt that a little algebra would be of service, but it is not really necessary.

"As soon as I felt myself competent, when I was about the age of twenty, I passed an examination before the 'Board of Examiners' in England, of which country I am a native, and obtained a second-mate's certificate. I went on board a ship in that capacity, going on a voyage that lasted ten months. I served two years, then became a first mate, and finally got my 'master's certificate.'

"During all this time I had received no tuition on shore; all that I knew I had learned aboard ship.

"Then I became connected with the steamship company who now employ me, starting as a fourth officer, and finally, at the age of thirty-two, I was made commander of one of their Atlantic steamers, carrying on my first voyage a thousand passengers."

That, in brief, is the nautical life of my friend the Captain. It reads smoothly; but between the lines you ought to be able to discern a great many trials, privations, and hardships.

Under no circumstances is the sailor's life an easy one. In some of the occupations of which I have written in this series we have seen that wealth and influence have been of assistance to the youth in gaining success, but here a boy might have "a barrel of money" and a whole legion of friends, and they would not benefit him one particle. He must start at the bottom of the ladder, as a boy, and doing boy's work, and much of it very unpleasant work, and he can not gain promotion except through real ability.

At the outset, it would be a good idea for a boy to go on one of the United States training-ships, where young Americans are trained to be seamen. He must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age, and he will not be entitled to his discharge until he has gone through the whole course of instruction. He must enter the service with the consent of his parents. On board the training-ship he will sleep in a hammock instead of a bed, he will have to mend his own clothes, and learn his duty to the officers of the ship. After a while he will be transferred to what is called the flagship of the training squadron. There he will learn all about practical seamanship, and receive instruction having reference to naval warfare. The discipline is strict, but the rules are not unreasonable.

He will also study the English branches, and

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finally, when he goes aboard a cruising-ship, he will learn all about furling and reefing sails, knotting and splicing, and a great many other things that a sailor has to know. The boys have to behave themselves, and if a boy is persistently bad and disobedient, he may be discharged from the ship.

These apprentices are paid, receiving nine dollars a month and one ration. They can be promoted to second-class apprentices, when they will get eleven dollars, and, on still further promotion, be made ordinary seamen and receive fifteen dollars a month. When the young sailor is cruising, he may be made a "petty officer," and receive still larger pay. Finally, when he has completed the period of service at the age of twenty-one, he will receive his discharge.

If our would-be seafarer pursues this course, he will find it to his advantage when he starts life on a European steamer. Still, he would be possessed of a great deal of knowledge in reference to naval warfare which, in that position, would be of no use to him, and there would be very much that he would have to learn, in addition to what he already knew.

Starting as an ordinary seaman, he would skip the drudgery of a ship's boy, and his promotion would be somewhat more rapid, though not remarkably so, for on the sea you have to be thoroughly competent in one position before you can rise to a higher.

Of the four officers on an ocean steamship the two senior officers keep the reckoning of the ship by observation, that is, by means of the stars, the moon, and the sun. The third and fourth, or two junior officers, keep the dead reckoning. By this is meant the calculation of the ship's position, independently of celestial observations.

The pay of the captain of an ocean steamer will be from two thousand five hundred to three thousand dollars a year. The first officer will receive about nine hundred dollars a year, the second seven hundred and twenty, the third and fourth four hundred and eighty dollars a year. This will be in addition to living expenses on board ship.

In this connection, it may be well to say something about the pecuniary habits of seafaring men. You have heard the phrase, "He spends his money like a sailor." That saying represents the extravagant habits of some sailors in their dealings with money. They do not earn much, but they are away so long from land, where money is constantly used as a medium of exchange, and their life is so hard, that when once they get on shore, their first thought is of having "a good time" with the wages they have just received. But the example of this class of men tends to strengthen the purpose of the youth who has determined to work his way up on the nautical ladder to win an official position. Instead of being a spendthrift, he will save his money, and practice all sorts of little economies in the line of personal expense, not stinting himself, however, when it comes to the necessary books on navigation with which he must become familiar. While his comrades are spinning yarns in the forecastle, he will be studying.

If you become a sailor, you will find when you get on board ship that you are in a new world and among a class of men entirely different from those you have met, and different from what you supposed they might be. Many of the sailors, you will quickly discover, are ignorant, and some of them brutal. You will note that their conversation is on low and vulgar subjects, and it will take all your strength of mind to resist the bad influence of the talk you will hear.

There seems to be no help for a boy under such circumstances. He must come in contact with the men and hear their talk: let him make up his mind in advance that he will not allow it to corrupt his mind. He will find that sailors have a singular phraseology.

The time a sailor spends at the wheel is called a "trick"; he "goes" to the fore part of the ship, but he "lies aft" when he is near the stern; he does not change but "shifts" his clothing. Water is kept in the forehold of the ship, and sometimes when the soup is weak the sailor says that it has a good deal of the "forehold" about it.

Sailors on ocean steamers do have not much time for amusement, and their sports are not so rough as they used to be. With the short voyages now made by ocean steamers, and the strict discipline observed, there is little chance for amusements of any kind. The fact is, that sailor life, except probably on very long voyages, has got to be a very matter-of-fact sort of existence.

Yet nearly all sailors and sea-captains are prejudiced in favor of their occupation, notwithstanding the hardships they have had to endure. If you should ask the advice of one of them as to whether it would be well for you to follow the sea, in all likelihood he would say, "It is the best life in the world." The requirements are that a boy shall have a sound body and a sound mind. He does not, of course, need much education to start with; but education never does any one any harm, and the boy who is going to be a sailor need not neglect his studies on land simply because there have been illiterate youths who have worked their way up to be sea-captains. The rapid progress of scientific research, and the application of some of its discoveries to navigation, have forced sea-captains to be better informed

than formerly. The knowledge required for success as a navigator is of such a practical character that almost any man will be able to become possessed of it, provided he has a taste for the occupation.

A boy should remember that the seafaring life is a confined existence. True, he is out on the broad ocean, but his industrial existence is limited to the ship. His ambition must stop at the position of sea-captain. Beyond that he can not go. On the land, the field for progress in almost any employment is almost illimitable, and the young man of ability, spirit, and ambition will always find some higher point which he may struggle to attain. But when you have got to be a sea-captain, you have reached the end of your nautical rope. All you can do is to learn a little by experience; I say a little, because there will be few new experiences you will go through. But the life of a captain on one of the large European steamers is a pleasant one — for those who like the sea. He lives in good style, he is constantly meeting educated and refined people, and picking up all sorts of information. His position commands the respect of those about him, he almost invariably enjoys the best of health, and his compensation is large enough to allow him to lay something by for old age. He follows the sea as long as he is able to perform his duties. A captain — I believe the ablest captain — of one of our largest European lines, is now seventy-five years old, and he shows no signs of giving up command.

It must be added that this sketch refers to captains of ocean steamers and not to the merchant marine. That being the case, it must be remembered that it is by no means easy for a boy to attain to the captaincy of a large steamer. The positions are few and far between, and he should hesitate a long time, and be very, very sure that he is right before he "goes ahead" on a seafaring life.



IN MID-OCEAN.

There comes, however, a time when the old commander must come on shore for good. Happy will he be if he has a good home in which to "cast anchor," and a pleasant family to surround him in his last days, to whom he can relate his reminiscences, as he waits for the summons to enter that other and distant port to which landsmen and seamen alike are all bound.

FAIRY GOLD.

By Helen Gray Cone.

"ONCE on a time," the stories say,
The wee green elves would often cast,
Bright heaps of gold in mortals' way;
But fairy gold would never last.
I know 't is true; you ask me how?
My dears, they sometimes do it now!

If you some morn will come with me,—
My blue-eyed lad, my brown-eyed lass,—
I 'll take you where you 'll shout to see
The gay gold glistening on the grass.
Your small, hot hands you both may fill,
And leave the meadow shining still.

But, hidden watchers, all the while,
Are tittering softly to themselves;
Alas! you little guess the guile
And roguish mockery of the elves!
Too soon you 'll find, as I have told,
That buttercups are fairy gold!



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

By General Adam Badeau.



GETTYSBURG, FROM OAK HILL.

THREE times during the civil war, the Confederate armies invaded the North in force, but only once did they penetrate as far as Pennsylvania. Washington itself was often thought to be in danger, but in the summer of 1863 Philadelphia and Harrisburg were threatened as well. After General Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville, the spirit of Lee's army was higher than at any other period. The Southern people were determined that the North should now experience the miseries of war, and every one, civilian and soldier, talked of invasion. The commander of the Confederate forces felt the influence, and the Richmond Government itself urged him on. When General Lee asked for rations for his army the Commissary-General told him to get them in Pennsylvania.

The Southern chief, indeed, was well aware that what soldiers call "the offensive" is often the surest of all defenses. In a fight between men, if he who is attacked is able to knock his antagonist down, he is safer than when he merely holds his enemy off. So Lee determined to move his army entirely out of Virginia, across Maryland, and into Pennsylvania. He hoped by this step not only to obtain supplies for his troops, who needed them badly, but to threaten Washington and Baltimore, and if he did not absolutely attack Philadelphia, to lay it under contribution; in short, to create such alarm and distress all over the North that the Government of the Union would be compelled to come to terms. He might even, perhaps, dictate a peace on Northern soil. Of course these were the visions of his more hopeful hours; but even when he was most moderate he expected to do great things, and his soldiers were far more sanguine than he.

In June, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia was stronger that at any period during the war, except when it defended Richmond against McClellan the year before. The victory of Chancellorsville brought back deserters, who, in all armies, re-appear after success to reap the fruits they have not earned; thousands of fresh conscripts arrived, and Longstreet returned with two entire divisions from North Carolina. General Lee's force amounted to seventy thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, while he knew that General Hooker's army had been diminished. The term of service of thousands of Union soldiers was expiring, and the successive disasters through which the Army of the Potomac had passed had chilled the ardor of recruiting. Hooker's force was reduced to eighty thousand infantry, and not more than ten thousand or twelve thousand horse. His men were depressed by defeat, if not dismayed; while General Longstreet declared that the Army of Northern Virginia was in a condition to attempt anything. Accordingly, Lee determined to invade the North.

At this time the two armies were lying on the opposite banks of the Rappahannock River,—Hooker, of course, on the Northern side, between the Confederate forces and Washington. Lee's command consisted of three corps, under Longstreet, Hill, and Ewell, while Hooker's army included six corps, each of which, however, was only about half as large as one of Lee's. Hooker guarded the roads leading north through eastern Virginia, between the Blue Ridge and Chesapeake Bay; but west of the Blue Ridge lies the fertile Valley of Virginia, reaching from the James River to the Potomac, and walled off by mountain barriers from the Union army. Lee's plan was first

to move a portion of Longstreet's corps northward on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge in order to attract the attention of Hooker, and then, under cover of this human screen, to march Ewell's corps direct to the passes in the mountains and thus into the Valley. Meanwhile, Hill's corps was to remain at Fredericksburg to complete the deception of Hooker and conceal Lee's real design.



ARTILLERY COMING INTO ACTION. (FROM THE CYCLORAMA OF GETTYSBURG BY PERMISSION.)

But the Northern commander at once discovered that a movement was in progress in his front and, by sending out cavalry, he provoked a collision which disclosed the proceeding of his enemy. Generals in this way often ascertain the purpose of their antagonists. A force is sent forward to "feel the enemy," as it is called; an attack is made which compels the enemy to reply, and thus the number of the troops and their position are disclosed. By his cavalry battle at the foot of the Blue Ridge, Hooker learned that Lee was in force north of the Rappahannock with at least two-thirds of his army. One corps was in reality facing Hooker, and the other had passed through the mountains into the Valley of Virginia. The Confederate army was thus stretched out over a hundred miles; its right was at Fredericksburg, its center in eastern Virginia, and its left, now the advance, was marching rapidly west of the mountains toward the Potomac River.

Hooker at once proposed to attack the corps under Hill, which Lee had left at Fredericksburg, and destroy it before the others could come to its assistance—a bold and splendid design. But Hooker was under the orders of General Halleck, the General-in-chief of the army, who remained at Washington, but still supervised his subordinates. Halleck disapproved of Hooker's plan, and, instead of attacking Hill, who was alone and unsupported, Hooker was ordered to follow Lee. Had he destroyed, or only seriously threatened Hill, Lee must at once have been compelled to return, and the invasion of the North would have been at an end. For modern war is very much like a chess-board, where one move often absolutely compels the counter-move of the enemy; you can force your adversary to give up his most tempting plans, if you threaten him seriously in return. But Hooker fought like a man with one arm tied: he had a master who told him, "You shall not strike here, but there." He was ordered to follow Lee and, above all things, to protect or cover Washington.

But Hooker thought the best way to cover Washington was to fight Lee, and the farther from Washington this could be done, the better; for in case of defeat, the enemy would be farther off. Halleck's plan brought both armies closer to the capital, where, if Hooker should be beaten, Washington would be more exposed.

In obedience to orders, therefore, Hooker had to march his whole force northward parallel with Lee; then of course Lee drew Hill safely away from the Rappahannock, and so won the first move in the game. The Southern general still masked his main army by Longstreet's corps, which he kept east of the Blue Ridge, while Hill followed Ewell through the gaps into the Valley beyond. Ewell by this time had advanced of grain and other provisions and forage. The entire North became greatly alarmed. All veteran troops were sent to the front, and the President called for one hundred and twenty thousand volunteers to take their places at the rear. But the Confederate advance continued.

On the 24th of June the two other corps crossed the Potomac, and Lee marched north with his whole army. Ewell was still in the van, and now turned eastward, moving as far as Carlisle, which he reached on the 27th of June. This town is within a few miles of the Susquehanna, and at the very heart of Pennsylvania. Lee, however, had incautiously sent his cavalry eastward to make a circuit of the Union army, and Stuart, who was in command of the Southern horse, was now far



PICKETT'S CHARGE ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE BATTLE. (FROM THE CYCLORAMA OF GETTYSBURG BY PERMISSION.)

northward and captured Winchester, a Union outpost near the entrance to the Valley, with four thousand men and twenty-nine pieces of artillery. This left the road absolutely open for the Southern army; and on the 22d of June, Ewell's advance crossed the Potomac and entered Maryland. West Pennsylvania was now at Lee's mercy, and town after town fell into his hands, for there was no army to protect them. He sent vast herds of cattle southward and levied contributions away, so that Lee was unable to know what his enemy was doing — a point of the utmost necessity to a general. The cavalry indeed have been called the eyes of an army; being able to move rapidly, they penetrate for miles and discover the force and position of the enemy, just as the eye can see much farther than the hand can strike or the foot can follow. But Lee's eyes were now blindfolded, or put out, for a while, and Hooker was very busy.

The Union general watched his enemy closely

until he was sure that Longstreet had followed the other Southern corps into the Valley, and was also passing across the Potomac. Then Hooker knew what to do. He also crossed the river, but on the eastern side of the mountains, and on the very day that the last of Lee's men crossed at the west. Earlier than this Hooker had asked that the Union troops scattered in large numbers in Maryland should be added to his army, but Halleck refused. Upon the crossing of the Potomac, however, they were ordered to report to him; but fifteen thousand soldiers still remained, at Harper's Ferry, where the Potomac bursts through the Blue Ridge, and as the enemy had now passed far beyond this point, Hooker applied to have these troops added to his army. But Halleck again refused, whereupon Hooker resigned his command. He felt himself so hampered at every step by Halleck's interference, that there seemed no chance for success. Perhaps it would have been wiser had he endured everything and done the best he could under the circumstances; but he resigned. His resignation was at once accepted, and General George G. Meade was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. Nothing except absolute defeat could be more hazardous or unfortunate for an army than this change of commanders at a critical moment, in the very presence of an advancing enemy.

Meade had been in command of a single corps under Hooker, and had known little of the plans or views of his chief. But Hooker promptly gave him all the information he could impart in an hour or two, and then set off for Washington.

When Meade was thus suddenly placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac, the two great commands were thirty or forty miles apart, and both very much divided. The Union troops were stretched out in the shape of a fan, with the handle toward the Potomac, so as to be able to concentrate to the east or west, whenever it might be necessary to encounter Lee. The Blue Ridge extends across the Potomac into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and east of it is another and lower range called South Mountain; the space between is known as the Cumberland Valley, and through this valley Lee was moving. Only his advance under Ewell had as yet turned eastward toward the Susquehanna; the other two corps were still behind the South Mountain. Meade, therefore, was between the mass of the enemy and Washington; his right reaching out in the direction of Ewell, and his left facing westward toward Lee's principal force. It was in Lee's power to press on to the north and east around Meade's front and threaten Philadelphia, but if the Southern leader took that course, he exposed his communications to Meade, who could fall on the roads by which Lee drew his ammunition, and by which he must retreat in case of disaster. Now, armies in motion must always protect a line in their rear, so that if misfortune comes they may be able to fall back; else they may be crushed altogether or compelled to surrender. Lee could hardly be said to have a line of supply at this time, for he was feeding horses and men off of the country, but it was indispensable to keep open a line of retreat. Meade's position enabled him to menace this line of Lee; and as soon as Lee knew that Meade threatened his rear, he was forced to turn and fight, or at least cover this line. He at once ordered Hill and Longstreet to pass through the South Mountain eastward, and he recalled Ewell, who had passed forty miles beyond, as far as York and Carlisle.

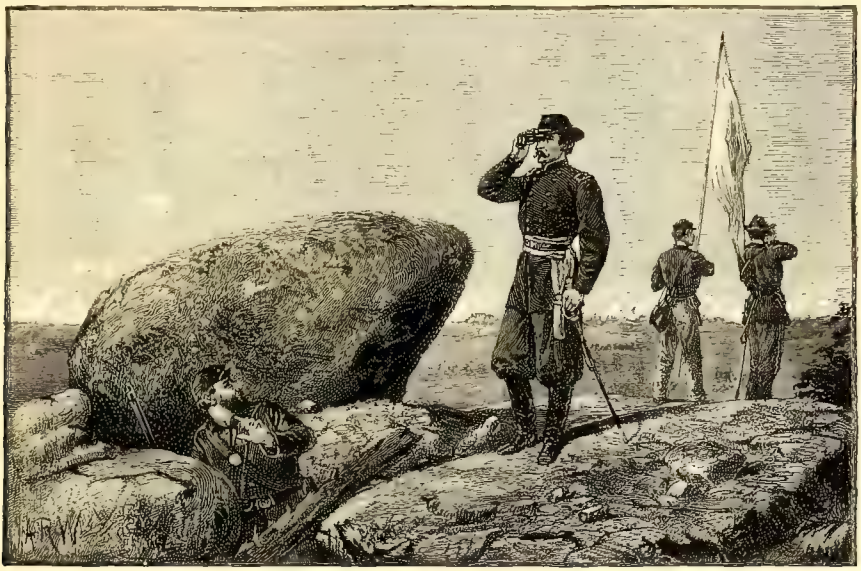
By the night of the 30th of June, Meade had discovered this concentration of Lee and knew that it was made to meet his army. Thus both commanders were looking for each other, each knowing that a battle was inevitable, and each anxious to secure a good position. In truth, each general threatened the other, and could place himself so as to endanger the communications or the rear of his antagonist; and each wished to place himself in a position so menacing to his enemy that the enemy would be compelled to drive him from it. Each was acting on the offensive on a large scale, but each wished in the battle to be on the defensive; that is, to compel the enemy to make the attack or be ruined. With this view, Meade wanted to fall back to a position which he thought would be more advantageous.

The Union left, however, had been thrown forward toward the village of Gettysburg. This wing, as Meade faced north, was nearest to the enemy, who was now filing through the South Mountain toward the same place. For Gettysburg is at the junction of the most important roads in this whole neighborhood, and was besides the point at which Ewell, returning from the Susquehanna, could easiest rejoin Lee. Gettysburg was therefore indispensable to Lee, if he meant to remain east of South Mountain; and if he did not remain east of it, his campaign was a failure.

To Meade, however, Gettysburg was not indispensable, and it was only by a chance that his cavalry on the left encountered at that place the advance of Lee. Neither general, indeed, knew anything about the peculiarities of the ground, or whether it was suitable for a battle; neither general designed or desired to fight at this place.

The Union cavalry, under Buford, reached Gettysburg first, on the 30th of June; and that night Hill was six or seven miles away to the west, and Ewell still further off to the northeast. Behind

the Union cavalry, and some miles to the south, was the left wing of Meade's army. When two great armies are as close as this, within ten miles of each other and in motion, they must either fight or one must confess defeat — at least temporarily. Yet neither chief as yet knew the situation; neither dreamed that his enemy was so near.



GENERAL WARREN AT THE SIGNAL STATION ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.

Immediately east of South Mountain is a region traversed by several ridges running north and south, and varying in height from fifty to a hundred feet. The westernmost of these is called Seminary Ridge, and half or three-quarters of a mile east of it is Cemetery Ridge. The two run parallel for a distance of two or three miles. At the north foot of Cemetery Ridge is the town of Gettysburg, with other hills not so high a little to the north and east. Between these two long ridges the country consists of farm land, with patches of wood scattered here and there, while at the southern extremity of Cemetery Ridge it becomes very rough and broken, and finally runs into an abrupt and almost precipitous peak called Round Top, the highest in all the region, dominating the whole country for miles. This hill is nearly two hundred feet high, and thickly wooded; the rocks at its foot are called Devil's Den. Along these ridges and peaks, and in these valleys and fields the battle of Gettysburg was to be fought.

On the morning of July 1, 1863, Buford's cavalry had possession of Gettysburg, and was moving out westward, when it came in contact with the head of Lee's command — Hill's corps, — just emerging from the South Mountain. Cavalry can never hold its own very long against infantry in modern battle, so Bufford at once sent word of the situation to Reynolds, the commander of Meade's left wing. He then dismounted his troops, and, as is usual, divided them into parties of four, one man to hold the horses, and three to fight, and did his best to keep Hill back till the Union infantry could arrive. Reynolds rode up in advance of his troops, but by ten o'clock the head of his column was on the ground, and the battle began. Reynolds climbed the steeple of a seminary north of Gettysburg and took a survey of the field. He was a fine soldier, and at once determined to arrest the advance of Lee.

Meade was still far to the rear, and not responsible for this action. Indeed, Meade, as we have seen, would have preferred another battle-field, but Reynolds decided for his chief. His action precipitated the battle at Gettysburg. He promptly ordered up the corps that he commanded, and at first gained some advantage. But very early in the day he was killed, and then a succession of changes in command occurred. At first, Doubleday, a division commander, held the advance; then Howard came up with the Eleventh Corps; and then Hancock with authority from Meade to act for him. For as soon as Reynolds had brought on the battle, he sent back word to Meade, and not only to Meade, but to Howard and Sickles, each of whom commanded a corps, though both were under Reynolds.

After the death of Reynolds the battle became furious on the north and west of Gettysburg, but the Union forces at first were able to hold their own; and when Howard came up, with the Eleventh Corps, they were equal in numbers to the Confederates. Before very long, however, Ewell arrived from the east, and struck the Northern command on the right; it was thus attacked on two sides at once, and the force on the field was largely outnumbered. After fighting nearly all day, the Union troops gave way, and were crowded back into the town of Gettysburg. Here, in the narrow streets, they fell into confusion, and four thousand were taken prisoners, principally from Howard's corps. There was danger of a great disaster.

But at this juncture Hancock arrived. He possessed a genius for war; he had a commanding presence, a superbly handsome form and face that alone inspired his soldiers,—but far more than these, a magnetic influence, a quick eye, and a power of correct decision in a crisis which, together, go far to constitute a great commander. He first calmed and then inspired the discomfited soldiers whom Howard was endeavoring to post on Cemetery Hill, as the northern extremity of Cemetery Ridge is called. This was the burying-place of the little town, but it was destined to be the burying-place for two great armies.

Hancock had orders and authority from Meade to inspect the ground and decide whether the army should remain at Gettysburg or withdraw. But every soldier perceived what an admirable position the long ridge would form for the defensive battle that Meade desired to fight. It blocked Lee from all further advance, and yet compelled the enemy to make the attack, where it could be best repelled. So Hancock returned to Meade and reported that the battle must be fought at Gettysburg. Meanwhile, Sickles had come upon the field in response to a request from Reynolds early in the day, but without orders from Meade, who had, indeed, planned and directed an entirely different movement for Sickles. During the night all the remainder of the Union army arrived: Slocum, Sedgwick, Sykes, with the three other corps, some of the troops marching thirty miles. Meade himself came upon the field at one o'clock on the morning of the 2d of July.

Thus far only portions of the two armies had been engaged, but now was to come the shock of perhaps the most important single battle of the war. Meade arranged his army along the crest of Cemetery Ridge. With his right he occupied a curve of the ridge, where it turns to the north and east, and takes the name of Culp's Hill; his center faced west on Cemetery Hill, while his left ran along the ridge and across the low ground beyond, reaching nearly to Round Top, the rugged and lofty peak at the southern extremity of the landscape. Round Top itself, by some extraordinary contingency, Meade did not occupy; and this was the most important position on the field. The Twelfth Corps held the right, then came the First and Eleventh; then the Second, under Hancock, while Sickles was on the left of the Union line with the Third Corps. The Fifth Corps was in reserve behind the right.

Lee's army lay immediately opposite that of Meade, in a wide curve, almost inclosing the lines of the Union commander. Ewell was on the Confederate left, in front of Culp's Hill and in the town of Gettysburg; Hill was at the center along Seminary Ridge, and Longstreet held Lee's right, opposite Sickles. The Southern line was five miles long, and in great part covered by woods; the Union line was little more than three miles long, but more exposed. The position of Meade, who did not wish to attack, would have been as good as any held on either side during the war, if he had occupied Round Top; but this he did not do.

This omission Lee perceived, and determined to avail himself of the mistake. Longstreet, Lee's greatest lieutenant after Jackson fell, was anxious that Lee should move around Round Top and the left of Meade, and threaten the Union communications with Washington; but Lee determined, instead, to attack the left of Meade, moving between Sickles and Round Top. This point was, perhaps, the weakest of Meade's line. Meade had intended that Sickles, who held the left, should extend from Cemetery Ridge behind the broken ground and rest on Round Top, but his orders were not clear, and Meade had not visited the ground. When Sickles studied his position, he saw that the rough and high ground in his front gave the enemy an enormous opportunity, and he determined himself to seize it. He, however, reported the fact to Meade through several staff officers of high rank, and several times implored the commanding general to come in person and inspect the ground. But Meade believed the attack would proceed from another quarter, and paid little attention to Sickles's appeals. Finally, Sickles thought himself warranted in taking the position he had suggested.

But almost before this could be done, the battle began. Longstreet attacked Sickles with great vehemence, and Meade rushed to the spot in person. He disapproved of Sickles's dispositions, but it was now too late to change them, and all that Meade could do was to send reënforcements rapidly. A furious attack was

made on Sickles, to gain the ground the importance of which Sickles had perceived. Meade pushed troops forward from every part of the field, and one of the most frightful battles of the war ensued. Ten thousand troops on a side were left on this bloody ground. The Devil's Den, so aptly named years in advance, was filled with dead and dying; peach orchards and wheat fields were crowded with troops that pressed backward and forward for hours in the hot sun of that afternoon in July. Sykes, and a part of Hancock's corps were brought to resist the Confederate onslaught.

In the midst of this fierce fighting, General Warren, the Chief Engineer of the Union army, had ridden to Round Top to get a view of the field, and at once detected the enormous importance of the position. But he also saw beneath him a Confederate force approaching to seize the point. Ordering the signal-officers on the summit to continue waving their flags as if the place were occupied in force, he hastily descended to obtain support. A single New York regiment, under Colonel O'Rorke, was moving by the foot of the hill, and Warren immediately pushed it to the top. But the Southerners also had discovered the immense consequence of the position, and a furious battle ensued, each side scrambling up the rocks to secure the prize. The Union force arrived only a few moments in advance of their enemy. They dragged cannon up the height, but the Southern sharp-shooters struck down the cannoneers. Gallant commanders and just as gallant men fell by the side of their pieces. One dear friend of mine, Colonel O'Rorke, brilliant, young, heroic, was shot as he led his regiment up those heights; but the heights were held.

All this while the battle in the valley raged. Sickles was shot in the leg at 7 o'clock and carried from the field.* But a struggle like that of giants clutching each other for life or death went on. The fate of the war was at issue in the peach orchard and the Devil's Den, and the men on each side knew it. They fought, not for the success of a day, but for the victory of a cause. At night the Southerners had driven back the original Union left, but had nowhere penetrated the line. The farthest point that Sickles had seized had been wrenched from Meade, but the fighting had exhausted Lee as much as it had Meade. The Union left was intact, and Round Top was in the hands of the Northerners.

At about the time that Longstreet stopped fighting, Ewell assaulted Culp's Hill, at the other end of the field. The Union strength at that point had been reduced in order to reënforce the left, and Ewell was able to gain some important ground, even seizing the breastworks of the Twelfth Corps, the extreme right of Meade's line; but darkness put an end to the battle.

Thus, when night fell, one of the most terrible battles in history had been fought, yet nothing had been decided. Lee had pushed back both the right and left of the Union line, but at enormous expense of life, and he was no nearer success than in the morning. The usual situation in the Eastern armies was reversed; for the Northerners were on the defensive. Lee was now the invader, and it was indispensable that he should drive Meade from the field, or confess himself defeated. But Meade had all the advantages of position that Lee had enjoyed at Fredericksburg and on other battle-fields. The Confederates said to themselves, ominously, "It is like Fredericksburg, but *we* are to assault."

In the night, Longstreet urged Lee to withdraw his army and maneuver. The subordinate felt that the results of the day did not fit the Confederates to make another assault. He implored his commander to pass entirely around the Union left and thus compel Meade to fall back from his strong position. But Lee determined to attack the Union lines again. This decision was contrary to all his general policy, as well as to his usual tactics in the field; and most soldiers consider it a great mistake. But it seems as if Providence had destined Gettysburg to be the turning-point of Southern invasion; as if all Southern success was to be checked just there; and the chief of the Southern commanders failed in generalship at the crisis of his fame and his cause. Lee, however, was undoubtedly desperate; he declared: "I am going to whip the enemy, or they are going to whip me!" So he determined to attack his antagonist in a position that appeared impregnable. He chose to do this not from the point where Longstreet had gained some ground, though at enormous cost, but from the center of his own line he ordered a charge against Cemetery Hill, the center of Meade — directly in front of both armies. Longstreet again protested, but in vain. For hours the subordinate pleaded with his chief, but the chief remained inflexible.

In the meantime, Meade was not idle. During the night the Union troops which had been driven out of the intrenchments at Culp's Hill on the extreme right, were reënforced, and at four o'clock they attacked the enemy. The battle at this point lasted four hours; but Ewell was thrust completely

*Sickles was at an exposed point on his line encouraging an artillery command to hold its own when he received his wound. All of his staff had been sent with orders to various parts of the field, and he had to be assisted from his horse by an orderly, but his officers, of course, came around him speedily. For a moment or two it was uncertain whether he was seriously hurt, and he continued to give his orders; but he soon became weak and faint, and was carried to the rear, where his leg was amputated.

from the ground he had gained the night before. The fighting here was tremendous; hundreds of trees were killed by the storm of shot, and remained leafless and dry, mementoes of the shock of war; the hill was crowded with these corpses of the forest, as the cemetery was with the human victims of the battle. But this fight, for all its severity, was only an episode of the main one. It was important to force Ewell back, for he had almost turned the right of the Union army; but when he was once repelled, neither he nor his immediate antagonists renewed the battle. The great encounter was on the other front, and the armies on both sides, at the right and left, looked on, while at the center the champions were engaged.

Lee gave Longstreet three divisions for the charge. Pickett, from Longstreet's own corps, was to lead, supported by Wilcox and Pettigrew from Hill's. "This will give me fifteen thousand men," said Longstreet, "and there never was a body of fifteen thousand men who could make that attack successfully."

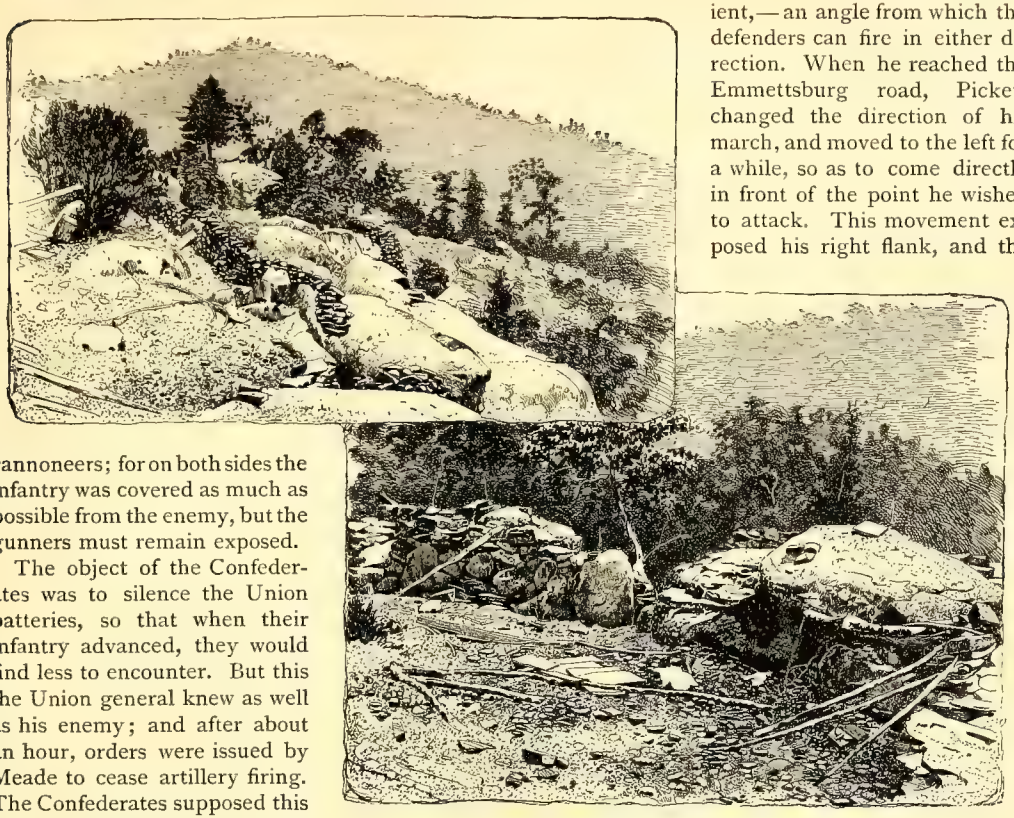
But the arrangements went on. All the Southern artillery was collected on the heights; half of it in force—a distance of fourteen hundred yards. Longstreet's heart was heavy when he gave this direction, for he foresaw the slaughter and the result. But Pickett was one of the most gallant of soldiers, and made no objection to the order.

At about eleven o'clock the Confederate batteries opened a tremendous fire. One hundred and thirty-eight cannon were ranged in full sight along the crest of Seminary Ridge, from the point opposite Gettysburg down to that wrung from the Union forces on Meade's left the day before, just under Round Top. They poured across the valley shot and shell against Cemetery Hill, the center of Meade's line. Here Hancock was in position with the Second Corps, and there could be neither general nor troops better fitted to repel assault. But it was not known as yet which point the Confederates would attack. Artillery fire, of course, preceded infantry assaults, and a hundred Union guns were collected, under Hunt, Meade's chief of artillery, to reply. From Round Top on Meade's left to Cemetery Hill, the northern extremity of the ridge, there was a line of flame nearly two miles long responding to the semi-circle of fire that



CONFEDERATE SKIRMISHERS AT CULP'S HILL.

extending southward opposite Meade's left, and the remainder immediately in front of the Union center. The troops for the charge were hidden behind the crest of Seminary Ridge. Longstreet took Pickett to the front, and showed him what he had to do. After a heavy artillery fire, he was to march over the crest, and down the slope of Seminary Ridge, and then up the opposite hill where Meade was belched from the throats of Confederate cannon on the other side. Never on the American continent was seen such a storm of artillery. The smoke half enveloped and obscured the hills, while sharp tongues of flame darted out all along the ridges, and shells in the air formed circles of fire above the heads of the combatants; then came the whiz, the explosion, the crash, the disaster among the



UNION BREASTWORKS ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.

cannoneers; for on both sides the infantry was covered as much as possible from the enemy, but the gunners must remain exposed.

The object of the Confederates was to silence the Union batteries, so that when their infantry advanced, they would find less to encounter. But this the Union general knew as well as his enemy; and after about an hour, orders were issued by Meade to cease artillery firing. The Confederates supposed this was proof of their success, and at about one o'clock the command was given for Pickett to advance. Longstreet was still unwilling. When Pickett came up to ask if it was time, his commander could not speak, for emotion. Pickett repeated the inquiry, and Longstreet simply bowed his head. Then Pickett replied: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward."

The men advanced in magnificent array. Pickett's troops were fresh; they had not been engaged the day before. He was supported by Pettigrew on his left and Wilcox on the right, and they marched down the slope and into the valley till they reached the Emmettsburg road, which runs along the foot of Cemetery Ridge. Those who saw the movement,—Union, Confederate, and foreign spectators,—all declared the sight one of the most splendid that could occur in war. The day was clear; it was the 3d of July; the sky was without a cloud. Between two long ranges of hills, on each of which a hostile army was extended, fifteen thousand soldiers advanced, slowly, so as not to break the line, and approached the strongest point in the position of the enemy, a hill one hundred feet high, where the Union lines projected, so that they formed what is called a salient,—an angle from which the defenders can fire in either direction. When he reached the Emmettsburg road, Pickett changed the direction of his march, and moved to the left for a while, so as to come directly in front of the point he wished to attack. This movement exposed his right flank, and the Union artillery at once began to fire. Forty guns opened on the assailants, but they pressed on.

Hancock was at the center of the position to be attacked, Howard was on his right, and a portion of the First Corps under Doubleday was on the left. When Pickett changed direction, Wilcox, who was on his right, did not follow, but continued moving forward. This left a gap in the Confederate line, and when Pickett advanced again, his right was still more exposed. Doubleday saw his chance, and at once moved forward Stanard's brigade and struck Pickett's right with tremendous force. But the splendid Southerner still advanced, and all his men were heroes. The whole line pressed onward up the ridge, among rocks and trees, against Hancock's center. They seized for a moment the crest of Cemetery Hill, and Lee could discern from the opposite ridge the blue flag of Virginia waving over the Union lines. But Hancock came to the rescue. Webb and Gibbon, his two division commanders, led their men forward. The fighting now was terrific. Hancock, Webb, and Gibbon all were wounded. General after general on the Southern side was killed. One

Union artillerist, Lieutenant Cushing, hardly grown, was mortally wounded, but exclaimed, "I must give them one more shot," then fired, and fell.

The Confederates, too, performed prodigies of valor, but in vain. Pickett's force had gained the ridge, but it was impossible to remain. The Union men rushed in on them from every side. Stanard on the right, Hancock in front, enveloped them. Pettigrew had given way on the left, Wilcox never reached the crest on the right; and here was Pickett thrust forward two-thirds of a mile from Lee, and unsuccessful. The great column was mowed down like grass before a scythe, and the men surrendered in masses. They rallied now and then, but two-thirds of Pickett's command were killed, wounded, or captured. Every brigade commander and every field-officer but one in his column fell. The hill and the plain were covered with fugitives. The mass did not retreat: none but disorganized stragglers returned. The flag that had waved in victory over the Union parapet was in Union hands.

The assault was over in less than half an hour. The battle was lost — the Union was saved — the invasion was at an end. Everybody in each army knew the result. As the stragglers came up, disorganized, Lee endeavored to rally them, and nobly admitted his error. "It was all my fault," he cried to his men; and every one set to work to prepare for a counter assault. Longstreet brought up the troops that had not been engaged. The artillery was posted again, though its ammunition was nearly exhausted.

But Meade determined to make no counter attack. He came upon the ground after the charge, and, though Hancock, wounded and in an ambulance, urged him to carry on the battle and reap the result of the victory, Meade was cautious, and believed that Lee had not exhausted himself; so, nothing more was done on either side. The Army of the Potomac had repulsed its great antagonist in a pitched battle. It had saved the capital. Meade had won, and he was satisfied with this without risking more. Nothing had been arranged for the offensive. This complete success had not been anticipated, and on the morrow Lee remained unmolested, though many in both armies anticipated a renewal of the battle.

During the night of the 4th of July, Lee withdrew from his position on Seminary Ridge, and on the 5th he was in full retreat behind South Mountain, moving towards the Potomac. The anguish of this moment to the great Southerner must have been intense. He knew then that the Confederacy could never conquer its independence. When he withdrew, defeated and disabled, from Seminary Ridge, he had lost the greatest chance his cause had ever enjoyed. Henceforth he must fight on the defensive, and his only hope was to tire out and exhaust the patience of his adversary. His soldiers, however, did not reproach him. "The old man is not to be given up for one mistake," they cried. They loved him, and clung to him still. But he knew the meaning of the disaster, and many of his followers shared his despair.

Meade had no intention of pressing hard, no desire to provoke the desperate man to battle again. He followed at a respectful distance, but made sure that Lee should by no possibility either remain or return. When the Southerners reached the Potomac, they found the river risen and the bridges gone, but still Meade did not overtake them till the Confederate leader had time to fortify his army. Then again Meade declined to fight, and Lee crossed over in safety. The President and the country were greatly dissatisfied with so little result from so great a victory, and Meade was rebuked by the Government for the delay. He offered his resignation, but it was not received.

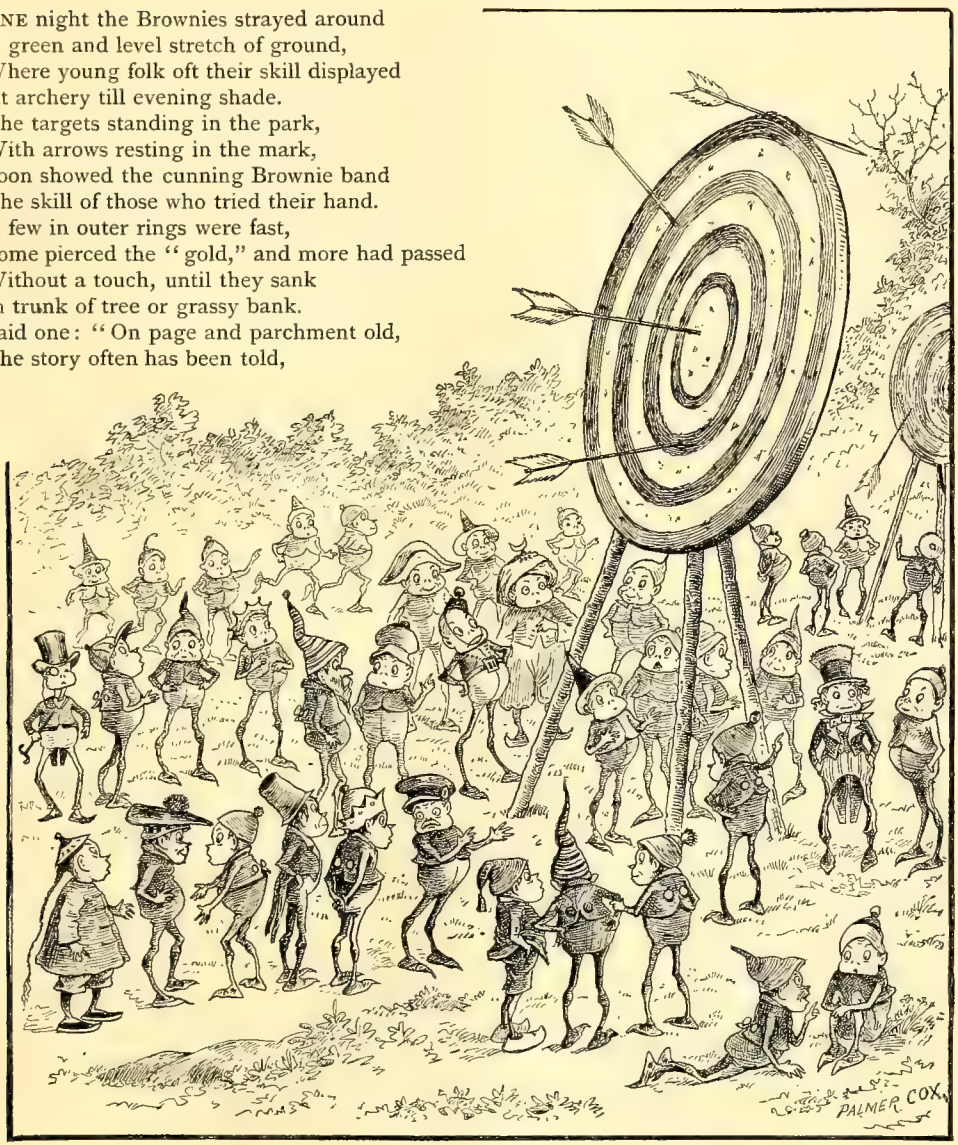
But though certainly not half of the harvest was reaped from the field of Gettysburg, the results were greater than from any eastern success which at that time had been achieved. The North was relieved from invasion; the Government and the country breathed freer; the prestige of success was secured; the greatest leader and the greatest army of the South had been fairly beaten, on even terms, for the Northern force was hardly larger than its enemy. Everyone felt that the war was nearer its end because of Gettysburg. The Army of the Potomac,— so often defeated by the blunders and faults of its commanders rather than by any remissness of the men,— had redeemed itself. It had shown itself worthy of the foe, and won a victory equal to the most brilliant successes of any of the other armies.

This great achievement was due, not only to the splendid resistance of the center at Cemetery Ridge on July 2, but to the stubborn defense made both days before on the right and left of the Union line. The Southern strength and spirit were almost exhausted before Pickett's charge was made. This was shown by Longstreet's unwillingness to attempt the assault, and quite as plainly by Lee's desperate determination, as well as by the fact that when the Confederates found themselves repelled, they made no effort to redeem the day. For the battles of the Peach Orchard, Round Top, Culp's Hill, and the Devil's Den were all essential to the result at Gettysburg. Sickles and Reynolds did their part to repel Pickett as really as Hancock and Howard; and every Union soldier engaged on any of those three days may claim his share in the victory. As President Lincoln said to General Sickles: "There is glory enough to go all around."

THE BROWNIES AT ARCHERY.

By Palmer Cox.

One night the Brownies strayed around
A green and level stretch of ground,
Where young folk oft their skill displayed
At archery till evening shade.
The targets standing in the park,
With arrows resting in the mark,
Soon showed the cunning Brownie band
The skill of those who tried their hand.
A few in outer rings were fast,
Some pierced the "gold," and more had passed
Without a touch, until they sank
In trunk of tree or grassy bank.
Said one: "On page and parchment old,
The story often has been told,



How men of valor bent the bow
To spread confusion through the foe;
And even now, in later times,
As travelers find in distant climes,
Some savage tribes on plain and hill
Can make it interesting still."

Another spoke: "A scene like this,
Reminds me of the valiant Swiss,
Who in that dark and trying hour
Revealed such nerve and matchless power,
And from the head of his brave son
The apple shot, and freedom won.

While such a chance is offered here,
We 'll find the bows that must be near,
And as an hour or two of night
Will bring us 'round the morning light,
We 'll take such targets as we may,
And bear them off without delay
To safer haunts some miles away.
Then at our leisure we can shoot

The targets from the ground they drew,
While buildings that were fastened tight
Against the prowlers of the night
At the wee Brownies' touch and call,
Soon opened and surrendered all.

So some with bulky targets strode,
That made for eight or ten a load,



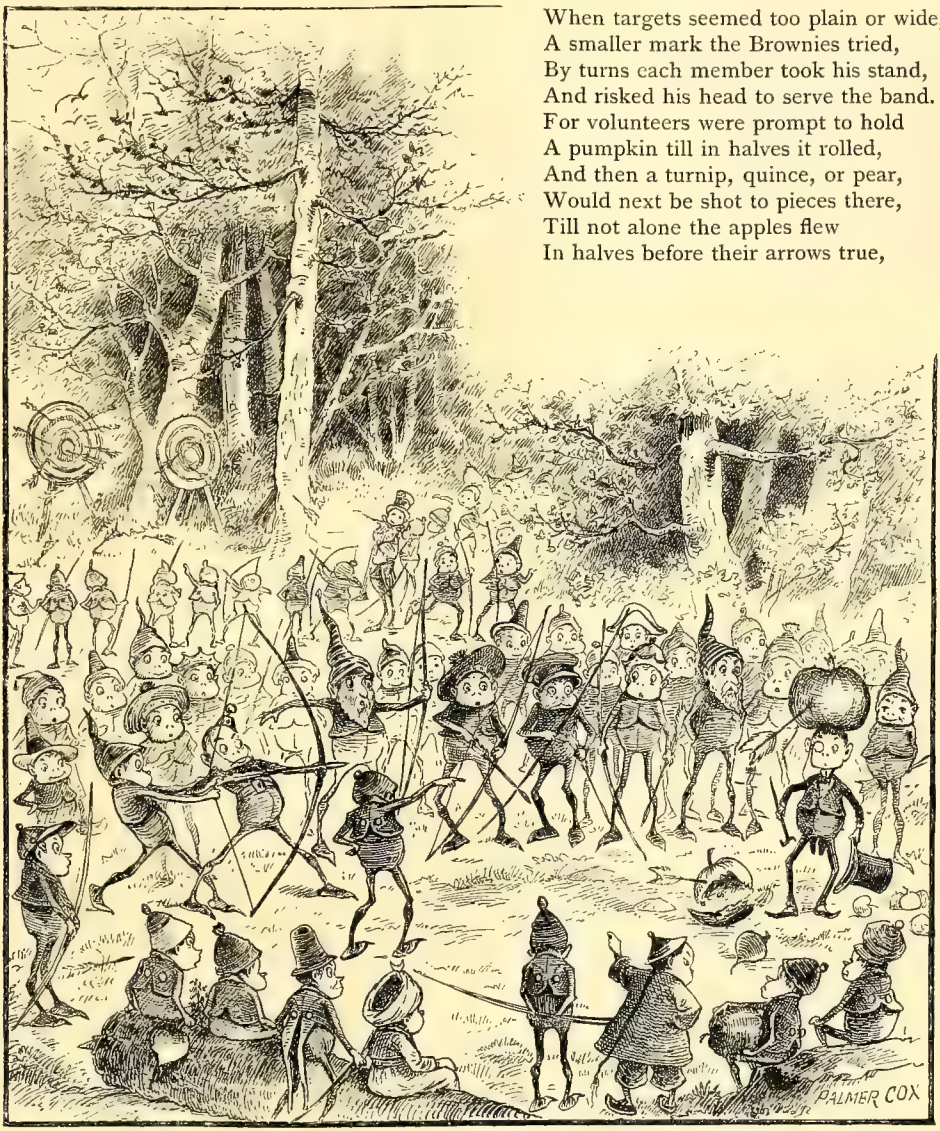
At bulls' eyes round or luscious fruit,
Till like the Swiss of olden time,
With steady nerve and skill sublime
Each one can split an apple fair
On every head that offers there."

As time was short, to work they flew,

And called for engineering skill
To steer them up or down the hill;
Some carried bows of rarest kind,
That reached before and trailed behind.
The English "self-yew" bow was there,
Of nicest make and "cast" so rare,
Well tipped with horn, the proper thing,

With "nocks," or notches, for the string.
Still others formed an "arrow line"
That bristled like the porcupine.

When safe within the forest shade,
The targets often were displayed.



At first, however near they stood,
Some scattered trouble through the wood.
The trees were stripped of leaves and bark,
With arrows searching for the mark.
The hare to other groves withdrew,
And frighted birds in circles flew,

But practice soon improves the art
Of all, however dull or smart;
And there they stood to do their best,
And let all other pleasures rest,
While quickly grew their skill and power,
And confidence, from hour to hour.

When targets seemed too plain or wide,
A smaller mark the Brownies tried,
By turns each member took his stand,
And risked his head to serve the band.
For volunteers were prompt to hold
A pumpkin till in halves it rolled,
And then a turnip, quince, or pear,
Would next be shot to pieces there,
Till not alone the apples flew
In halves before their arrows true,

But even plums and cherries small
At length seemed mark enough for all;
For Brownies, as we often find,
Can soon excel the human kind,
And carry off with effort slight
The highest praise and honors bright.

ABOUT HUMMING-BIRDS.

By Mrs. Homer H. Stuart.



ONE day in a certain June an excited lad brought to his mother a young humming-bird. The child had accomplished the capture so deftly, with his straw hat, that the wee, delicate creature had suffered no injury,—not a feather was ruffled. The lad's home was a country place where, to shut out mosquitoes and other annoying insects, the house was completely barricaded with wire-gauze, like one of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamps. Wire windows and wire doors, from garret to cellar, made the cottage a safe and spacious cage where the bird could roam at will.

It was caught on the very day when it first flitted from its tiny nest, before it could discover how wide the world is, and therefore it felt no sense of captivity. We called it "Hum," after Mrs. Stowe's "son of Buz," and it responded to its name as eagerly as a child or a kitten. The one thing it did not love was solitude. Its joyous flutter when any of the family entered the room seemed the greeting of a happy sprite. Its resting-place was the tassel of the window-shade, whither it withdrew when tired of flitting from room to room. Stairways were no obstacle to it, and it loved to explore the garret whenever the door was left open.

The only food we gave Hum was sugar, dissolved in water, which stood ready in a silver cup. When hungry or thirsty, he hovered about the cup and received his drink from a spoon I held up, while he balanced himself in the air. And he would vibrate over a bunch of petunias from the garden, thrusting his long tongue into each flower, and drawing out the honey with evident enjoyment. He spent much time at the top of the windows, going back and forth, just touching the glass with his tongue. We thought he was longing for the world outside, until, with something of a shock, we discovered that each thrust of his tongue impaled a gnat so small as to be almost invisible; and we soon found that these minute insects answered for the solid half of his luncheon.

I was an early riser in the country, but Hum generally awoke me by buzzing over my eyelids, until I opened them. Whether he did this because he was lonely, or because he wanted a drink from the cup that stood at hand, I could not decide. In the family was an aged lady, whose custom it was to take a nap on the sofa every summer afternoon. When she awoke, Hum was always perched within an inch or two of her cap. Sometimes he would alight upon the top of his yellow-haired captor's head as composedly as if the head had been a sunflower or a daffodil. Though perfectly tame, he never confided in any other member of the family to that extent. When we went to dinner, we were obliged to close the doors against Hum, for he hovered over the table with so much curiosity that we feared he would pounce into some hot dish. Once I gave him a bath in a saucer of water. How small and helpless he looked after it!—not larger than a humble-bee. Until the sun had dried his regalia, he was unable to move because of the weight of water in the feathers. I did not repeat the wetting.

All summer long Hum gladdened us with his company, and the neighbors far and near came to see him.

When autumn came, the birds of passage seemed to linger for a while on their way to the South. Not far from our house a florist had a bulb-garden of several acres in extent, and countless humming-birds flocked about his gladiolus plants and the Japan lilies. From these, one glorious September Sunday, they came by troops to our trumpet-creeper, and it was plain that they were mustering for a final flight.

Then we thought of poor Hum, and pictured him left behind this gay throng,—lonely, and perishing in an unfriendly climate. A family council was called. Dear Grandmother said, "Give Hum his freedom." Father and Mother appealed to the children. They replied, almost tearfully, "We must let Hum go." Then we called to our pet, and he came with his quick, bright chirp. We opened the mosquito bar. He passed out leisurely into the bright sunshine, then with quick darts sprang forward and upward to the trumpet-creeper, and soon joined his winged brethren. For days he hovered about, and when his silver cup was held up, he would aproach; but he never came back to his cage. And by and by he disappeared with his companions.

The humming-birds, of which there are more

than two hundred and fifty different kinds, belong wholly to the American continent, and chiefly to the tropical portions. The West India islands, and the glades of the upper Amazon are particularly their home. Central America and Mexico have a less number, and about a dozen species penetrate the United States in Arizona and New Mexico. A few of them spread through California and the Rocky Mountains, while one solitary species bends its course eastward, and in rapid flight wings its way to the Middle and Atlantic States, to Canada, and even to the far forests of Hudson's Bay. This is the ruby-throated hummer, and Hum and his friends about the creeper-vine were of that race.

The "Ruby-throat"—charming and expressive name!—generally appears here in May, and begins its nest-building in June. The nest is a little cup, holding perhaps two thimblefuls. Its walls are usually made of the soft down from flying seeds or fern-stalks. It is then thickly and prettily covered with wood lichens, and the whole is firmly attached to the upper side of a branch. One species, known as the black humming-bird, uses cotton instead of down, and other great differences are to be found in the architecture of the different sorts. Many South American species, for instance, tuck their warm beds into the curled pocket-like tip of a pendent leaf on some outer drooping branch of a tall tree. The eggs of every known humming-bird are pure white in color, which is remarkable; and those of our ruby-throat are smaller than peas in size. After ten days of sitting, the mother-bird is rewarded by the cracking of the shell, and the appearance of the two little ones. While the eggs are hatching, the parent birds guard them with keen interest and care; and should any enemy approach their home, the tiny creatures fly at its eyes, picking with their sharp bills; their throats swell, they shriek, and really become little winged furies. They will even fly at a man and strike him.

The baby birds resemble blue-bottle flies both in size and appearance. Most persons suppose, as we thought when we caught Hum, that the food of humming-birds is wholly the honey of flowers. But to get and keep their strength they must have meat; and insects, therefore, form the staple of the hummer's diet. These they procure to a great extent by striking them down in the air, spearing them with their sharp tongues, as our pet speared the gnats at the window, where he could see them well against the light. If you watch one of these "bright little, light little, slight little hummers" in the woods, you may notice him constantly leaving his perch and darting into the air on short journeys. This is his way of insect-catching.

The nectar-cups deep in the heart of open-mouthed, sweet-scented flowers give the humming-birds their dessert. Poising on whirring wings before one of these deep blossoms, the bird thrusts in its long beak and slender head, until with its tongue it can reach the little sugar-fountain at the base of the blossom where the seed is growing. Its tongue is as sharp as an awl, and it is easy work for it to pierce the honey-capsule and lap up the sweets. But here the humming-bird often finds other delicacies; for the sweet, sticky gum of the flower attracts honey-loving insects, who, caught in this pleasant trap, can not pull their feet out of the nectar, and so die at once or live but a short time in vain struggles. Botanists will explain how this may be a curious arrangement for the benefit of the plant; but the humming-bird knows not whether the plant thrives by this sort of food. He knows only that he himself is very fortunate when he finds such a well-stored flower,—a sort of top-shelf where his preserves are kept.



The peculiar humming noise which gives the bird its name is made by the exceeding rapidity of the beating of its wings against the air as it poises before a flower or elsewhere. If it could not move its wings very swiftly, it would be impossible for it

thus to balance itself; and if its wings were not very large, long and pointed, quite out of proportion to its size, it would be impossible for it to endure the continued exertion necessary in thus sustaining its stationary position in the air. The muscular power of a humming-bird's wings is undoubtedly greater, in proportion to the weight of its body, than that of an eagle. The length of the wings is so great that their quills often reach far beyond the end of the tail; and when they are shut, the tips of the wings cover each other above the back.

The only voice belonging to most if not all of the hummers is an exceedingly fine little shriek or squeal; just such a sharp, thin note as you would expect from so needle-like a beak. I have known persons who thought they heard them *sing*, but I think this must be a fancy and not a fact.

It is one of the pleasantest qualities of these gem-like, flashing, miniature birds, that they can easily be tamed. Hum's docility has been told; many similar instances are recorded, and I once received a letter from a little friend near Los Angeles, California,—Anna F. Ruth,— who wrote as follows:

"I wish to tell you a little story that I think will prove interesting, and it is every word true. One day, when our flower-garden was being watered, a little humming-bird which was flitting from flower to flower became senseless from the effects of darting into a spray of the cold water.

So sister and I took it into the house and laid it in the sun on the table. It soon began to show signs of life, when we fed it with sugar out of a petunia, which it ate quite heartily, and then it drank water out of a tea-spoon; after which it was so far recovered that it flew about the room. We then let it fly out of doors; and for several weeks afterward it would come and light on a rose-bush by our window and look in at us, not flying away when we would open the window and reach out our hands toward it."



"What are you studying,
my little maid?"
"I'm learning to read in a book," she said.
"And what is your favorite word?" said I.
Then the little maiden made reply.
"Big 'A' is the nicest word I know."
And when I asked why she thought it so,
She gravely answered —
(The sly little Tot!)
"Because big 'A' is as far as I've got!"



"Intery, mintery, cuttery, CORN
Apple-SEED and APPLE-THORN
WIRE, BRIER, LIMBER LOCK
Three GOSLINGS in a flock:
One flew EAST and one flew WEST
And one flew over the GOOSE'S NEST."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

I HAVE some queer things to mention this month, my beloved,— such as a boy with the earache who evidently had considered both sides of the subject; a charming snake that was anything but agreeable; a toad who paid a visit by invitation, but hurried home again without leave; some varieties of weather that may strike you as being either too much weather or no weather at all, according to your way of looking at things,— and finally, an account of some scientific holes that are not as easily seen through as some holes are. So you perceive there is no time to be lost. Besides, you all are going back soon to the school-book schools; and while I don't wish to hold you back, I do want you to run around in nature's school as much as you can before the bell rings.

So now, we 'll start off with

LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

THIS is a change, my hearers, from the very warm weather you have been enduring of late, but even the other extreme has its drawbacks, as you will see from this account, copied for you by a friend. Perhaps it will cool you off to hear it:

"It is impossible to form any idea of a tempest in the polar seas. The icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The huge crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thunder, and returning to the charge until, losing their equilibrium, they tumble over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the ice-fields, which fall afterward like the crack of a whip-lash on the boiling sea. The sea-gulls fly away screaming, and often a black shining whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of beautiful light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as might be supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at thirty degrees above zero to forty-seven degrees below zero in the open air without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, insufferable if there is wind. At fifteen degrees below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once, frozen by the wind, it falls into a fine powder. This phenomenon is called sea-smoke. At forty degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke at once changes into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air and make a light continuous noise like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before one can open them."

ON the other hand, here is an account of a little

WARM WEATHER.

"During our march the simoon was fearful, and the heat so intense that it was impossible to draw the gun-cases out of their leather covers, which it was necessary to cut open. All woodwork was warped; ivory knife-handles were split; paper broke when crunched in the hand, and the very marrow seemed to be dried out of the bones. The extreme dryness of the air induced an extraordinary amount of electricity in the hair and in all woolen materials. A Scotch plaid laid upon a blanket for a few hours adhered to it, and upon being withdrawn at night a sheet of flame was produced, accompanied by tolerably loud reports."

A friend of the Little School-ma'am's, who sent me this account of warm weather, asks me to tell you that she found it in Sir Samuel Baker's book entitled "In the Heart of Africa."

HAVE SNAKES POWER TO CHARM?

DEAR JACK: When I was a little girl I was, like all children, very fond of listening to stories; and there were none I liked so well as those my mother told me of her own childhood in the "far West." The following is an account of one of her adventures when she was about twelve years old:

One bright day in April she had gone with a cousin of her own age to the woods to seek morels. Their baskets were full, and they were homeward bound, when suddenly they heard a strange noise. It was so peculiar that the children stopped and looked about. They could see nothing, but presently they heard the sound again.

It seemed to be a cry of distress, but they were unable to guess what animal could be making it. It sounded close by, and, as they were peering under some May-apple plants, they again heard the cry and saw a toad jump.

The children at first supposed they had frightened the toad and made it jump. But they presently saw that it was not taking any notice of them. It sat still awhile, then jumped again with another cry.

Wondering what could make it act so strangely, the girls cast their eyes about and presently saw lying alongside of a log a large black snake. It lay there still as death, but its eyes glittered like diamonds.

The children watched the toad as it slowly jumped toward the snake, and, when it was within one length, the snake opened his mouth, and the toad jumped down his throat.

Each girl quickly armed herself with a stout stick, and the snake was soon killed, when, to their

surprise, the toad backed out and hopped off, apparently unharmed by his Jonah-like experience.

Now, what was the power which drew the toad to the snake?

I spoke of morels. I wonder how many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS know what they are. They are a sort of mushroom, and are delicious. I have gathered and eaten many of them, and I do not believe, you see, that they are "a species of nut-gall," as some botanists have called them. M. E. P.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

HERE are some verses by your friend Charlotte W. Thurston, "who knows the boy that said it:"

The doctor says I 'm careless,
And Bridget says, "That 's so,"
And nurse says I am naughty,
And Mother says, "Oh, no!"

I know I sha'n't get better;
I think I 'm going to die;
I have a dreadful ear-ache
That almost makes me cry.

I don't know how to bear it;
I really can't! O dear!
I think I 'd stand it better
If 't were the other ear!

LIGHTNING HOLES.

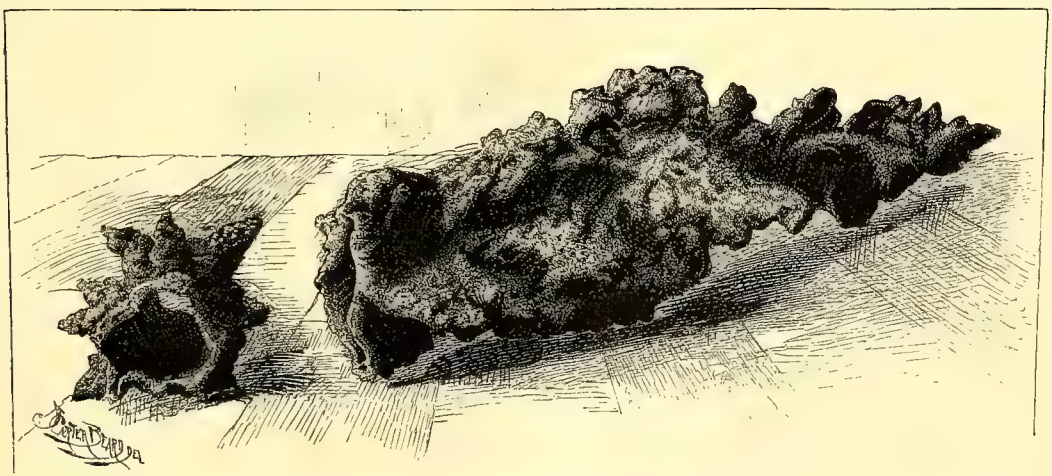
THE strange object in this picture looks like the home of some wonderful sea-animal, made odd and unattractive outside to discourage hungry fishes from making a meal of the owner. It would certainly provide a comfortable retreat for many a little creature of retiring disposition, for it is hollow and is lined throughout with smooth, clean glass. Sometimes specimens of its kind are found that are more than twenty feet in length.

These mysterious glass-lined tubes are, however, not found in the sea, but in dry, sandy places, where no water-body can live a moment. For a long time no one knew how they were made, or what was their use. The first man who seems to have told the world about them, nearly two hundred years ago, in the middle of Europe, thought they were formed by fires inside the earth, and were sent up through the sand. In those days the doctors used very droll things for medicines, such as deer's horns, corals, and crabs' eyes, and these strange objects were added to the list as a cure for fever.

As time went on, more of them were found, and more guesses made as to what they were; and now it is generally agreed that they are holes made by lightning passing into the earth. Glass, you know, is made from sand, and so hot is the lightning that it instantly melts the sand and forms a glass tube around itself as it goes.

Sometimes the tube is long and nearly straight; now and then one has branches of different size and length. Some are found that are large enough to provide a convenient home for the largest rat, and others would scarcely admit his tail. The rough outside is caused by particles of sand that are melted to the glass tube by the heat, but the wing-shaped pieces that stand out all around, as is shown in the cross-section view on the left-hand side of the picture, are still not accounted for.

Mr. Darwin and several other scientific observers think the tube is at first very large, and that, while still soft, it is pressed into these strange-shaped folds by the surrounding sand. Others, again, consider them made by the vapor into which the lightning turned the moisture of the sand, on its sudden passage through. Mr. G. P. Merrill,



who has lately published a study of these curiosities, believes it to be due to the very violent manner in which the electric fluid entered the sand.

These lightning-holes, or fulgurites, have been found in several places in Europe, in South America, and the United States. The one from which the cut is made is the latest reported; it was sent by Mr. J. Abbott, of Marshall Co., Kansas, to Mr. James C. Beard, who has drawn it for you.

THE FIRST PAPER CANOE.

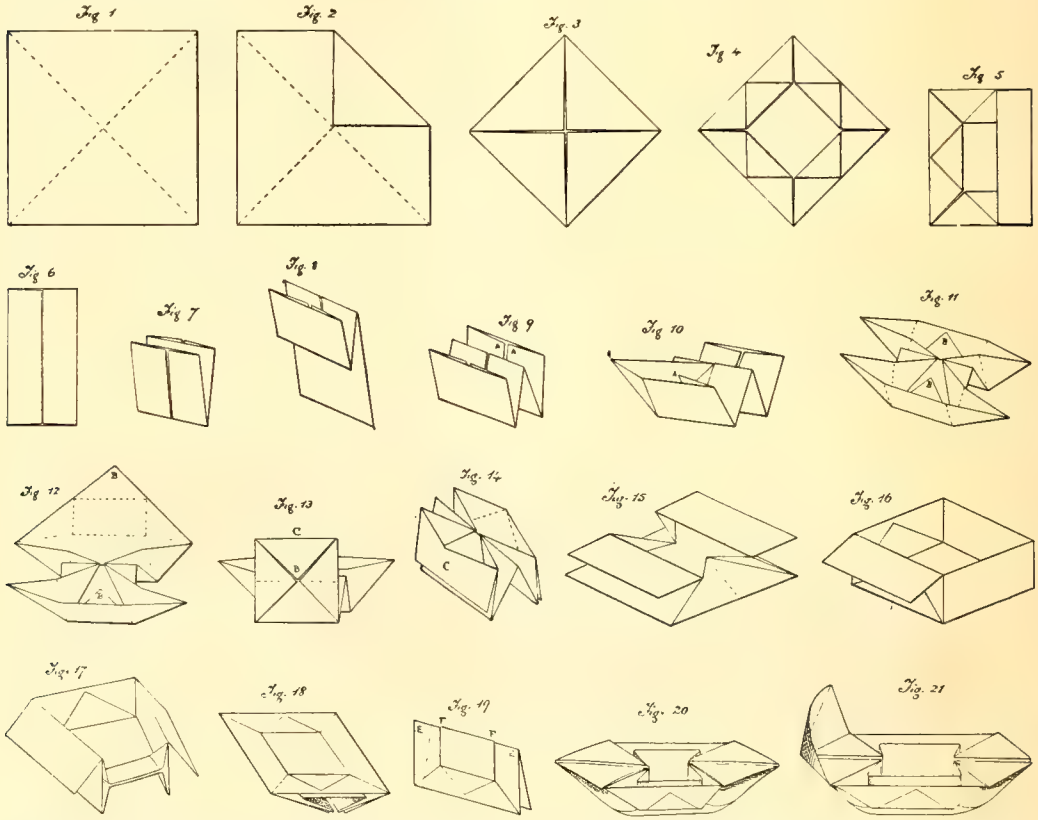
By H. E.

When I was a boy and lived in England, a young friend taught me to make a little boat out of a piece of paper, which for ingenuity and completeness is the neatest piece of paper-folding that has ever come under my notice. Very often I amuse my child friends now by folding one for them, and many a fleet of paper barges I have made, on the shore of some little pond, which, wafted by summer breezes, have carried their young owners' ventures over to the farther shore,— some laden with the treasure of a cent, like Spanish galleons making their way across their mimic ocean. Generally the voyage is successful, for they are stanch little craft.

I have seen many children who could fold as far as the "catamaran," which is one of this series; but the catamaran has no sail and drifts aimlessly about. Though there may be, and doubtless are, children in America who can carry the series through to the complete "barge," with its cabin and sail, I never met with any of them. It is an intricate piece of folding and doubling, and I have often wondered who made the first one, and how surprised he must have been when he saw the result of the last step. Was the first one made of papyrus on the shore of the Nile, or did the deft fingers of some citizen of the Celestial Kingdom make it for a journey down the Yang-tse Kiang? Who knows?

Intricate as the foldings are, with the help of the illustrations, which show every step, any smart boy or girl can make the little vessel.

Take a piece of thin and pliable paper and from it cut a square of from four to six inches; the more exactly square it is, the neater will be your barge when completed. Double it over from the opposite corners to get the exact center, so that your square looks like Fig. 1, in which, as in all the illustrations, the dotted lines show creases. Then fold each corner down precisely to the center, as in Fig. 2, so that when all the corners are folded you will have Fig. 3. Smooth all the creases down with your thumb-nail closely. Next turn back each corner to the middle of the newly formed side where it is marked by the crease, so as to open the center; then you have Fig. 4. Now fold two opposite sides over to the middle (Fig. 5), so that when both are folded, you have Fig. 6. Then double it back on itself with the edges of the folds outside, as in Fig. 7. Rub all the creases down with your nail so that the folds are all smooth and true and that the paper will stay in shape. Now bring the edge of one side up to the middle crease (Fig. 8), and do the same with the other edge, and you will have Fig. 9, in which your paper is like a W with the edges inside. The symmetry of your finished work will depend largely upon the care you take to make each side of the W of the same length. Your next step is a little more intricate, for you now begin to unfold. Lay the paper down on the table, and open the top fold while you hold the rest down with your finger, and you can open the corner as in Fig. 10, in which the sharp projecting corner A is formed, in fact forms itself as you spread it open, from the

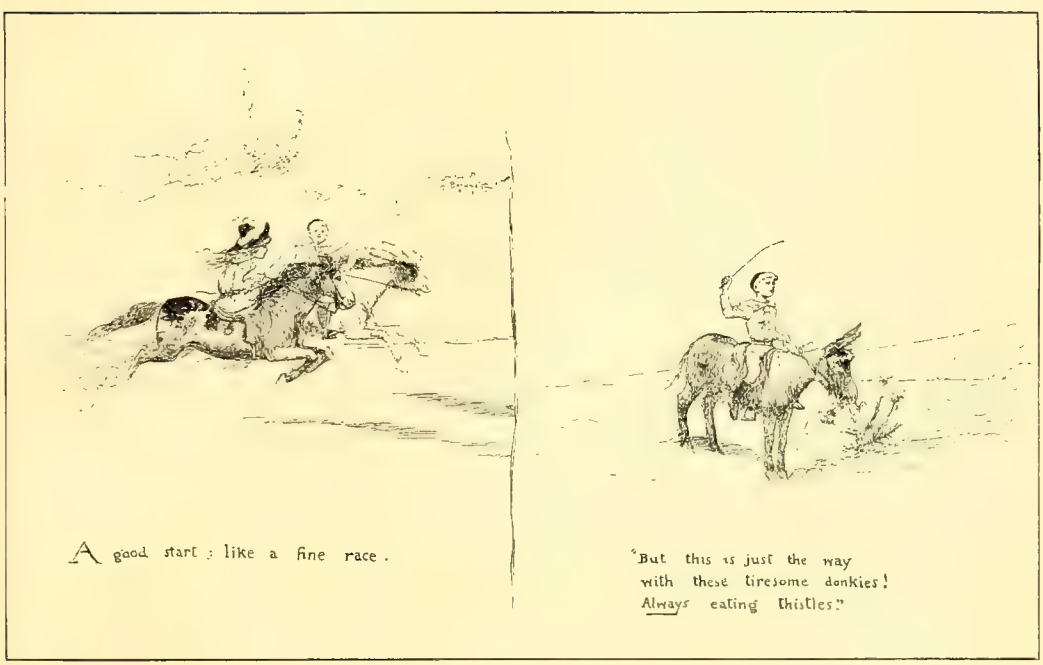


correspondingly marked corners not picked out in Figs. 9 and 10. By opening each fold and bringing out all four corners, you have the catamaran Fig. 11. Though the catamaran is often made and put into the water, it is not a good boat, for it is not stiff enough and it soon opens out into a shapeless piece of paper.

The next step is to take hold of the corner B of the paper on the inside of the catamaran, and bring out the side into a large flap like the upper part of Fig. 12. Be careful not to tear it as you bring it out. This done, the corners of the flap are to be refolded *outside* (Fig. 13), and then the upper part of the flap C turned down as in Fig. 14. When this is done with both sides of the catamaran, and the center crease spread a little so that it can be placed astraddle of the finger, you have a pair of panniers (Fig. 14) like those which in Europe are used to place on donkeys' backs to carry vegetables to market.

The next step is to lay these panniers down on the table, flattening down the center crease, and pull on the sides of the panniers (Fig. 15). This will make the sides that join the two panniers rise from the flat bottom, and they can be nicely straightened out with the fingers into the box (Fig. 16). These boxes make nice little trays, the flaps being used for handles. We boys used to keep silk-worms and other live things in them, turning the flaps over the top of the box for a lid; they can be pressed down a little way into the top and will stay very well. Just now, however, we will keep the flaps down, as in the farther one in Fig. 16, and take the next step. This consists in folding the side of the box down and out, bringing the top edge even with the bottom and following the fold along till it meets the ends of the box as shown in Fig. 17, pressing the crease nicely down with the fingers of one hand, while you support the end of the box with the other. When you have done this with both sides, you bend the ends of the box back under the bottom, and flatten it out carefully, and then you have the picture-frame (Fig. 18). Be sure that the bottom edges of the ends so turned over meet nicely in the middle at D, which they will do if you have conducted your operations neatly up to this point. Now double the picture-frame back upon itself, with the folds that formed the ends and flaps of the box inside, and the front of the picture-frame outside as in Fig. 19, and you are ready for the next step, which is a real transformation. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that simply pulling on such a plain shape as Fig. 19 represents can produce such a complicated object as is shown in Fig. 20. Hold the doubled-up picture-frame firmly with the thumb and finger of each hand at the points E E, and pull gently and firmly apart. As you pull, you will find that the fold you pull on will slide out from under the fold at F F, and what complicated foldings, unfoldings, slidings and doublings take place during this operation it is not worth while to describe; but the effect is that the whole thing assumes an entirely different shape without any assistance from the fingers, until, as if by magic, when the folds are entirely pulled out, we have our little barge as shown in Fig. 20, with its two little decks and square cabin, and little gang-ways on each side of it. The sails — for it has two — can be hoisted or furled at will. Fig. 21 shows one opened out. It is formed by pulling up the upper part of one of the decks, and when you have done with it, you can fold it together and put it back. When you sail your barge, you must put a little weight in it for ballast, else, like larger ships, it will lie over upon its side.

Bon voyage!



A good start: like a fine race.

"But this is just the way with these tiresome donkies! Always eating thistles."

THE LETTER-BOX.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are a club of six girls, and we all enjoy your stories and letters very much. We each have a different club name. We took them out of books. They are Kit and Kat, Daisy and Demi, Donald and Dorothy; in regular pairs. We are a charity club; we meet every week, and each brings one cent. The day before last Christmas we took two Christmas dinners; and at one house, after we had given the dinner, we said, "Wish you Merry Christmas!" and some one called out, "You 're welcome!" We have had our club for nearly two years. We must stop before this gets too long. Yours truly, J. D. K. CLUB.

ZABELTITZ, SAXONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two very merry girls, already in the honorable age of 21 and 20, and very good friends, not sisters. We wanted to ask you to print this, as it is so funny to read one's own words printed in an American magazine. As good Saxon girls we were much interested in "Dolls' Hospitals," though our dolls need no more to be cured! With great interest we always look out for the new number of ST. NICHOLAS. We are now for some time together in the country, and would enjoy it much more if the weather was not so bad. The castle where we dwell is an ancient cloister, and has a very beautiful park. We, our brothers — in short, both our families,—like very much the "Brownies" and all the other funny pictures. Some of the other nice pictures we have copied on paper boxes. In the hope that this will not be too long for print, We remain, Yours truly, CHARLOTTE AND CAROLA.

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I often see letters in your magazine from readers from all the different parts of the world. I came to Europe last spring with my mother and sisters, and we have been in Dresden since October. German schools are very different from our schools in many respects. The school hours are from eight to one, Saturdays included. After each hour we have fifteen minutes recess.

I visit the picture gallery very often, and like Raphael's beautiful Sistine Madonna the best.

There has just been one of the most beautiful of the spring festivals here, that is, Whitsuntide. The schools are closed for a week, and during the holidays everybody takes long excursions into the charming surroundings of Dresden.

My brother sends you to me every month, and we are always very glad to get you. Your constant reader, P. D. G——.

BOSTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken your nice magazine for a long time now, I have never written to you before. I want to tell you about my little brother, he is such a cunning little fellow with big brown eyes and little white teeth. He always calls my little sister "Gibony," and she calls him "Pinkerton." He has three little friends, Eddie, Orlie, and Richie, and sometimes when they come to our house and want to be amused, I get out ST. NICHOLAS and read them a nice little story. They like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" best of all, and my papa says it 's the best story he ever read. Your little friend, BONJIE S——.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the March number of ST. NICHOLAS Rosalie Caswell asked if any of your readers could tell how many toes a dog has without first looking to find out. I thought that it might be interesting to you to know (even if I did look) that St. Bernard dogs have six toes on each foot, the five and an extra one. I have three St. Bernards, each of which has twenty-four toes. It is said that the extra toe is a mark of their being thoroughbred.

EDITH S. B——.

HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me by my papa on my tenth, and again on my eleventh birthday, for a present, so this is the second year I have enjoyed your pages.

I live in the country where the largest volcano in the world is. Its name is Mauna Loa. The native legend is that it is ruled over by a fierce goddess named Pele. I live two miles from town, at a place called Punahow, with my papa, mamma, grandma, and sister Emma, who is eight years old.

The kinds of birds we have in this country are linnets, English sparrows, mynahs, doves, rice-birds, tropic birds, herons, and many other kinds, some of which are native and others foreign. We have had a great many birds of many of these kinds; at present we have a canary named "Chippie." We have also a cat named "Beauty," a horse named "Peggy," and some goldfish. We have had five goats at different times, each in turn named Nannie. I remain,

Your loving reader, ISABELLA E. L——.

BIRDCOMBE COURT, URASCALL, NEAR BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you a story of two horses belonging to Papa's hauler. They were cart-horses, brothers, named Captain and Jolly. Captain was older than Jolly, and blind from age. One night they were both put into a field which had a deep dry ditch on one side, into which Captain stumbled and was found there in the morning unable to get out. With great difficulty he was rescued from his uncomfortable position, but he could not stand, and was laid on the grass; but Jolly would not allow any one to approach his brother or himself. After much trouble Jolly was secured and put into the stables, but he refused all food, and was so wild and restless that a blind halter was put on him, and he was taken to a field some distance from where he had been the previous night. Captain, meanwhile, had to be shot, as his injuries were very severe. In the night, in spite of his blind halter and his distance off, Jolly had found his way to his dead brother, and had worn a path with walking around and around him in his distress. He was again put into the stables, but he would not eat anything for two days, until he began to work again, then he ate a little. Since then his appetite has returned, and the keenness of his grief worn away. Your devoted admirer, ALISON H——.

MT. CARROLL, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing so many interesting letters from your subscribers, I thought I would write to you. I am a little twelve-year-old boy, and for the past two years I have been confined to my bed with hip-disease. We have had the ST. NICHOLAS in our family for almost ten years, but during my sickness I have found it doubly interesting, and I await the appearance of each number very impatiently.

It would be useless for me to try to decide which of your stories I have enjoyed most, they are all so very interesting. I remain,

Your constant reader, BERT B. H——.

N. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We like the stories "Juan and Juanita," "A Christmas Conspiracy," and "Prince Fairy-foot" very much indeed.

We think the Brownies are very odd, especially the dude.

We have a secret society, of which the initials are G. A. We sew for our dolls, and have badge-pins made from ten-cent pieces, with the initials, and '87 engraved on them.

One of us has a play-house, which she calls the "Chalet." It is six feet wide, eight feet long, and five and a half feet high. It has two rooms separated by a curtain, three windows, and a door. We play out there, and sew for our dolls.

We live about three-quarters of a mile apart, but we are together a great deal, and have very nice times together. Your devoted readers, ALICE and MOLLY.

NETHERWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and I have two little sisters, their names are Ethel and Bessie. I have for pets, a dog named Bingo, a cat, Daisy, a bird named Dick, and mamma has a little pug, whose name is Jip. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for one year, and like it very much. I am very anxious for Juan and Juanita to get home to their mother. I remain, your devoted reader, MARION B——.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your July number I saw a letter in Latin from one of your readers, and although some of the words in the letter are not in my vocabulary, I think the correct translation of the fable is this:

THE KID AND THE WOLF.

A kid, standing on the roof of a house, railed at a wolf passing by. To whom the wolf replied, "Not you, but the roof rails at me." Often place and time makes timid men bold.

Ever your faithful reader, LAURA P. W——.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I have seen so many letters in your magazine, that I thought I would send a short letter to you. I think you are one of the loveliest magazines I ever read.

I don't know what I would do without you. I live in the country, and very often I saddle my own horse, and take a ride. I am never so happy as when I am galloping over the country. Your constant reader, FLO. C. H——.

ATWATER, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, and I never saw a letter from here in your magazine, so I thought I would

represent Atwater. My sister Jessie and I take you, and like you ever so much. I like to read about the "Brownies," and look at the pictures, and hunt for the Dude, Chinaman and Uncle Sam. I think "Winning a Commission" is very interesting, and so are the "Dog Stories." I have no pets to talk about, as my bird died one night, but I will tell you about a picnic I went to last week. We went in a big wagon, with seats all around it, and at every rough place in the road our driver would start up the horses, and bounce us unmercifully; but we had lots of fun, and were pretty well tired when we got home. Good-bye, KATE.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and have enjoyed your delightful magazine for nearly eight years. I have one sister named Leila, and three brothers, all of them little boys. I was here during the earthquake of August 31, 1886, and it was fearful; but I suppose your readers know all about it, so I will say nothing of my experience. I am very fond of reading; indeed, I am a regular book-worm. My favorite stories are "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and all of Miss Alcott's stories.

The climate is excessively warm now, indeed it has been so since the latter part of April. Your Northern subscribers will be surprised when I tell them that I have never seen snow, excepting once in January, I think, when we had a ridiculous snow-drizzle.

I go on a great many yachting trips in the summer, and it is delightful to go gliding over the lovely green water, with old Fort Sumter on one hand, Charleston on the other. I must now tell you good-bye. I remain, your devoted reader, MAY W——.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would any of your readers like to know how to get an egg into a bottle with a narrow neck? Soak a hen's egg in vinegar for four or five days — the longer the better — and the shell will dissolve in the vinegar, leaving a brownish film instead. It will be soft, and you can pinch it as you can a rubber ball, and slip it into the bottle. When in, pour cold water on it, and then drain off the water, and in a day or two the shell will harden again, and people will wonder how it got in there.

Yours truly, ELIZABETH D. L——.

CHAMBERSBURG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since you began. I write to ask Miss Nellie C—— if she does n't think she must be mistaken about saying that England is better than America? Instead of Westminster we have all the old buildings in St. Augustine, and instead of the Tower we have the round tower on the coast of New England, but, of course, not in beauty but for antiquity. And for beauty tell her to go to San Francisco. Tell her also to read "North American Antiquity," and *then* see what she thinks. I thought that poetry of Caroline Scherichewski's lovely.

From your faithful reader, ELSIE S——.

WOONSOCKET, DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from Woonsocket in your magazine, I think I will write one. We are from Chicago, but have been in Dakota nearly two years. Papa is a doctor. I was thirteen last May Day. I had quite a number of birthday presents. We have taken your magazine a long time. We all like it very much. In looking them over the other day I saw one of 1879. Mamma wrote to you once, and her letter was printed. We all felt very proud over it. I enjoy the "Letter-box" very much. We all like "Juan and Juanita," and "Jenny's Boarding-house," very much. I have an elder sister who is sixteen, and a younger brother who is nine. Sidney, my brother, enjoys the "Brownies," and looks out for the Chinee, and the Dude, and Uncle Sam. We live about thirteen miles west of the "Jim," or Dakota river. Well, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I am afraid this is getting too long, so I 'll close now. Believe me,

Your constant reader, ETHEL T. O——.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter in your magazine from this place, I thought I would write you one. I have lived in Elmira thirteen years and four months, or all my life, and am sure it would seem strange to live elsewhere than in this pleasant city. I think the ST. NICHOLAS is a splendid magazine, and I am very much interested in "queer names for things," so I send you some: The "pitch" of a tune, the "apple" of the eye, the drum "core" (corps), the "seal" of friendship, the "frame" of a house, the "border" of a State, the "running" of a clock, and the "bowl" of a lamp. I made these up all myself, but the first one.

Your constant reader, GRACE E. D——.

LAWRENCE, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and I can write on my papa's type-writer. I began to take the ST. NICHOLAS last Christmas, and I like it very much. I like "Juan and Juanita" the best, and the "Brownies" next. Papa and mamma laugh very heartily over the pictures of them. Good-bye.

Your friend, DOLLY C——.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have nothing to do, I thought that I would write to you and tell you how much I love you. I do not know what I would do without you, now that I have once had you. I think that you are the best magazine that I have ever seen. I have not got many pets; only two cats, a bird, and, best of all, a darling baby sister. I am very much interested in "Prince Fairyfoot," "Juan and Juanita," and "Jenny's Boarding-house." I remain,

Your affectionate reader, HATTIE P—— (aged ten years).

This is a composition written by a little girl who is just eight years old:

MY VISIT TO THE ZOO.

I went to the (Philadelphia) Zoo with Uncle. The Echidna that Uncle went to the Zoo to see, was dead. A hippopotamus had died, too, that weighed one thousand four hundred pounds; and the one they have now is heavier still. The keeper made him open his mouth, and then he put his hand in, and felt his teeth. He had a great big mouth. Then came that animal with the funny skin,— all wrinkled. He had a horn on his nose. He was a rhinoceros. The two elephants had their feet chained. They were eating straw. I saw one lion, and two lionesses. The lion was lying down and he looked at me sleepily. He winked, as if he said, "What are you making that noise for? Don't you know I want to go to sleep? I 'd eat you up if I could get out of here." There were four bears. A little boy was looking at them, and his hat dropped off into the bear-pit, and three bears ate it up; one had the ribbon, one the brim, and one the top; and one was left without any. There is nothing to tell about the peacocks except that they were noisy, and bright and pretty. I want to tell about the deer. There were two little deer; one had antlers, and one had n't. There are little houses, with fences around, where they keep the deer. A man took one little deer into a house, and then came back and took the other one. There were packs of other deer where they were going. I gave them some grass. The keeper was feeding the seals some fish; he threw two fish on the grass by mistake; a gentleman took his wife's parasol to push a fish where a seal could get it, and the parasol broke; but the seal came up and took the fish, and laid down on the parasol. Then the seal went down into the water again, and the gentleman took the parasol, and said: "This is worth a good deal now, for it was covered with seal-skin." When we were looking at the parrots, I said: "How do, Polly!" to one, and he winked one eye, and blinked the other at me. MAUD C. W——.

FORT WASHINGTON P. O., PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brothers and I have many chickens, and some bantams, too; two of our hens hatched out to-day, and now we have two broods more. We have two ponies, one is a Texas mustang, about five years old, which our uncle gave us; the other is a little English pony about twelve hands high: we drive her in cart. But the bigger one, Firefly, will not go in any wagon. Nellie, the little one, is very fat; we have had her six years, and she is fourteen years old now, but she can "go" still. I have a thoroughbred Jersey heifer, registered; she is rather cross, which is a great pity, mamma thinks. I have an Irish terrier puppy, not quite a year old. I have some canaries.

I suppose you think I am never going to stop, but I will now. Good-bye. T. C——.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Santa Barbara is a small city in the southern part of California, where we have been living nearly three years, returning to our home in New York the first summer. There are many Mexicans and Spaniards here, and there are also many Chinamen, which some people have for cooks and gardeners. State street is the principal street of the city, at the lower end of which is a long wharf leading into the Pacific Ocean, from which steamers from San Francisco and Los Angeles sail every few days. The climate is quite warm throughout the year, and some of the fruits are olives, grapes, figs, loquats, persimmons, and a few others. Before I close, I must tell you a little about my family and our pets. I have one sister, who is ten years old, and I am fourteen. I have a very pretty pony, of which I am very fond; then we have two dogs, a beautiful Mexican collie and a Skye terrier, besides a great many chickens; some are so tame that they will eat from our hands. My aunt has been sending me your charming magazine for over a year, and I have been interested in all your stories, especially "Lord Fauntleroy," and "Juan and Juanita."

Your constant reader, E. M. H——.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am English, and I am thirteen. I like you very much.

My papa takes you for me, and as he generally forgets to take you, I usually get two numbers at a time. I have two brothers, one of eleven, whose name is Reginald, and who is at a school at Westgate-on-Sea, and one of six, whose name is Robert. I have a daily governess. I like "Juan and Juanita" very much. I have only had you since November.

We have "Little Lord Fauntleroy" bound, and we like it tremendously.

I have a canary-bird whose name is Goldy; he will eat out of my hand, and flies about all the time I am at my lessons. I like the "Letter-box" very much. Good-bye.

Your interested reader, MARGARET W——.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Hatty, Lotty, and I have made up some poetry, which we thought we would send to you. We have not had any help from the the big people, and we hope very much it will be printed.

I think the stories for little folks, in your magazine, are very nice. Hatty's big sister Helen is copying this for us, so that you can read it. I am your devoted little reader, DAISY.

This is the poetry

GONE!

By three little maids, Daisy, Hatty, and Lotty:

Why is the house so dark and drear,
So gloomily standing alone;
So dim, so ghostly, and so queer,
A massive bulk of stone?

Behind the avenue of trees,
Whose branches wave on high,
'Mid mossy lawns and flowery leas,
One hears the cricket cry.

One hears the hums of the busy town,
As the crowds pass to and fro,
First they look up, and then look down,*
And then away they go.

No children play on the mossy leas;
Nor scamper across the lawn;
No children play in the tall old trees,
For, oh! — they all are gone!

No children from the windows gaze,
Or play in the old stone house,
And during the sultry nights and days,
The inmate is a mouse: —

A lonely mouse, whose days are passed
In longing for goodies and pies,
Who starves, and moans, and then at last
He lays him down and dies.

And while the children are brimming with fun,
As they play by the far sea-side,
The little mouse's life is done,
As he lies there where he died.

The house stands still so dark and drear,
And still so gloomy and lone,
For the children are gone — not one is here
In that old brown house of stone.

PEKIN, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls Daisy is ten years old, and Rose is twelve. We live near each other, and are great friends. Daisy has blue eyes and light brown hair. I have dark brown eyes and hair. We like to read Miss L. M. Alcott's stories very much, and wish she would write soon again. We go to school and study arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading, spelling, writing and drawing; also music. We hope our letter is not too long to print, and that you will print it. We remain your loving readers, "ENGLISH DAISY" and "DAMASK ROSE."

BARTON HILL, MARLBOROUGH, WILTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would like to write and tell you about a white cat we had, called Flossy. Her kittens were always drowned while they were too young to feel any pain. After this had been done several times, Flossy at last found a place to hide her kittens in. We could not find them anywhere. However, the gardener watched her, and one day he saw Flossy cross the garden, go through another garden into a field, and climb up into a tree, so we guessed her kittens were there. She had chosen a very good hiding-place, for the trunk was hollow, and the branches very high, so no one but herself could climb up. After some weeks we saw the kittens peeping through the leaves. They were all white, and looked so pretty playing about the branches. She did this with several litters of kittens, and never brought them down till they were quite big, when they were very wild. Good-bye. From one of your little English readers, K. W. T——.

* They look up to the windows, and not seeing familiar faces, disappointed, look down again.

RICHVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you. I like the stories of "Juan and Juanita," and "Jenny's Boarding-house" very much. The graduating class of our school gave the "Human Melodeon" at an entertainment, and it was very much liked by all.

I remain, your affectionate friend, ALBERT L——.

KANSAS CITY, MO

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing a letter in last month's "Letter-box" with an account of a cyclone, I thought you might like to hear of one I saw. We lived about a square from the Missouri River, and could see the river from our back windows. One Sunday afternoon Papa told us to come to the window quickly, and we looked out and saw a grayish, funnel-shaped cloud right over the river. Every little while it would dip down and suck up the water and sand until it turned a clayish color. It finally went over the river and disappeared. The same afternoon there was another cyclone south of us, that did great damage. This may sound rather large, but it is not.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS eight years and like it very much. Fearing I am making my letter too long, I remain,

Your Western friend, LABELLE.

SANDY SPRING, MD.

DEAR OLD ST. NICK.: We have been taking you for about three years, and every number seems better than the last.

I have a younger sister and brother named Helen and Fred. My only pets are a Maltese cat and a shepherd dog. I think the "Brownies" are very funny. Papa is a merchant, but when he has time he loves to make things for us. He made us a play-house out-of-doors, and is going to make us one up in a tree, so we can sit up there and work or read.

I love your "Letter-box" because I like to hear from other children. Ever your devoted reader, ANNA T——.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt gave your beautiful magazine to me as a present on my tenth birthday, and I am now eleven years old, so I have been taking you for two years. I like to read your magazine very much, and my two small sisters and brother like to see the pictures and rub their little faces on your smooth pages; but I am much more interested in your stories, which are just lovely.

Your constant reader, DUDLEY D. S——.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old, and have taken you ever since I can remember, but this is the first time I have ever written you a letter. I like the story of "Juan and Juanita" better than any I have ever read. Their dog Amigo reminds me of mine, named Bang, that I had to give away when I left the town where I used to live. He was very fond of me, and whenever I go back to pay a visit, he wants to stay with me instead of his new master. My papa often takes me to Lincoln Park to see the wild animals. I like the deer best, as they are so gentle and tame; they will eat out of your hand, and almost thank you with their eyes.

From your little friend, GEORGE W——.

"BIRCH'S ADMIRER": We can not answer your questions in the "Letter-box," but if you care to forward your address we will reply to them by post. Your card was received after the August number had gone to press.

THE young friends whose names here follow have sent us pleasant letters, for which we present our thanks: Gracie, Clare B., H. S. and E. M., Mabel C. Van W., L. R. Coleman, Jr., Irene Cavins, Sallie, Grace and Bessie, Betty D., L. C. L., Belle K., A. B. S., Carrie M. Estes, Jennie S. Bailey, Mata Brown, Louise P. Putnam, Ruby Smith, George F. G., Emma G., Roger M. Newbold, E. C. P., Mildred and Elsie, Allan C. Rowe, A. C. Haas, Nancy and Jane, Effie Arnold, Mabel W. B., John Y. Clare Kenamore, and Daisy Berry.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

THREE EASY STARS. I. From 1 to 3, reek; 2 to 4, rees; 5 to 3, meek; 4 to 2, seer; 5 to 2, meer. II. From 1 to 3, moon; 1 to 4, moot; 4 to 2, took; 5 to 3, noon; 5 to 2, nook; 3 to 5, noon. III. From 1 to 3, deer; 1 to 4, deed; 5 to 2, deem; 3 to 5, reed; 2 to 5, meed.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Oration. 2. Return. 3. Atone. 4. Tune. 5. Ire. 6. On. 7. N. II. 1. Bravado. 2. Ramona. 3. Amity. 4. Vote. 5. Any. 6. Da(le). 7. O.

FLOWER PUZZLE. Hay-time. 1. cHamomile. 2 dAisy. 3. mYrtle. 4. sTrawberry. 5. lIly. 6. aMaranth. 7. pEriwinkle.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS. Third row, paideutics; sixth row, pedagogues. Cross-words: 1. Improper. 2. Stampede. 3. Brigades. 4. Moderate. 5. Presaged. 6. Cautious. 7. Cottages. 8. Jointure. 9. Reciters. 10. Despised.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Wrest. 2. Rompu. 3. Emmet. 4. Spent. 5. Tutti.

HEXAGON. 1. Bare. 2. Atoms. 3. Romans. 4. Emanate. 5. Snared. 6. Steed. 7. Eddy.

A FISH PUZZLE. 1. Sword-fish. 2. Trunk-fish. 3. Horn-fish. 4. Star-fish. 5. Bill-fish. 6. Squirrel-fish. 7. Cat-fish. 8. Frog-fish. 9. Box-fish. 10. King-fish. 11. Rudder-fish. 12. Bat-fish. 13. Log-fish. 14. Drum-fish. 15. Barrel-fish. 16. Dog-fish. 17. Saw-fish. 18. Rose-fish. 19. Parrot-fish. 20. Pipe-fish.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

BEHEADINGS. Donatello. Cross-words: 1. D-ale. 2. O-range. 3. N-ear. 4. A-base. 5. T-old. 6. E-bony. 7. E-wer. 8. L-ark. 9. O-pen.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. Robespierre. 1. w-aRm-ed. 2. s-cOw-ling. 3. w-eBb-ing. 4. al-lEg-e. 5. cl-aSp-ing. 6. c-aPt-ion. 7. s-lIp-ped. 8. por-tEn-t. 9. wh-eRr-y. 10. p-oRt-ray. 11. ro-dEn-t.

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS. Across: 1. Natural gas. 2. Material. 3. Malady. 4. Hebe. 5. Biennially. 6. Heartaches. 7. Clam. 8. Hyeres. 9. Bassanio. 10. Pittsburgh.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: In consequence of advancing the date of issue, hereafter answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month. Answers should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St. New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Maud E. Palmer — Russell Davis — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — Jo and I — Carrie S. Seaver — K. G. S. — Annette Fiske and Co. — Willoughby M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from S. A. C., Jr., 1 — St. Olaf's Kirk," 1 — B. F. Muckleston, 1 — S. W. Burnham, 1 — Hazel, 2 — Joseph L., 1 — E. O. W., 1 — "Fayette," 2 — Paul Reese, 9 — Kate Bell, 5 — Di and Mary, 6 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — "Blithedale," 9 — May R., 3 — M. A. D., 1 — I. L., Madison, Wis., 1 — "H. S. Nut, Jr.," 5 — "Anthony Guptil," 1 — Patience, 5 — "May and 79," 5 — N. L. Howes, 7 — "F.'s and B.'s," 1 — Sadie Mabelle Sherman. 8 — "Ruby," 2 — A. C. Haas, 2 — James B. Smith, 2 — Lou Henry, 2 — L. C. B. 4 — Nellie and Reggie, 9 — Nell R., 4 — Eleanor, Maude and Lousie, 3 — "Solomon Quill," 5 — Freda H. H., 3 — Lyman T. Wilson, 6 — "Foster," 8 — "Tilly Slowboy," 3 — L. A. N., 4.

ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE.



FIND a word of eight letters that will rightly describe one of the objects here pictured. Remove one letter, and transpose the remaining letters, and the name of another object will be formed, and so on till only a single letter remains.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a familiar substance, found on every breakfast table, and leave to peruse. 2. Behead visionary, and leave to give in portions. 3. Behead a small carnivorous animal, which is found in the northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, and leave having sufficient skill. 4. Behead military progress, and leave an arc. 5. Behead an exclamation of dismay, and leave to want. 6. Behead to extend, and leave a distributive adjective pronoun. 7. Behead a useful little piece of mechanism and leave to fasten. 8. Behead twists, and leave colored fluids.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous statesman now living. "ODD FISH."

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

MY primals spell a flower which is found in the fields in summer, and my centrals spell a song which is sung by reapers and harvesters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A pillow. 2. Pertaining to the ocean. 3. Raising. 4. Artlessly. 5. Perpetually. 6. Negligently. 7. An harangue. 8. Cleansing by ablution. 9. To wed. 10. Versifiers. 11. Shelters. "ODD FISH."

HALF-SQUARES.

I. 1. Expanded. 2. Reflected. 3. Loaded. 4. Advanced in years. 5. A number. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In laundry.

II. 1. Fleshiness. 2. A fish of the Tunny kind, found on the American coast. 3. Ingress. 4. A father. 5. Three-fourths of a large town. 6. A preposition. 7. In laundry.

III. 1. In thin plates or layers. 2. Homes. 3. Agitated. 4. A notion. 5. A boy's nickname. 6. An old Roman coin. 7. In laundry. "LOU C. LEE."

A TRIANGLE.

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                                  11
                               1  12
                            2  .  13
                         3  .  .  14
                      4  .  .  .  15
                   5  .  .  .  .  16
                6  .  .  .  .  .  17
             7  .  .  .  .  .  .  18
          8  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  19
       9  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  20
    10 .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  21
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11. Always in doubt and danger; 1 and 12, a pronoun; 2 to 13, a beautiful tree; 3 to 14, a kind of gauze for curtains; 4 to 15, a masculine name; 5 to 16, to array; 6 to 17, to feed; 7 to 18, to receive a degree; 8 to 19, a piece of tarred canvas; 9 to 20, burdensome; 10 to 21, relating to one's birthday.

From 1 to 10, a celebrated English general who died on September 14, 1852; from 11 to 21, a renowned Athenian orator who was born 322 B. C. "BOB CRATCHETT."

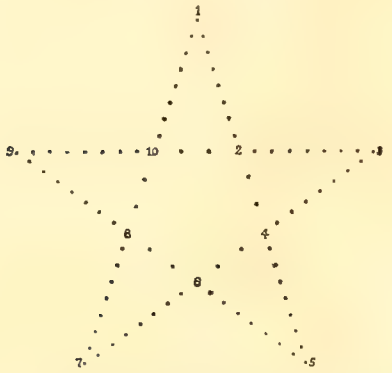
RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. An instrument for measuring. 2. An evil spirit. 3. A great river of Western Africa. 4. A morbid swelling. 5. Pertaining to the god of the winds.

DOWNWARD: 1. In numeric. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A number. 4. To discharge. 5. A knave. 6. A character in a book by Jules Verne. 7. Three-fourths of a word meaning to turn. 8. Half of a word which means matured. 9. In numeric.

LOTTIE H.

A STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 1 to 2, one who willfully takes a false oath; 2 to 3, a relation; 3 to 4, to strive; 4 to 5, a geometrical figure; 5 to 6, an allowance made upon an account; 6 to 7, calaite; 7 to 8, a large fish; 8 to 9, pertaining to a race; 9 to 10, the left-hand side of a ship; 10 to 1, the office of a dean; 2 to 4, to cry loudly; 4 to 6, peace; 6 to 8, a small city; 8 to 10, to require; 10 to 2, an animal.

"BILLY" (NINE YEARS OLD).

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In terrapin. 2. An elastic fluid. 3. Tempests. 4. A distinguished champion. 5. The place where a German victory was won on September 1st, 1870. 6. Iniquity. 7. In terrapin.

II. 1. In ridicule. 2. A fiction. 3. Draws. 4. A short Turkish sword. 5. A French preposition meaning "between." 6. To descry. 7. In ridicule.

III. 1. In persimmon. 2. To scour. 3. An illustrated puzzle. 4. A small river which Julius Cæsar crossed,— the name of which is now associated with a little phrase which means to commit oneself to a difficult enterprise. 5. A plant. 6. A small French coin. 7. In persimmon.

"ŒDIPUS" AND E. R. C.

A BASE-BALL PUZZLE.



ALL of the words described contain nine letters each. When they have been rightly guessed and arranged, one below the other (though not in the order here given), the central letters will spell the name of one of the players in every game of base-ball.

From H. to 1 B., half-hourly; from H. to 3 B., half-proof; 1 B. to 2 B., lawfulness; 3 B. to 2 B., signifies by tokens; 2 B. to R. F., the act of seceding; 2 B. to C. F., a rock made of sand more or less firmly united; 2 B. to L. F., windingly; R. F. to C. F., soda mesotype; C. F. to L. F., impartially.

"SOLOMON QUILL."

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTICS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters.

I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. An old word meaning to cut off. 2. A reprobate. 3. Penetrated. 4. Assuaging. 5. A species of cod which derives its name from the dusky pigment which tinges the skin, and which soils the fingers like moist coal. 6. Outer fortifications. 7. Affirming upon oath. 8. Colleagues. 9. One who is employed in a siege. 10. Affronted.

The fourth row of letters, reading downward, spells the name of a place where a battle occurred on September 19, 1777; the fifth row spells the name of a State that was admitted to the Union on September 9, 1850.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A luminous insect. 2. An estate in real property of inheritance or for life, or the tenure by which it is held. 3. Sketched. 4. Protects. 5. Mitigated. 6. Destruction. 7. Pertaining to a margin. 8. Vessels used by soldiers for carring drinks. 9. A vagabond. 10. An ensign of war.

The fourth row of letters, reading downward, spells the name of an eminent military character who died on September 14, 1852; the fifth row spells the name of a famous English clergyman who died on September 30, 1770.

"AM PEGOTTY."

HIDDEN FISHES.

FOUR fishes are hidden in each sentence. Example: Candies *melt* as soon as heated. Answer, smelt.

1. Last summer, said the Bishop, "I keenly enjoy bathing, and I do not wish to disturb others in the same pleasure; but many boys in this parish err in going into the water when they are overheated. Now, I would say, swim in no water when you are too warm."

2. Tell Job as soon as I saw the Hebrew psalm on the table, I gave Elder Brown a copy, and he has had it translated.

3. Some boys terrified a Saco damsel, who had been suffering from chronic lameness, by dressing up outlandishly.

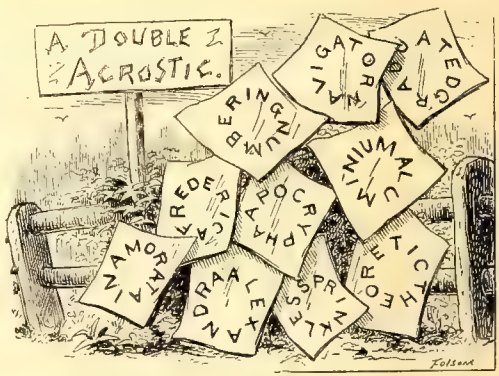
4. Do not risk a ten-cent piece in lotteries; do not spend a cent foolishly; yet do not hold your money with too tight a grasp. Rather be charitable, and if you would prosper, cheer the poor with needful articles.

F. S. F.

RIDDLE.

TAKE one thousand, five hundred, and one-third of ten
(But not in the order I 've named them), and then
Divide those three letters by two;
And I pity the woman, but more yet the man,
Who 's described by the adjective which you will scan,—
Most sincerely I hope it 's not you.

A. S.



DIVIDE each of the ten letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. These ten words, when rightly placed, one below the other, will form a double acrostic. The initials spell a country of Asia, and the finals a large island in the Indian Ocean.

"E. U. GENE."

EASY WORD-SQUARES.

* * * * * * * * *
. . . .
. . . .

I. 1. A cup or vessel. 2. A girl's name. 3. To seize by a sudden grasp.

II. 1. Performed. 2. A useful substance. 3. A retreat.

III. 1. The goddess of revenge. 2. A small cask. 3. To retire.

The first words (indicated by stars) will, when read in connection, spell a word meaning one who offers himself for an office.

"DYCIE."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, PRINTERS, NEW YORK.



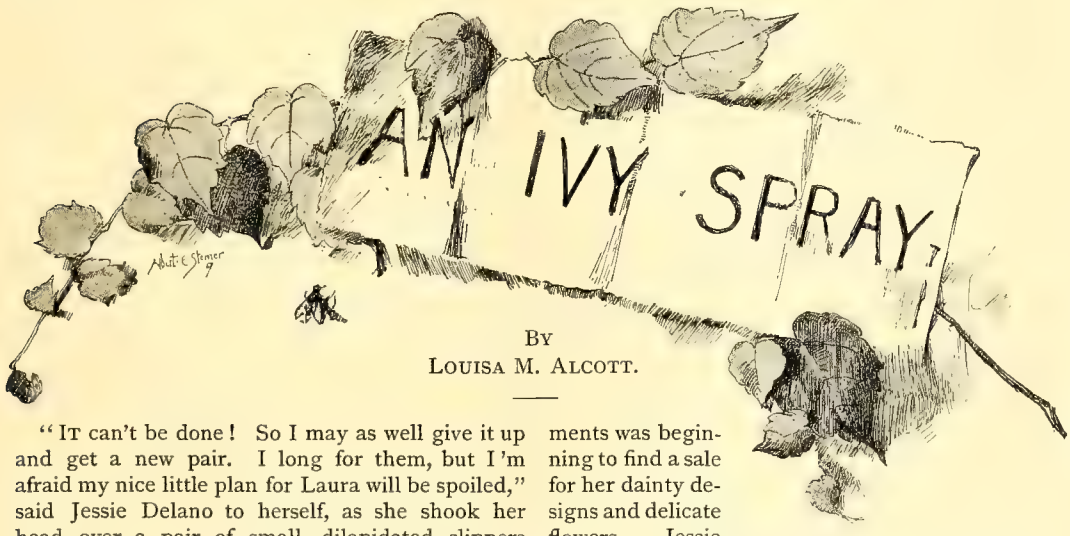
"THE ARTIST CAME OFTEN TO THE SITTINGS IN THAT QUIET ROOM."

(SEE PAGE 888.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER, 1887. NO. 12.

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BY
LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"IT can't be done! So I may as well give it up and get a new pair. I long for them, but I 'm afraid my nice little plan for Laura will be spoiled," said Jessie Delano to herself, as she shook her head over a pair of small, dilapidated slippers almost past mending. While she vainly pricked her fingers over them for the last time, her mind was full of girlish hopes and fears, as well as of anxieties far too serious for a light-hearted creature of sixteen.

A year before, the sisters had been the petted daughters of a rich man; but misfortune and death came suddenly, and now they were left to face poverty alone. They had few relations, and had offended the uncle who offered Jessie a home, because she refused to be separated from her sister. Poor Laura was an invalid, and no one wanted her; but Jessie would not leave her. So they clung together and lived on in the humble rooms where their father died, trying to earn their bread by the only accomplishments they possessed. Laura painted well, and after many disappointments was beginning to find a sale for her dainty designs and delicate flowers. Jessie had a natural gift for dancing; and her former teacher, a kind-hearted Frenchwoman, offered her favorite pupil the post of assistant teacher in her classes for children.

It cost the girl a struggle to accept a place of this sort and be a humble teacher, patiently twirling stupid little boys and girls around and around over the smooth floor where she used to dance so happily when she was the pride of the class and the queen of the closing balls. But for Laura's sake she gratefully accepted the offer, glad to add her mite to their small store, and to feel that she could help to keep the wolf from the door. They had seemed to hear the howl of that dreaded phantom more than once during that year, and had looked forward to the long winter with an anxiety which neither would confess to the other.

Laura feared to fall ill if she worked too hard, and then what would become of the pretty young sister who loved her so tenderly and would not be tempted to leave her? And Jessie could do very little except to rebel against their hard fate and make impracticable plans. But each worked bravely, talked cheerfully, and waited hopefully for some good fortune to befall them, while doubt and pain and poverty and care made the young hearts so heavy that the poor girls often fell asleep on pillows wet with secret tears.

The smaller trials of life beset Jessie at that particular moment, and her bright wits were trying to solve the problem how to spend her treasured five dollars on slippers for herself and paints for Laura. Both were much needed, and she had gone in shabby shoes to save up money for the little surprise on which she had set her heart; but now dismay fell upon her when the holes refused to be cobbled, and the largest of bows would not hide the worn-out toes in spite of ink and blacking lavishly applied.

"These are the last of my dear French slippers, and I can't afford any more. I hate cheap things! But I shall have to get them; for my boots are worn, and every one has to look at my feet when I lead. Oh, dear, what a horrid thing it is to be poor!" and Jessie surveyed the shabby little slippers affectionately, as her eyes filled with tears; for the road looked very rough and steep now, when she remembered how she used to dance through life as happy as a butterfly in a garden full of sunshine and flowers.

"Now, Jess, no nonsense, no red eyes to tell tales! Go and do your errands, and come in as gay as a lark, or Laura will be worried." And springing up, the girl began to sing instead of sob, as she stirred about her dismal little room, cleaning her old gloves, mending her one white dress, and wishing with a sigh of intense longing that she could afford some flowers to wear, for every ornament had been sold long before. Then with a kiss and a smile to her patient sister, she hurried away to get the necessary slippers and the much-desired paints, which Laura would not ask for, though her work waited for want of them.

Having been reared in luxury, poor little Jessie's tastes all were of the daintiest sort; and her hardest trial, after Laura's feeble health, was the daily sacrifice of the many comforts and elegances to which she had been accustomed. Faded gowns, cleaned gloves, and mended boots cost her many a pang; and the constant temptation of seeing pretty, useful, and unattainable things was a very hard one. Laura rarely went out, and so was spared this cross; then she was three years older, had always been delicate, and lived much in a happy world of her own. So Jessie bore her trials silently, but sometimes felt very covetous and resentful to see so much pleasure, money, and beauty in the world, and yet have so little of it fall to her lot.

"I feel as if I could pick a pocket to-day and not mind a bit — if it were a rich person's. It 's a shame, when Papa was always so generous, that no one remembers us. If ever I 'm rich again, I 'll just hunt up all the poor girls I can find, and give them nice shoes, if nothing else," she thought, as she went along the crowded streets, pausing involuntarily at the shop windows to look with longing eyes at the treasures within.

Resisting the allurements of French slippers with bows and buckles, she wisely bought a plain, serviceable pair, and trudged away, finding balm for her wounds in the fact that they were very cheap. More balm came when she met a young friend, who joined her as she stood wistfully eying the piles of grapes in a window and longing to buy some for Laura.

This warm-hearted schoolmate read the wish before Jessie saw her, and gratified it so adroitly that the girl could accept the pretty basketful sent to her sister without feeling like a spendthrift or a beggar. It comforted her very much, and the world began to look brighter after that little touch of kindness, as it always does when genuine sympathy makes sunshine in shady places.

At the art store she was told that more of Laura's autumn flowers were in demand; and her face was so full of innocent delight and gratitude that it quite touched the old man who sold her the paints, and he gave her more than her money's worth, remembering his own hard times and pitying the pretty young girl whose father he had known.

So Jessie did not have to pretend very hard at being "as gay as a lark" when she went home and showed her treasures. Laura was so happy over the unexpected gifts that the dinner of bread and milk and grapes was quite a picnic; and Jessie found a smile on her face when she went to dress for her party.

It was only a child's party at the house of one of Mademoiselle's pupils, and Jessie was merely invited to help the little people through their dancing. She did not like to go in this way, as she was sure to meet familiar faces there, full of the pity, curiosity, or indifference so hard for a girl to bear. But Mademoiselle asked it as a favor, and Jessie was grateful; so she went, expecting no pleasure and certain of much weariness, if not annoyance.

When she was ready,— and it did not take long to slip on the white woolen dress, brush out the

curly dark hair, and fold up slippers and gloves,— she stood before her glass looking at herself, quite conscious that she was very pretty, with her large hazel eyes, blooming cheeks, and the lofty little air which nothing could change. She was also painfully conscious that her dress was neither fresh nor becoming, without a bit of ribbon or a knot of flowers to give it the touch of color it needed. She had an artistic eye, and used to often delight in ordering dainty costumes for herself in the happy days when all her wishes were granted as if fairies still lived. She tossed over her very small store of ribbons in vain; everything had been worn till neither beauty nor freshness remained.

"Oh, dear! where *can* I find something to make me look less like a nun,— and a very shabby one, too?" she said, longing for the pink corals that she had sold to pay Laura's doctor's bill.

The sound of a soft tap, tap, tap, startled her, and she ran to open the door. No one was there but Laura, fast asleep on the sofa. Tap, tap, tap! went the mysterious noise; and as the sound seemed to come from the window, Jessie glanced that way, thinking her tame dove had come to be fed. Neither hungry dove nor bold sparrow appeared— only a spray of Japanese ivy waving in the wind. A very pretty spray it was, covered with tiny crimson leaves; and it tapped impatiently, as if it answered her question by saying, "Here is a garland for you; come and take it."

Jessie's quick eye was caught at once by the fine color, and running to the window, she looked out as eagerly as if a new idea had come into her head. It was a dull November day, and the prospect of sheds, ash-barrels, and old brooms was a gloomy one; but the whole back of the house glowed with the red tendrils of the hardy vine that clung to and covered the dingy bricks with a royal mantle, as if eager to cheer the eyes and hearts of all who looked. It preached a little sermon of courage, aspiration, and content to those who had the skill to read it, and bade them see how, springing from the scanty soil of that back yard full of the commonest objects, the humblest work, it set its little creepers in the crannies of the stone, and struggled up to find the sun and air, till it grew strong and beautiful,— making the blank wall green in summer, glorious in autumn, and a refuge in winter, when it welcomed the sparrows to the shelter of its branches where the sun lay warmest.

Jessie loved this beautiful neighbor, and had enjoyed it all that summer,— the first she ever spent in the hot city. She felt the grace its greenness gave to all it touched, and half unconsciously imitated it in trying to be brave and bright, as she also climbed up from the dismal place where she seemed shut away from everything lovely, till she was beginning to discover that the blue sky was over all, that the sun still shone for her, and that heaven's fresh air kissed her cheeks as kindly as ever.

Many a night she had leaned from the window when Laura was asleep, dreaming innocent dreams, living over her short past, or trying to look into the future bravely and trustfully. The little vine had felt warmer drops than rain or dew fall on it when things went badly, had heard whispered prayers when the lonely child asked the Father of the fatherless for help and comfort, had peeped in to see her sleeping peacefully when the hard hour was over, and had been the first to greet her with a tap on the window-pane as she woke full of new hope in the morning. It seemed to know all her moods and troubles, to be her friend and confidante, and now came with help like a fairy godmother when our Cinderella wanted to be fine for the little ball.

"Just the thing! Why did n't I think of it? So bright and delicate and becoming? It will last better than flowers; and no one can think I 'm extravagant, since it costs nothing."

As she spoke, Jessie was gathering long sprays of the rosy vine, with its glossy leaves so beautifully shaded that it was evident Jack Frost had done his best for it. Going to her glass, she fastened a wreath of the smallest leaves about her head, set a cluster of larger ones in her bosom, and then surveyed herself with girlish pleasure, as well she might; for the effect of the simple decoration was charming. Quite satisfied now, she tied on her cloud and slipped away without waking Laura, little dreaming what good fortune the ivy spray was to bring them both.

She found the children all impatience to begin their fancy dance and pleasantly excited by the music, gaslight, and gay dresses, which made it seem like "a truly ball." All welcomed Jessie, and she soon forgot the cheap slippers, mended gloves, and old dress, as she gayly led her troop through the pretty dance with so much grace and skill that the admiring mammas who lined the walls declared it was the sweetest thing they ever saw.

"Who is that little person?" asked one of the few gentlemen who hovered about the doorways.

His hostess told Jessie's story in a few words, and was surprised to hear him say in a satisfied tone:

"I'm glad she is poor. I want her head, and now there is some chance of getting it."

"My dear Mr. Vane, what *do* you mean?" asked the lady, laughing.

"I came to study young faces; I want one for a picture, and that girl with the red leaves is charming. Please present me."

"It will be of no use; you may ask for her hand

by and by, if you like, but not for her head. She is very proud, and never would consent to sit as a model, I 'm sure."

"I think I can manage it, if you will kindly give me a start."

"Very well. The children are just going down to supper, and Miss Delano will rest. You can make your proposal now, if you dare."

A moment later, as she stood watching the little ones troop away, Jessie found herself bowing to the tall gentleman, who begged to know what he could bring her, with as much interest as if she had been the finest lady in the room. Of course she chose ice-cream, and slipped into a corner to rest her tired feet, preferring the deserted parlor to the noisy supper-room,—not being quite sure where she belonged now.

Mr. Vane brought her a salver full of the dainties girls best love, and drawing up a table began to eat and to talk in such a simple, comfortable way that Jessie could not feel shy, but was soon quite at her ease. She knew that he was a famous artist, and longed to tell him about poor Laura, who admired his pictures so much, and would have enjoyed every moment of this chance interview. He was not a very young man, but he had a genial face, and friendly manners which were very charming. In ten minutes Jessie was chatting freely, quite unconscious that the artist was studying her in a mirror all the while. They naturally talked of the children, and after praising the pretty dance, Mr. Vane quietly added:

"I 've been trying to find a face among them for a picture I 'm doing; but the little dears are all too young, and I must look elsewhere for a model for my wood-nymph."

"Are models hard to find?" asked Jessie, eating her ice with the relish of a girl who does not often taste it.

"What I want is very hard to find. I can get plenty of beggar-girls, but this must be a refined face, young and blooming, but with poetry in it; and that does not come without a different training from that which most models get. It will be difficult to suit me, for I 'm in a hurry and don't know where to look,"— which last sentence was not quite true; for the long glass showed him exactly what he wished.

"I help Mademoiselle with her classes, and she has pupils of all ages; perhaps you could find some one there," said Jessie.

Jessie looked so interested that the artist felt that he had begun well, and ventured a step further as he passed the cake-basket for the second time.

"You are very kind; but the trouble there is, that I fear none of the young ladies would consent to sit to me if I dared to ask them. I will confide to you that I *have* seen a head which quite suits me; but I fear I can not get it. Give me your advice, please. Should you think this pretty creature would be offended, if I made the request most respectfully?"

"No, indeed; I should think she would be proud to help with one of your pictures, sir. My sister thinks they are very lovely; and we kept one of them when we had to sell all the rest," said Jessie, in her eager, frank way.

"That was a beautiful compliment, and I am proud of it. Please tell her so, with my thanks. Which was it?"

"The woman's head,—the sad, sweet one people call a Madonna. We call it Mother, and love it very much; for Laura says it is like our mother. I never saw her, but sister remembers the dear face very well."

Jessie's eyes dropped, as if tears were near; and Mr. Vane said, in a voice which showed he understood and shared her feeling:

"I am very glad that anything of mine has been a comfort to you. I thought of my own mother when I painted that picture years ago; so you see you read it truly, and gave it the right name. Now, about the other head; you think I may venture to propose the idea to its owner, do you?"

"Why not? She would be very silly to refuse, I think."

"Then *you* would n't be offended if asked to sit in this way?"

"Oh, no. I 've sat for Laura many a time, and she says I make a very good model. But then, she only paints simple little things that I am fit for."

"That is just what I want to do. Would you mind asking the young lady for me? She is just behind you."

Jessie turned with a start, wondering who had come in; but all that she saw was her own inquiring face in the mirror, and Mr. Vane's smiling one above it.

"Do you mean me?" she cried, so surprised and pleased and half ashamed that she could only blush and laugh and look prettier than ever.

"Indeed I do. Mrs. Murray thought the request would annoy you; but I fancied you would grant it, you wore such a graceful little garland, and seemed so interested in the pictures here."

"It is only a bit of ivy, but so pretty I wanted to wear it, as I had nothing else," said the girl, glad that her simple ornament found favor in such eyes.

"It is very artistic, and caught my eye at once. I said to myself, 'That is the head I want, and I *must* secure it if possible.' Can I?" asked Mr. Vane, smiling persuasively as he saw what a frank and artless young person he had to deal with.

"With pleasure, if Laura does n't mind. I 'll ask her, and if she is willing, I shall be very proud to have even my wreath in a famous picture," answered Jessie, so full of innocent delight at being thus honored that it was a pretty sight to see.

"A thousand thanks! Now I can exult over Mrs. Murray, and get my palette ready. When can we begin? As your sister is an invalid, and can not come to my studio with you, perhaps you will allow me to make my sketch at your own house," said Mr. Vane, as pleased with his success as only a perplexed artist could be.

"Did Mrs. Murray tell you about us?" asked Jessie quickly, as her smiles faded away, and the proud look came into her face; for she was sure their misfortunes were known, since he spoke of poor Laura as an invalid.

"A little," began the new friend, with a sympathetic glance.



"'I SHALL BE VERY PROUD TO HAVE EVEN MY WREATH IN A FAMOUS PICTURE,' SAID JESSIE."

"I know models are paid for sitting; did you wish to paint my head because I 'm poor?" asked Jessie with an irrepressible frown, and a glance at the thrice-cleaned dress and the neatly mended gloves.

Mr. Vane knew what thorn pricked the sensitive girl, and answered in his friendliest tone:

"I never thought of such a thing. I wanted *you* to help *me*, because I am poor in what artists so much need,— real grace and beauty. I hoped you would allow me to give your sister a copy of the sketch as a token of my gratitude for your great kindness."

The frown vanished and the smile returned as the soft answer turned away Jessie's wrath and made her hasten to say penitently:

"I was very rude; but I have n't learned to be humble yet, and often forget that I am poor. Please come to us any time. Laura will enjoy seeing you work, and be delighted with anything you give her. So shall I, though I don't deserve it."

"I won't punish you by painting the frown that quite frightened me just now, but will do my best to keep the happy face, and so heap coals of fire on your head. They won't burn any more than the pretty red leaves that brought me this good fortune," answered the artist, seeing that his peace was made.

"I 'm *so* glad I wore them!" and as if trying to make amends for her little flash of temper, Jessie told him about the ivy, and how she loved it,—

unconsciously betraying more of her pathetic little story than she knew, and increasing her hearer's interest.

The children came back in riotous spirits, and Jessie was called to lead the revels again. But now her heart was as light as her heels; for she had something pleasant to think of,—a hope of help for Laura, and the memory of kind words to make hard duties easier. Mr. Vane soon slipped away, promising to come the next day; and at eight o'clock Jessie ran home to tell her sister the good news, and to press the little wreath which had served her so well.

With the sanguine spirit of girlhood, she felt sure that something delightful would happen, and built fine castles in the air for her sister, with a small corner for herself, where she could watch Laura bloom into a healthy woman and a great artist. The desire of Jessie's heart was to earn enough money to enable them to spend a month or two at the seashore when summer came, as that was the surest cure for Laura's weak nerves and muscles.

The artist seemed in no haste to finish his work, and for some weeks came often to the sittings in that quiet room; for it grew more and more attractive to him; and while he painted the younger sister's changeful face, he studied the beautiful nature of the elder and learned to love it. But no one guessed that secret for a long time; and Jessie was so busy racking her brain for a way to earn more money that she was as blind and deaf to much that went on before her as if she had been a wooden dummy.

Suddenly, when she least expected it, help came, and in so delightful a way that she long remembered the little episode with girlish satisfaction. One day as she sat wearily waiting till the dressing-room was cleared of maids and children after the dancing-class was over, a former friend came sauntering up to her, saying in the tone which always nettled Jessie:

"You poor thing! are n't you tired to death trying to teach these stupid babies?"

"No; I love to dance, and we had new figures to-day. See! is n't this pretty?" and Jessie, who knew her own skill and loved to display it, twirled away as lightly as if her feet were not aching with two hours of hard work.

"Lovely! I do wish I ever could learn to keep time and not jerk and bounce. Being plump is a dreadful trial," sighed Fanny Fletcher, as Jessie came back beaming and breathless.

"Perhaps I can teach you. I think of making this my profession since I must do something. Mademoiselle earns heaps of money by it," she said, sitting down to rest, resolved not to be ashamed of her work nor to let Fanny pity her.

"I wish you *could* teach me, for I know I shall disgrace myself at the Kirmess. You 've heard about it, of course! So sorry you can't take a part, for it 's going to be great fun and very splendid. I am in the Hungarian dance, and it 's one of the hardest; but the dress is lovely, and I would be in it. Mamma is the matron of it; so I had my way, though I know the girls don't want me, and the boys make fun of me. Just see if this is n't the queerest step you ever beheld!"

Fanny started bravely across the wide, smooth floor, with a stamp, a slide, and a twirl which was certainly odd, but might have been lively and graceful if she had not unfortunately been a very plump, awkward girl, with no more elasticity than a feather-bed. Jessie found it impossible not to laugh when Fanny ended her display with a sprawl upon the floor, and sat rubbing her elbows in an attitude of despair.

"I know that dance! It is the *tzardas*, and I can show you how it should be done. Jump up and try it with me!" said Jessie good-naturedly, running to help her friend up, glad to have a partner of her own size for once.

Away they went, but soon stopped; for Fanny could not keep step, and Jessie pulled and stamped and hummed in vain.

"Do it alone; then I can see how it goes, and manage better next time," panted the poor girl, dropping down upon the velvet seat which ran around the hall.

Mademoiselle had come in and watched them for a moment. She saw at once what was needed, and as Mrs. Fletcher was one of her best patrons, she was glad to oblige the oldest daughter; so she went to the piano and struck up the proper air just as Jessie, with one arm on her hip, the other on the shoulder of an invisible partner, went down the hall with a martial stamp, a quick slide, and a graceful turn, in perfect time to the stirring music that made her nerves tingle and her feet fly. To and fro, around and around, with all manner of graceful gestures, intricate steps, and active bounds went the happy girl, quite carried away by the music and motion of the pastime she loved so much.

Fanny clapped her hands with admiration, and Mademoiselle cried "*Bien, très bien, charmante, ma chérie!*" as she paused at last, rosy and smiling, with one hand on her head and the other at her temple with the salute that closed the dance.

"I *must* learn it! Do come and give me lessons at our house. I called for Maud, and must go now. Will you come, Jessie? I 'll be glad to pay you, if you don't mind. I hate to be laughed at; and I know if some one would just help me alone,

I should do as well as the rest, for Professor Ludwig raves at us all."

Fanny seemed in such a sad strait, and Jessie sympathized so heartily with her friend, that she could not refuse a request which flattered her vanity and tempted her with a prospect of some addition to the "Sister-fund," as she called her little savings.

So she graciously consented, and, after a few laborious lessons, prospered so well that her grateful pupil proposed to several other unsuccessful dancers in the set to invite Jessie to the private rehearsals held in various parlors as the festival drew near.

Some of these young people knew Jessie Delano, had missed the bright girl, and they gladly welcomed her back when, after much urging, she agreed to go and help them with the difficult figures of the *tzardas*. Once among them, she felt in her element, and trained the awkward squad so well that Professor Ludwig complimented them on their improvement at the public rehearsals, and "raved" no more, to the great delight of the timid damsels, who lost their wits when the fiery little man shouted and wrung his hands over their mistakes.

The young gentlemen needed help also, as several of them looked very much like galvanized grasshoppers in their efforts to manage long legs or awkward elbows. Jessie willingly danced with them, and showed them how to move with grace and spirit, and to treat their partners less like dolls and more like peasant maidens with whom the martial Hungarians were supposed to be disporting themselves at the fair. Merry meetings were these; and all enjoyed them, as young people do whatever is lively, dramatic, and social. Every one was full of the brilliant Kirmess, which was the talk of the city, and to which every one intended to go as actor or spectator. Jessie was sadly tempted to spend three of her cherished dollars for a ticket, and perhaps would have done so, if there had been any one to take care of her. Laura could not go, and Mr. Vane was away; no other friend appeared, and no one remembered to invite her, so she bravely hid her girlish longing, and got all the pleasure out of the rehearsals that she could.

At the last of these, which was a full-dress affair at Fanny's house, something happened which not only tried Jessie's temper sorely, but brought her a reward for many small sacrifices. So much dancing was very hard upon her slippers, the new pair were worn out long before, and a second pair were in a dangerous condition; but Jessie hoped that they would last that evening, and then she would indulge in better ones with what Fanny would pay her. She hated to take it, but her salary at Mademoiselle's was needed at home; all she could spare from other sources was sacredly kept for Laura's jaunt, and only now and then did the good little girl buy some very necessary article for herself. She was learning to be humble, to love work, and be grateful for her small wages for her sister's sake; and while she hid her trials, withstood her temptations, and bravely tugged away at her hard tasks, the kind Providence, who teaches us the sweet uses of adversity, was preparing a more beautiful and helpful surprise than any she could plan or execute.

That night all were much excited, and great was the energy displayed as the scarlet, blue, and silver couples went through the rapid figures with unusual spirit and success. The brass-heeled boots stamped in perfect time, the furred caps waved, and the braided jackets glittered as the gay troop swung to and fro, or marched to the barbaric music of an impromptu band. Jessie looked on with such longing in her eyes that Fanny, who was ill with a bad cold, kindly begged her to take her place, as motion made her cough, and putting on her the red and silver cap, sent her joyfully away to lead them all.

The fun grew rather fast and furious toward the end, and when the dance broke up, there lay in the middle of the floor a shabby little slipper, burst at the side, trodden down at the heel, and utterly demoralized as to the bow with a broken buckle in it. So disreputable a little shoe was it that no one claimed it when one of the young men held it up on the point of his sword, exclaiming gayly:

"Where is Cinderella? Here 's her shoe, and it 's quite time she had a new pair. Glass evidently does n't wear well nowadays."

They all laughed and looked about to find the shoeless foot. The girls with small feet displayed them readily; those less blessed hid them at once, and no Cinderella appeared to claim the old slipper. Jessie turned as red as her cap, and glanced imploringly at Fanny as she slipped through a convenient door and fled upstairs, knowing that in a moment all would see that it must be hers, since the other girls wore red boots as a part of their costume.

Fanny understood; and though awkward and slow with her feet, she was kind-hearted and quick to spare her friend the mortification which a poor and proud girl could not help feeling at such a moment. The unfortunate slipper was flying from hand to hand as the youths indulged in a boyish game of ball to tease the laughing girls, who hastened to disclaim all knowledge of "the horrid thing."

"Please give it to me!" cried Fanny, trying to catch it, and glad Jessie was safe.

"No; Cinderella must come and put it on. Here 's the prince all ready to help her," said the finder of the shoe, holding it up.

"And here are many proud sisters ready to cut off their toes and heels if they could only get on such a small slipper," added another young Magyar, enjoying the fun immensely.

"Listen, and let me tell you something. It 's Jessie Delano's, and she has run away because she lost it. Don't laugh and make fun of it, because it was worn out in helping us. You all know what a hard time she has had, but you don't know how good and brave and patient she is, trying to help poor Laura and to earn her living. I asked her to teach me, and I shall pay her well for it, because I could n't have gone on if she had n't. If any of you feel as grateful as I do, and as sorry for her, you can show it in any kind way you please, for it must be dreadful to be so poor after one has been rich."

Fanny had spoken quickly, and at the last words hid the tremble in her voice with a cough, being rather scared at what she had done on the impulse of the moment. But it was a true impulse, and the generous young hearts were quick to answer it. The old slipper was respectfully handed to her with many apologies and various penitent suggestions. None were adopted just then, however, for Fanny ran off to find Jessie with her wraps on waiting for a chance to slip away unseen. No persuasions would keep her to supper; and at last, with many thanks, she was allowed to go, while Fanny returned to lay plans with her guests as they disturbed their digestions with lobster-salad, ice-cream, and strong coffee.

Feeling more than ever like Cinderella as she hurried out into the winter night, leaving all the good times behind her, Jessie stood waiting for a car on the windy street-corner, with the ragged slippers under her arm, tears of weariness and vexation in her eyes, and a resentful feeling against an unjust fate lying heavy at her heart. The glimpses of her old gay, easy life, which these rehearsals had given her, made the real hardship and loneliness of her present life all the more irksome, and that night she felt as if she could not bear it much longer. She longed with all a girl's love of gayety to go to the Kirmess, and no one thought to invite her. She could not go alone even if she yielded to temptation and spent her own money. Laura would have to hire a carriage if she ventured to try it; so it was impossible, for six or seven dollars was a fortune to the poor girls now.

To have been one of the happy creatures who were to take part, to dance at the Opera House in a dainty costume to the music of a full band,— to see and do and enjoy all the delights of those two enchanting evenings, would have filled Jessie's cup to overflowing. But, since she might as well cry for the moon, she tried to get some comfort out of imagining it all as she rumbled home in a snow-storm, and cried herself to sleep after giving Laura a cheerful account of the rehearsal, omitting the catastrophe.

The sun shone next morning, hope woke again, and as she dressed, Jessie sung to keep her heart up, still trusting that some one would remember her before the day was over. As she opened her window, the sparrows welcomed her with shrill chirpings, and the sun turned the snow-covered vine to a glittering network very beautiful to see as it hung like a veil of lace over the dingy wall. Jessie smiled as she saw it, while taking a long breath of the keen air, feeling cheered and refreshed by these familiar comforters; then with a brave, bright glance up at the clear blue sky, she went away to the day's duties, little guessing what pleasant surprises were on their way to reward her for the little sacrifices which were teaching her strength, patience, and courage for greater ones by and by.

All the morning she listened eagerly for the bell, but nothing came; and at two o'clock she went away to the dancing-class, saying to herself with a sigh:

"Every one is so busy, it is no wonder I 'm forgotten. I shall hear about the fun in the papers, and try to be contented with that."

Though she never felt less like dancing, she was very patient with her little pupils, and when the lesson was over, sat resting a moment, with her head still full of the glories of the Kirmess. Suddenly Mademoiselle came to her, and in a few kind words gave her the first of the pleasant surprises by offering her a larger salary, an older class, and many commendations for her skill and faithfulness. Of course she gratefully accepted the welcome offer, and hurried home to tell Laura, forgetting her heavy heart, tired feet, and disappointed hopes.

At her own door the second surprise stood waiting for her, in the person of Mrs. Fletcher's maid, with a large box and a note from Miss Fanny. How she ever got herself and her parcel up the long stairs Jessie never knew, she was in such a frantic hurry to see what that vast box could contain. She startled her sister by bursting into the room breathless, flushed, and beaming, with the mysterious cry of—

"Scissors! quick, the scissors!"

Off went cords and papers, up flew the cover,



"IT PROVED TO BE A CRYSTAL SLIPPER, APPARENTLY FULL OF ROSEBUDS."

and with a shriek of rapture Jessie saw the well-known Hungarian costume lying there before her. What it all meant she could not guess, till she tore open the note and read these delightful words:

"DEAR JESS: My cold is worse, and the doctor won't let me go to-night. Is n't it dreadful? Our dance will be ruined unless you will take my place. I know you will to oblige us, and have a lovely time. Every one will be glad; you do it so much better than I can. My dress will fit you, with tucks and reefs here and there; and the boots won't be much too large, for though I 'm fat I have small feet, thank goodness! Mamma will call for you at seven, and bring you safely home; and you must come early to-morrow and tell me all about it.

"In the small box you will find a little token of our gratitude to you for your kindness in helping us all so much.

Yours ever,

"FAN."

As soon as Jessie could get her breath and recover from this first delightful shock, she opened the dainty parcel carefully tied up with pink ribbons. It proved to be a crystal slipper, apparently full of rosebuds; but under the flowers lay five-and-twenty shining gold dollars. And as if, with all their devices to make the offering as delicate and pretty as possible, the givers feared to offend, a little card with these words was tucked in one corner: "We return to our dear princess the glass slipper which she lost at the ball, full of thanks and good wishes."

If the kind young persons who sent the fanciful

gift could have seen how it was received, their doubts would soon have been set at rest; for Jessie laughed and cried as she told the story, counted the precious coins, and filled the pretty shoe with water that the buds might keep fresh for Laura. Then, while the needles flew and the gay garments were fitted, the happy voices talked and the sisters rejoiced together over this unexpected pleasure as only loving girls do.

"I shall keep that slipper all my life, if I can, to remind me not to despair; for just when everything seemed darkest, all this good luck came," said Jessie, with ecstatic skips!

Gentle Laura rejoiced and sympathized heartily, sewed like a busy bee, and sent her happy sister away at seven o'clock with a sweet smile, never letting her suspect what tender hopes and fears were hidden in her own heart, or how poor a consolation all the glories of the Kirmess would be for the loss of a friend who had grown very dear to her.

There is no need to tell the raptures that evening held for little Jessie, who enjoyed every moment, and was brought home at midnight ready to begin all over again, so inexhaustible is youth's appetite for pleasure.

To her great surprise, Laura was up and waiting to welcome her, with a face so full of a new and lovely happiness that Jessie guessed at once some good fortune had come to her also. Yes, Laura's well-deserved happiness and beautiful surprise had arrived at last; and she told it all in a few words as she held out her arms, exclaiming:

"He has come back! He loves me, and I am so happy! Dear little sister, all your hard times are over now, and you shall have a home again."

So the dreams came true, as they sometimes do even in this work-a-day world of ours, when the dreamers strive as well as hope, and earn their rewards.

Laura had a restful summer at the seaside, with a stronger arm than Jessie's to lean upon, and more magical medicine to help her back to health than any mere doctor could prescribe. Jessie danced again with a light heart,—for pleasure, not for pay,—and found the new life all the sweeter for the trials of the old one. In the autumn there was a quiet wedding, before three very happy persons sailed away to Italy, the artist's heaven on earth.

"No roses for me," said Jessie, smiling at herself in the mirror, as she fastened a spray of rosy ivy-leaves in the bosom of her fresh white gown that October morning. "I 'll be true to my old friend; for it helped me in my dark days, and now it shall rejoice with me in my bright ones, and go on teaching me to climb bravely and patiently toward the light."

POOR MARIONETTE!*

By M. M. D.

Poor Marionette! She worked so hard,
And did her part with such precision!
But one cold day, when off her guard,
She tumbled on the cruel floor
And broke herself for evermore.
Then worthless quite —
Poor wooden mite! —
She met with scorn and cold derision.

"Throw her away!" the showman cried.
"Throw her away. We 'll buy a new one."
And so, despised, and cast aside,
She lay all winter in the snow,
Unmourned, forgotten long ago
By human folk;
And never woke,—
So can a cruel fate undo one.

* See page 956.

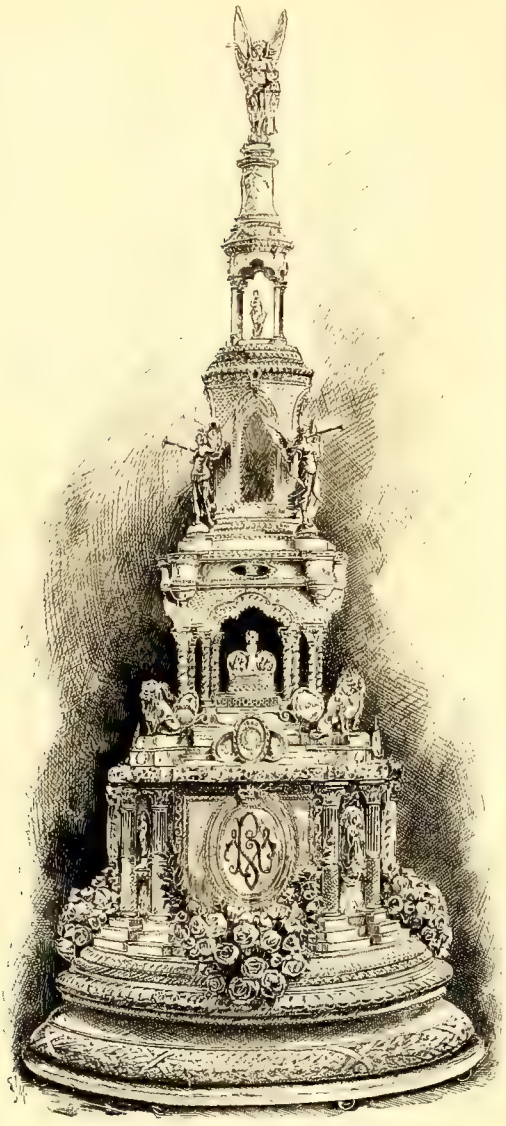
Poor Marionette! In course of time
Sweet May came bringing gentler weather.
Then followed summer in her prime;
And softly, on fair moonlight nights,
Came mourning elves and dainty sprites,
Who, weeping much,
With tender touch
Soon hid her in the warm, sweet heather.



JUBILEE CAKE.

By Alice Wellington Rollins.

THE worst of being a Queen — though I speak only from hearsay, not from experience — is that you can never have anything particularly nice. What I mean is, that as you have the best of everything every day, how can you possibly have anything better when you want something unusual? Some great Englishman — I forget whether it was Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Carlyle — advised young people to arrange all their habits and tastes in life so that any change forced upon them would be sure to be an improvement. A Queen's life must be the very reverse of this; any change, one would think, from her ordinary superlative diet, must be for the worse. If a Count were to send word to



"THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE CAKE." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

you or me that he would take tea with us that evening, we could make a little festival of it by substituting sponge-cake for our ordinary gingerbread; if a Duke were coming, we could make it pound-cake instead of sponge; if a Prince, it should be a rich, dark fruit-cake, very full of plums; and for a Queen, we should not hesitate to make a grand effort and have a heaping basket of all three upon the table at once. But what can a Queen, who, of course, has plum-cake all the time, give to her guests that is any better than what she has when she is alone? No celebration, from the smallest kind of a birthday to a National Jubilee, would be complete without a feast, and no feast would be quite complete without a cake; but when it came to making a cake worthy of the occasion when all England wanted to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their great and good Queen's reign, what could they do that would be remarkable enough for a Queen? They could n't make any better cake, as they always made her the best. It would be no use to have a great many kinds of cake, for no one would be dazzled by seeing an abundance on the table of a Queen.

There was only one thing that could be done: they could make a bigger cake.

But how big? I wonder whether the cook's imagination leaped at once to the great size which finally distinguished the cake, or whether he began with thinking it should be two feet high, then four feet, then seven feet, and finally ten feet? It is almost as large around as it is high, and it weighed when it came from the oven — by the way, what did they do for an oven? surely they must have had to build one especially for it — *a quarter of a ton*. Do you suppose they thought of all this in one grand conception, or did they keep adding eggs and flour and sugar and plums till they really had no more to add?

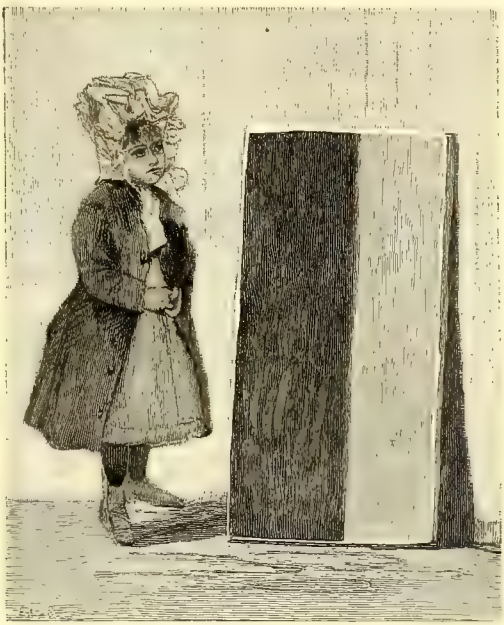
The same firm made the cake for the Jubilee that had made the cake for the Queen's Coronation, fifty years before. Of course they wanted to show how much they had improved in fifty years, and they determined to build a perfect cake, very much as Dr. Holmes tells us of a man who built a perfect one-hoss shay; the eggs were to be just as yellow as the butter, the flour just as white as the sugar, the currants just as many as the raisins, the spices just as dark as the citron, the combination just as noble as the occasion. Of course, they only had the same old materials to work with; so they had to use a great many — I should say a very great many — of the ordinary little hens' eggs such as you and I eat. To be sure, the Queen rules over a great deal of land in Africa, and if they had only thought of it in time, they could have sent over for a hundred dozen or so of ostrich eggs; but I don't believe anybody thought of it. By the way, I wonder who beat the eggs, and how many they did use? Who stoned the raisins, and how long did it take her? How did they manage to stir it when it was all put together, and where did they find a straw big enough to reach through it when they wanted to see if it was "done"? But however it was done, they did it; it came out of the oven perfectly beautiful, though I wonder where they found a giant strong enough to pull it out? I really believe when it was done, they just had to knock the oven

to pieces away from it. Then they began to decorate it. All the decorations, except the real flowers that they heaped about it, and the winged figure of Peace with the crown of empire on the top, and the other figures representing Fame and Glory blowing from their trumpets the news of the Jubilee to the world, are of sugar; and yet, with the addition of its sugar decorations, the cake weighed twice what it did before, nearly half a ton! There is a sugar crown guarded by lions (I suppose lions don't care for sugar, and so could be trusted to guard it), and medallions, and figures in relief, and monograms; and all around the top of the cake, in sugar, an exquisite wreath of rose, shamrock, and thistle — the rose for England, the shamrock for Ireland, the thistle for Scotland.

A thousand pounds of cake! Think what joy to have such a cake in the house! And yet, it would have its drawbacks, which I venture to mention that I may not leave the little mouths of little democratic republicans watering with envy for royal jubilee cake. Such a cake would be a good deal in the way; it would be hard work to get it in through the dining-room door; the dining-room table would break down under it; it would have to stand in a corner, and I am not sure that some dining-room floors would not have to be propped up underneath to support it. Then, if you are ever naughty,— though I hope you never are,— Mamma might by mistake push you into the dark cake instead of into the dark closet. At first this might seem very nice, for I suppose a little girl or boy could run around in such a cake, just as a mouse runs around in a big cheese, nibbling its way out; but how you would hate cake by the time you had nibbled to the opposite side!

And that brings me to one great disadvantage of such a cake. From my experience as a child and as the mother of children, I have discovered that the great joy of cake lies in the second slice. I have seen little boys with their eyes and minds fastened on the second slice swallowing the first as fast as possible, just for the pleasure of getting at the second. I even knew a little boy to refuse a cookie, saying that if he could n't have two cookies he would n't have any. I have sometimes advised children to let the first slice go, and begin with the second; but they seem to be puzzled by this, as the little boy was who always dreaded the first day at a new school, and was told that he might stay at home the first day and begin on the second. Now, with Jubilee Cake there is no second slice. Of course, I don't mean that you could n't have a second slice; there would be plenty of it right before you, but you would n't want it. The joy of the second slice consists, not in having it, but in wanting it. You would n't want a second slice of Jubilee Cake, so there would be no use in being able to have it. When I tell you that each slice weighs *fifty pounds*, you will understand why you would n't want two.

Then there is another objection to Jubilee Cake: it takes too long to make it. You could n't run in suddenly and order one for luncheon, as you could order our delicious, sensible, North American hot gingerbread. You would have to wait *four months;*



"ONLY ONE SLICE."

for I am assured it took four months to make and bake the Queen's Jubilee loaf, and I fear there is nothing in the world that children would think worth waiting four months for; certainly they would not be willing to wait as long as that for something to eat.

JUAN AND JUANITA.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Chapter XII.

The children could not understand why they felt so dull and drowsy all the following day, so indisposed to do anything, so thoroughly tired and spent. It was that, like Shaneco's bow, they were unstrung; and, after the long tension of every faculty and feeling, required rest. Frau Braun, however, understood, and it was no surprise to her to see them sleep away the greater part of the day.

Even Amigo felt the need of meditation. He did not like to be accused of losing consciousness altogether, and always opened one eye when anybody said in his hearing that he was asleep. He certainly stretched himself out full length on the grass in front of the cabin after breakfast for half an hour, and then, feeling himself free from curious observation, curled around comfortably in his favorite position and did not move for two hours. After this he rose, and stretched himself in two motions, —fore paws well down and hind legs stiff, first, and then fore legs made suddenly very rigid, and hind legs allowed to drag a little limply, he yawning all the while prodigiously. But of course he had not been asleep. Oh, dear, no! not at all.

On the third day all the travelers were brighter, and went off to the woods with the Brauns, where Juan's skill in bringing down birds and squirrels set the Braun children to goggling worse than ever. Their admiration grew every hour and day after that. To be with Juan and Nita became the most precious of their privileges, and to secure it they shirked as much as possible, and cheerfully abandoned, all their former pursuits, games, and pets.

Even the heads of the house felt the force of the new influence. Mr. Braun spent in questioning, re-questioning, and cross-questioning Juan, a great deal of time that might have been given with advantage to his vegetables; and his wife forgot all about the bread on baking-day and let it burn in the oven to a thick, black crust, while Juan's adventures were being translated for her benefit. And the story was told over and over again, for the benefit of credulous or incredulous neighbors, who, hearing wonderful tales of what was going on at the Brauns', rode up in great numbers, for a sparse settlement, hitched their horses to the fence, came in, took off yellow sunbonnets or *sombreros*, as the case might be, seated themselves, and showed very plainly that they had come for the day, claiming Frau Braun's hospitality as freely as they would have granted it, had they been harboring escaped Indian captives. When these worthy people had settled themselves in chairs and had accepted "a bite of somedings," Juan and Nita (designated as "them Injun children," or "them greasers that got away from the Comanches") were summoned, and gave testimony.

At last one day an old Texan came who said he "would n't 'light," threw a leg over the pommel of his saddle, let an eye as cool as a toad's rest on



AMIGO STRETCHED HIMSELF, YAWNING VIGOROUSLY.

Juan while he told the old story over again, asked many leading questions, listened meditatively to the replies,—and summed up his conclusions in, "I'm blamed if he ain't tellin' the truth!"

Having thus given his official sanction to a tale that sadly lacked confirmation to many minds, he nodded to such Brauns as were about, struck his spurs into his mustang's sides, and rode away again, leaving Juan's credit above par, to use a commercial phrase; for the old Texan was the great authority on such matters in that part of the State. He had lived among the Comanches, had been an Indian scout and guide for thirty years, and knew the country over which the children had passed as well as any Indian of them all.

It took a week for Mr. Braun to collect all the things that he wished to take to San Antonio, and

it is likely that he would not have got off then but for the assistance rendered by Juan, who electrified and fascinated the boys by finding and skillfully robbing two bee-caves, and pleased their thrifty father as well by this exercise of woodcraft; and as for pecans, Juan could find, thresh, shake, and gather them as no other boy had ever been known to do.

The covered wagon in which the proposed journey was to be made was piled so high with them that there was scarcely room for anything or anybody else. Aware of the admiration he had excited in the youthful Brauns, Juan did his best. He was not above showing them what he could do with Shaneco's bow, for one thing; and even Nita quietly strung her little bow one day and brought down a wild turkey. To the Brauns, it was heart-breaking to think of giving up guests so delightful, not to mention Amigo, whose pack-saddle alone was a joy forever. The little Brauns would have saddled and unsaddled him from morning until night all that week, had they been permitted.

At last the day came for leaving, and the high-shouldered wagon rolled away from the door with a very miscellaneous load of nuts, honey, butter, chickens, and children, Mr. Braun driving, Amigo looking over his shoulder to see that he did the thing properly. Six inconsolable Braunlings, defeated in their efforts to join the party, hung over the fence and swarmed about the wheels to the last. One of them appeared suddenly around the corner of the canvas hood-cover, just as they started, and thrust upon Nita a white rabbit. The good Frau with the baby in her arms stood on the doorstep, and wept as she called down a last blessing upon Juan and Nita, and predicted that they would soon be with their mother. Mr. Braun gave a tremendous crack with his long whip — and they were off.

The children had been wholly glad to think that morning that they were to enter upon another stage of their journey, and were to be taken without any effort, or anxiety, or care of their own, to a place where Mexicans abounded, whence they could easily be sent back to Santa Rosa. But the overflowing of the Frau's mother-love so softened their hearts that now, as the brother and sister rode away, the tears streamed down both faces, although Juan made desperate efforts to control what he considered a disgraceful weakness.

"What would Shaneco think if he could see me crying?" he thought, and choked down the lump in his throat and dried his eyes as soon as possible.

They crossed that loveliest of streams, the Guadaloupe, in the evening, and camped on the other side. What a relief it was to get out of the close wagon and to be able to move about freely again! Next morning Juan was allowed to play postilion and mounted the off leader, a serious old roan not much like the Indian ponies to which he was accustomed, but preferable to the coop. Nita was invited to sit in front with Mr. Braun, and tried her hand at driving, and wondered why civilized people went about in cumbersome, heavy vehicles tied by innumerable straps to such horses, instead of riding spirited mustangs, as the Comanches did.

They arrived at the Cibolo that night; and in a few days, from the hills north of San Antonio, they were looking down upon the Alamo City set in the heart of a beautiful valley — the valley of its own beautiful river — the fine domes of the old Spanish mission-cathedrals, San José and Concepcion, being clearly outlined against a blue sky.

"*O Juan! Mira! mira! Casas, casas, casas!*"* exclaimed Nita, who had never seen so many houses in her life before and was in a state of great excitement.

"There are Mexicans there!" said home-sick Juan.

"I hope butter has gone up," said Mr. Braun, and turned his horses' heads toward the San Pedro Springs, where he meant to camp for the night.

It was disappointing to the children to stop at all, with the city actually in sight; but Mr. Braun had his own views on the subject and was not to be persuaded into changing them. Butter might have gone down, for aught he knew; and the horses were tired; and he was in no special hurry to reach town; so Juan and Nita had to resign themselves to the inevitable as best they could, by playing in the clear waters of the San Pedro, wandering among its groves, and catching enough trout, perch, and catfish for a hearty supper beside the camp-fire.

The next morning they drove at quite a rattling pace down into the city, and came to a full stop on the Military or Grand Plaza,— a great square, one side of which is taken up by a mellow old cathedral with an imposing façade and beautiful dome, the other three sides by hotels, stores, and private houses. It has a flagstaff in the middle, about which numbers of other wagons, *caritas*,† and vehicles of all kinds were grouped; and about these were booths, stalls, and long tables piled high with *tomales*, *tortillas*, and *peloncillos*,‡ while around these again were mountains of water-melons in charge of the most Mexican Mexicans this side of the Rio Grande.

The sight of them and of the cathedral, and the whole Plaza, filled the children with rapture. It

* O Juan! Look! look! Houses, houses, houses! † Mexican carts. ‡ Popular Mexican dishes.

was all so familiar that they stood as in a dream for a moment after they left the wagon. They gazed at the *burros** near them, so ladened with hay that nothing of them was visible but their long ears and four feet — as like the donkeys of Santa Rosa as possible; at the hairless dogs as they raced past; at the shovel-hatted, cassocked priest just entering the flat-roofed adobe house opposite, in short, at the miniature Mexico into which they had dropped.

Mr. Braun in his best German-Spanish was soon giving the history of Juan and Nita; and to the chronic idlers of the Plaza were added men, women, and children, in ever-increasing numbers, until the wagon was completely surrounded by an eager, excited crowd that hung upon every word that proceeded from his lips. An impulsive and tender-hearted people, they were touched to the quick by what they heard. They wept, they laughed, they cheered, exclaimed, gesticulated, wept again, seized Mr. Braun's hands and kissed them, embraced now Juan now Nita ardently, and were shaken by a tempest of emotion such as colder races can not understand. The story flew, the story grew, and so did the crowd. Everybody wished to see the hero and heroine of adventures so tremendous. Everybody wanted to entertain them, caress them, comfort them, help them. There never was a prettier uproar. Every mother there seemed to see one of her own brown babies in the Indian captives; every man's heart burned within him at the thought of their sufferings; the shovel-hatted *Padre*† pressed forward to give them his blessing; the shrill nasal chatter of the babbling crowd rose to a shriek; the babies, exposed to a hot sun, cried; the very dogs took part in the demonstration, and barked, and fought, and worked their way in everywhere. A Mexican of prominence stepped forward and assumed the temporary guardianship of the bewildered children, and Mr. Braun found himself an object of scarcely secondary interest.

If he had brought a train laden with sawdust, he could have sold it all; and as it was, he soon found he could get whatever he chose to ask for the contents of his one wagon and that butter had emphatically gone up! It was long a matter of regret with him that he had not thought to provide himself with more "broduce." He parted with the children with emotion and went back home that afternoon bearing not only messages from Juan and Nita, but grateful and affectionate acknowledgments, as of a personal service, from the Mexicans to Frau Braun. And it should be added that Mr. Braun always found a ready market for his wares in that town afterward, among Americans and Mexicans alike.

As good luck would have it, there was a train of *caritas*, just in that morning from Mexico, loaded with *frijoles*, *peloncillos*, and onions; and before the children left the Plaza they were told by the majordomo that they could go back with him as soon as his cargo was sold, that he had to pass through Santa Rosa and would gladly go a little out of his way in order to take them all the way to the *hacienda*. This settled, Juan and Nita were indeed



"HE, SLAYER OF BEARS AND WILD CATS, TO BE GIVEN A POPGUN!"

happy; and in the few days that intervened, everything was done that could be done to heighten and increase their happiness. It was the next best thing to being at home to find themselves among their own people again, and as for kindness and indulgence, not even the Señora could have surpassed their new friends in devising pleasures for Juan and Nita. The interest of the community in them had not time to flag or grow cold, and the children would certainly have been spoiled if anything had kept them long in San Antonio.

A continuous stream of Americans, Mexicans, Germans, and Frenchmen poured into the house that sheltered them. They had nearly enough clothes sent them to have set up an orphan asylum, quite a sum of money, and as for toys and sweets,

* Donkeys. † "Father" — priest.

they were deluged by them. Nita had not the remotest idea what to do with the ten dolls sent her because she was a girl, and Juan was equally puzzled when some foolish sympathizer presented him with a popgun! Great was his contempt and disgust when its nature and uses were explained to him. He, with Shaneco's bow and the skill to use it,—he, slayer of bears and wild cats, to be given a popgun! Both he and Nita were much confounded by the warmth of their reception. They could not see why it should be supposed that they had done anything remarkable.

Amigo was of a different mind; he had always known that there was something remarkable about him, and consequently it was no surprise to see his merit win the public recognition it had long deserved. He took as kindly as possible to so agreeable a state of things, and with his usual talent for adapting himself to circumstances, lay nearly all day on a straw mat near the front door, receiving all comers with much affability. At first he ate freely of such delicacies as they offered, and submitted gracefully to their endless caresses. This state of affairs, however, soon gave way to a polite toleration and then to something very like contemptuous indifference, but not until his courtesy had been severely taxed, and he had grown weary of hearing his praises chanted in several languages by perennial adorers. You should have seen his reception of a silver collar given him by a prominent citizen with "Amigo, the friend of man" engraved on it by the first jeweler of the place. Perhaps he thought it a vulgar demonstration, perhaps he feared that if he did n't nip the enthusiasm in the bud he would be a sacred dog before he knew where he was, and would be shut in a temple and worshiped as such for the rest of his life,—a career that would particularly bore a dog of simple tastes and active habits. Perhaps he was only out of humor. But when the prominent citizen approached him, and in the presence of an interested company proceeded to decorate him as the "Friend of Man," Amigo barely turned his head to see who was there, stretched out his neck with an air of studied indifference, and sank down on his mat again without more ado, having expressed as eloquently as he could his conviction that "the post of honor is the private station." During the remainder of his stay in the city he was content to pose as a mere private gentleman. It was noticed that he parted his hair in the middle all the way down his back, and only recognized such people as had the good fortune to please him; but somehow he gave no offense. Everything was generously pardoned in him and conceded to him on the score of distinguished service in the past.

Juan and Nita were becoming very restless, when the major-domo suddenly appeared at their door early one morning, and to their great joy announced that he was ready to start for Mexico. It would take a ream of paper to tell of all the farewells, blessings, presents, good-wishes, and prayers that went with and followed the two children on this last stage of their journey. Up to the moment of starting something was being tucked into the *carita* for them by somebody; and when at last they drove away, a great number of kind hearts rejoiced to think of the great happiness that awaited the Señora, and wished them good speed and a safe arrival, with more fervor than is usually put into such speeches,—their sweet, sonorous *adios* ringing in the children's ears for some time, as it was caught up and repeated on all sides.

After crossing the Medina and Nueces rivers, Juan was interested to see that the game was plentiful, but after crossing the Rio Grande, he may be said to have noticed nothing, so absorbed was he in one thought. When the children found themselves standing once more on the soil of Mexico, they were so filled with holy joy, that with the ardor of their race, they fell down on their knees, and kissed the brown earth repeatedly, and then with lightened hearts climbed back into the *carita*, and were soon rolling slowly along again in that clumsiest of creaky vehicles.

And what of the Señora for whom this beautiful surprise was preparing? Little dreaming of it, or only in dreams at once consoled and tormented by an exquisite vision of it, the Señora had been steadily losing heart and hope every day and hour of these cruel years — eternities they always seemed to her afterward. Despair was settling down upon her. Constant weeping had so injured her sight that she was threatened with blindness; yet she wept on, ignorant of the harm she was doing, ever mourning for her loved and lost ones.

At sunset the major-domo's train was winding across the plain toward the *hacienda*. Unable to bear the slowness of the progress, Juan and Nita leaped out of the *carita*, and ran on ahead. Soon they came to the very place where they had been captured. There was the plain on which the flocks had been pastured that far-off day; there was the lake still glittering in the sun; there the trees under which they had sat with their father. How well they remembered it all!

Then their eyes fell upon a heap of stones, with a rude cross which marked their father's grave. They looked at it with tears in their eyes; but they were now very near home, and were drawn to it by a very sweet and powerful influence.

They quickened their pace to the utmost; they arrived at the gate of the *hacienda;* Juan tore it

open, and they rushed across the courtyard, and threw themselves upon a lady who was walking there with her *rebosa* drawn close around her face, her eyes fixed sadly upon the setting sun.

The Señora, who had her back to them, felt herself suddenly seized from the rear, arms were



"MADRE! MADRE! MI MADRE!"

flung about her, voices shrieked out "*Madre! Madre! Mi madre!*" Turning, she found herself in the grasp of two children, her heart felt one wild thrill at hearing herself called "Mother" again. She had kept the image of her children as they looked when she last saw them, and oh, how fondly she had dwelt upon it! She did not at first recognize them in these tall, rough, dark creatures.

Just then Amigo bounded up to her and leaped upon her. He had not changed, and she knew the truth. Was it a sob or a cry that she gave, as clutching her children frantically to her bosom she fell upon her knees? There the mother and children staid clinging, clinging to one another, weeping out the sting of their long separation, covering one another with kisses only the sweeter for being so long denied, wild with joy,—a sight to make men and angels glad.

And now old Santiago came hobbling around the house, the major-domo was at the gate, the herders and the women about the place caught scent of what was happening, and now there were shrieks and tears and laughter, and a Babel of confusion and talk. And in the midst of it all the Señora turned faint and had to go indoors, and went, leaning on Juan, who was on one side of her, and on Nita, who was on the other, and murmuring brokenly, "I am content to die now. I have seen my children." And now the major-domo had to take himself off after being overwhelmed with thanks. And now the servants hurried inside. And now the sun dropped out of sight. The day of burning heat and cruel grief was over, and night had come to heal and restore and bind up, with influences sweeter than any Job found in the Pleiades, the wounds that had been inflicted four years before.

By the time the lights had been lit in the *hacienda*, all the neighborhood was astir. Old Martina ran all the way from her *jacal** when she

* Hut.

heard the glorious news, as though she had been a girl of fifteen, and disappeared inside a door that received every relative she had in the course of the next hour. It is not too much to say that the whole population of Santa Rosa lived at the *hacienda* for a month, in detachments of from three to a dozen people; and the wonderful story was repeated in an ever-widening circle until it actually reached the ears of the President himself, who sent the Señora a beautiful letter of congratulation.

Amigo's behavior was just what might have been expected. The Señora went outside next morning to get some fresh air and tranquilize her mind a little, and there, curled up in the very spot that he had long ago marked for his own, was Amigo. There was a very pretty and affectionate interview between them, and Amigo certainly had no reason to complain of the Señora's coldness now. He was doubtless much affected by her kindness, and vowed renewed loyalty to her and hers; for that evening he quietly resumed his old duties, and brought in a strange flock for the first time, and in two weeks knew every goat, sheep, and lamb among them.

There is a new adobe wall around the *hacienda* now, the Señora's oleanders are in bloom and perfume the whole garden, which is in charming order and has all sorts of new flowers in it.

Shaneco's bow and Amigo's pack-saddle hang on the walls of the Señora's room. Juan has taken charge of his father's property, and is now more entirely his mother's staff than ever, and the Señora bakes *tortillas* and *pan de gloria*, spins yarn and weaves *serapas*, but no longer weeps.

THE END.

THE INDIAN TRAIL.

By Rossiter Johnson.

In days long gone, where rocky cliffs
Rise high above the river's vale,
There was a path of doubts and ifs,—
We called it then the Indian Trail.

In ragged line, from top to base,
O'er shelving crag and slippery shale,
By brush and brier and jumping-place,
Wound up and down the Indian Trail.

No girl, though nimble as a fawn,
No small boy cautious as a snail,
No cow, no dog, no man of brawn,
Could safely tread that Indian Trail.

Beyond the age of childish toy,
Before the age of gun and sail,
The fearless and elastic boy
Alone could use the Indian Trail.

'T was like a great commencement-day,
Like change from little fish to whale,
From tearful March to smiling May,
When first you climbed the Indian Trail.

I 've threaded many a devious maze
And Alpine path without a rail,
Yet never felt such tipsy craze
As touched me on the Indian Trail.

'T was easy by the White Man's Path
For all the lofty cliff to scale;
But boys, returned from river bath,
Preferred to take the Indian Trail.

Ah, that was years and years ago—
To count them now would not avail—
And every noble tree is low
That shadowed then our Indian Trail.

They 've stripped off every bush and flower,
From Vincent to Deep Hollow dale;
The charm is sunk, the memory sour,—
There is no more an Indian Trail.

Dear boys, it takes away my breath,
To think how youth and genius fail!
Those grim pursuers, Time and Death,
Are baffled by no Indian Trail.

Far driven from our hunting-ground,
On breezy hill and billowy swale,
Some wander still; but some have found
The skyward end of Indian Trail.

Life lends such comfort as it hath,
But labor wears and custom stales;
I plod all day the White Man's Path,
And dream at night of Indian Trails.

THE LOW COUNTRIES AND THE RHINE.

"PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" SERIES—ELEVENTH PAPER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



A GLIMPSE OF HOLLAND.

WE are now about to make an excursion from London, which will be quite an extensive one, embracing Holland, and Belgium, and a part of Germany. As this is to be what is called a round trip, in which we shall not stop very long in any one place, we will take with us only valises, or such baggage as we can carry in our hands. We leave London about eight o'clock in the evening, and go by train to Harwich (pronounced Harridge). If we were to make a journey at this hour in America we should not see much of the country, but in England the twilight lasts a long time, and in this season of early summer one can see to read in the open air at nine o'clock, and it is not really dark for an hour afterward, so that we can see as much of the rural scenery of the county of Essex as we choose to look at. At Harwich our train takes us directly to the steamship landing, and there we find a vessel ready to sail for Antwerp, and another for Rotterdam, and our tickets allow us to go by either way and come back by the other. We choose to visit Holland first, and so go in the direction of the signboard painted Rotterdam, and take the steamer for that place. Our trip across the German Ocean will probably be a pleasant one, for these waters are generally quite smooth at this season, and we shall go to our berths soon after we start, and, it is to be hoped, sleep soundly all the night.

When we wake in the morning we find ourselves in the river Maas, on which the city of Rotterdam is situated. On each side of us lies the queer country of Holland, and the views we have are unlike any we have ever seen before, or are likely to see again except in this same country of the Dutch. The land is flat, and would be uninteresting, except for the fact that it is lower than the surface of the river on which we are sailing. There must be a certain interest attached to a country when we think that if the great dykes, or banks, on each side of the river were broken down, even for a comparatively short distance, the whole land would soon be covered with water, and become a part of the German Ocean. The people of Holland are always on their guard to keep out that ocean, and if ever there is danger from storms, or unusual tides, the alarm-bells are rung, and men and women flock out by day or night to help mend any breach that may be made by the water. This German Ocean, or North Sea, backed up by its allies, the Arctic and the Atlantic Ocean, is an enemy which is continually laying siege to Holland. If it should ever destroy the strong fortifications which she has thrown up to defend herself, good-

by to the populous, fertile, and rich land of the Dutch!

We sail on for several hours, passing a little fortified town where the custom-house officers come on board to examine our baggage, and every now and then we see small houses, and sometimes villages, not far from the river. After a time we notice a town some distance back, which seems to be a great manufacturing place, judging from the smoke above it. This is Schiedam, where the inhabitants devote themselves principally to making gin. The town is a small one, but it contains about two hundred distilleries, and it gets very rich by supplying the whole world with Holland gin. Everywhere, scattered about the country, we have seen windmills, their great arms moving slowly around. But of these Schiedam seems to have more than its share, for around about this town we can count at least sixty of them. After steaming for several hours over this smooth river and between these flat lowlands, we reach the city of Rotterdam, where our steamer stops.

We shall not make a long stay at Rotterdam, but in a few hours we can see a great deal that is novel and curious. The quays, which stretch for more than a mile along the river, are busy and lively places, for Rotterdam does a great trade with the East and other parts of the world, and from here most of the Dutch emigrants start for America. The houses are extremely clean and neat, many of them four and five stories high, and most of them so constructed that the lower stories can be shut up and made water-tight in case the river should break through the dykes. There are so many canals in this city, that Rotterdam has been called "a vulgar Venice." These canals are crossed by a great many drawbridges, and in some of our walks we may have to wait while a ship or barge is passing. On some canals these vessels are obliged to pay toll, and we shall be amused to see how this is collected. The toll-man stands on the bridge with a pole and a line, to the end of which a little bag is attached. This he holds as if he were fishing, and lowers the bag to the people in the boat, who put their money into it.



A STREET IN ROTTERDAM.

From Rotterdam we will go by the railroad to The Hague, which is the capital of Holland, and on the way we pass Delft, a town once famous for its pottery, and which is interesting to Americans from the fact that it is the place from which the Pilgrim Fathers started on the voyage which ended at Plymouth Rock. And here we find that even

in Holland we can not get rid of the ancient Romans. From Delft to The Hague there is a canal which was made by that everywhere-turning-up people. The Hague is a large and handsome city, but we shall be most interested in its museum, where there is a very fine art gallery. Here we see paintings principally by the great Dutch and Flemish masters, among which are some of the finest works of Rembrandt, and of David Teniers, Wouverman, and other celebrated painters.

We now go by rail to Amsterdam, which is the largest city of Holland, and where we shall make our longest stay. One reason why we shall not do much lingering in Holland is that it is a very expensive country for travelers, and when we compare what we are here charged at hotels and other places with the exceedingly reasonable prices of Italy and Switzerland, we feel inclined to see all there is to see, and get on to some country where the land is not so low and the charges are not so high.

Amsterdam is a city of canals, and yet we are not constantly impressed that it is a water city, as we are in Venice. The town lies at the end of the Y, which is a gulf of the Zuyder Zee; and there are several great canals, shaped like the segments of concentric circles, intersected by some three hundred smaller canals; and yet there are so many streets and squares, and places where we can drive about as freely as in any other city, that there really is little comparison between Amsterdam and the horseless city of the Adriatic. Most of the houses are very tall, very narrow, and stand with their gable-ends to the street. These gables are generally built in an ornamental form, and present a very odd and varied appearance. At the top of nearly every house we see a projecting beam, with a rope and tackle, by which heavy goods, marketing, fuel, and such household commodities are drawn up from the street or canal below to the various floors. This saves a great deal of trouble in getting upstairs.

As we walk or drive about we shall not be likely to forget that this is a Dutch town. The front doors of the houses, some of which are approached by little flights of steps that run up sideways, while others are so low that they look as if part of the door was below the street, have such bright brass plates and knobs, and everything looks so clean and fresh, that I should not be surprised to be told that the lower part of every house-front was washed and polished every day; and if we should see, standing in the doorway, a Dutch maid-servant, she would very likely be as clean and bright and fresh as the houses, which is saying a great deal. On many of the doors of private dwellings we see the names of the occupants painted in good large letters, and this shows that when Dutch people go into a house they expect to stay there, and do not move about as much as the inhabitants of that city they founded on Manhattan Island.

There are over three hundred thousand people here, and we see a great many of them both in the streets and on the canals. There is nothing very striking in the dress of the workingmen, but some of the women are curiously attired, especially those who come in from the country. The women of the different provinces are known by their headdresses, and some of these look as if the originators of them had puzzled their brains to see what queer and fantastic head-gear they could devise. Golden ornaments and plates are very frequently seen, some with spiral twists in front like golden curls. These adornments, with heavy silver or golden earrings, are often the principal part of a woman's property, and descend from mother to daughter for generations.

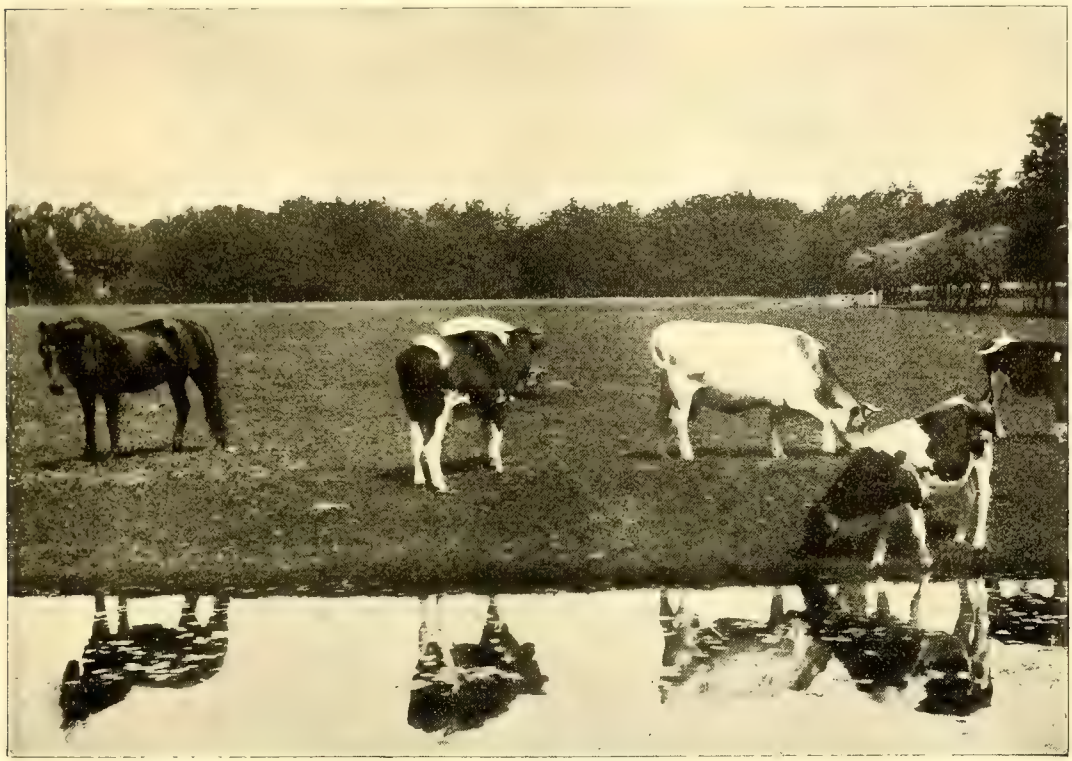
There is a large park here, where we may meet the Dutch aristocracy, who are very fine-looking people, driving about in their handsome carriages. On a street near by is a very curious house which we must visit. It is built and furnished in the fashion of an old Dutch house of two or three centuries ago. It is full of all sorts of old furniture, coins, books, and other interesting relics of olden times. There is a bedroom, furnished in a queer ancient style, with old-fashioned clothes, and so on, hanging about, and a queer cradle with the cap and socks of a baby whose great-grandchildren probably died of old age long ago. Down in the kitchen, the walls of which are hung with all sorts of pots, pans, and other utensils, while cheese-presses, scales, and such things stand on the polished floor, we see a woman dressed in the olden fashion of a cook. She wears a great gold plate on the back of her head, which makes her look as if a piece of her skull had been taken out and this set in its place. Those of us who are descended from Peter Stuyvesant's fellow-citizens can get from this house a good idea of how our Dutch ancestors lived.

One of the great industries of Amsterdam is the cutting and polishing of diamonds; and nearly all the finest diamonds in the world are brought here to be cut into shape. We will make a visit to one of the principal diamond establishments, and when we get there I think we shall be surprised to find a great factory, four or five stories high, a steam-engine in the basement, and fly-wheels, and leathern bands, and all sorts of whirring machinery in the different stories. On the very top floor the diamonds are finished and polished, and here we see skillful workmen sitting before rapidly revolving

disks of steel, against which the diamonds are pressed and polished. It requires great skill, time, and patience before one of these valuable gems is got into that shape in which it will best shine, sparkle, and show its purity. Nearly half the diamonds produced in the world, the best of which come from Brazil, are sent to this factory to be cut and polished. Here the great Koh-i-noor was cut; and we are shown models of that and of other famous diamonds that were cut in these rooms.

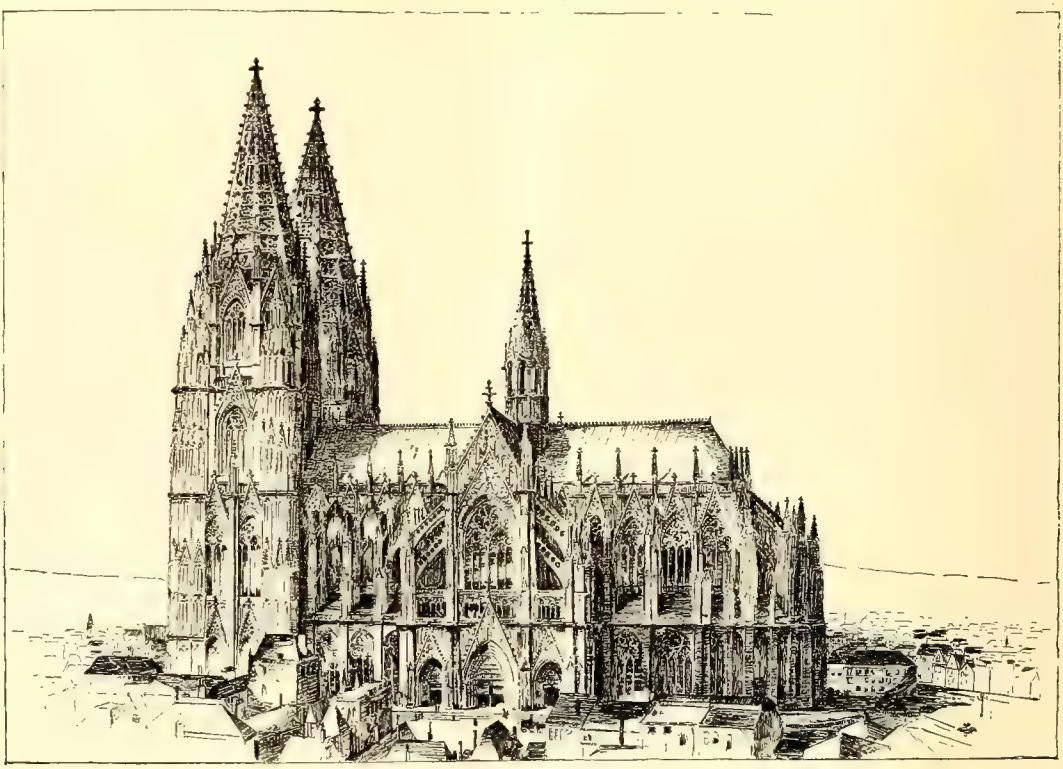
From Amsterdam we go by rail to Cologne, a short day's journey. For the first few hours the view is such as we may see nearly all over Holland: broad flat fields without fences, but divided by ditches and canals, stretch in every direction. Most of these are pasture lands, on which great numbers of fine cattle are grazing. These cows, which are all either black or white, or partly black and partly white, belong to a breed of great milkers, and they look in excellent condition. Some of them, which probably have slight colds, are nearly covered with cloth or canvas securely fastened around them. Portions of the land are cultivated, and look very dark and rich. Many of these fields have been reclaimed from the water which used to cover this part of the country. The cottages and farm-houses are generally small, and mixed up very closely with cow-stables and barns. Sometimes we see pleasant-looking villas and residences, and now and then we pass through towns and villages. After a time we come to a part of the country chiefly composed of sand-hills, or dunes, where the people have little to depend upon but the fir-trees, the only things that easily grow here. When a child is born, a certain number of fir-trees are planted, which will be its property when it grows up.

At the small town of Elton we pass from Holland into Germany, and here our baggage is examined. Before long we reach the river Rhine, which we cross on a steam ferry-boat, which is propelled by a very odd sort of a wire cable. The train is run on board this boat; and when we reach the other side, a strong locomotive comes down into the shallow water, on rails which are partly submerged, and pulls us up the bank. This is not the first time we have crossed this famous river, which flows into the sea a little north of The Hague, but we have heretofore merely passed over it as if it had been any ordinary stream crossed by a rail-



A PASTURE IN HOLLAND.

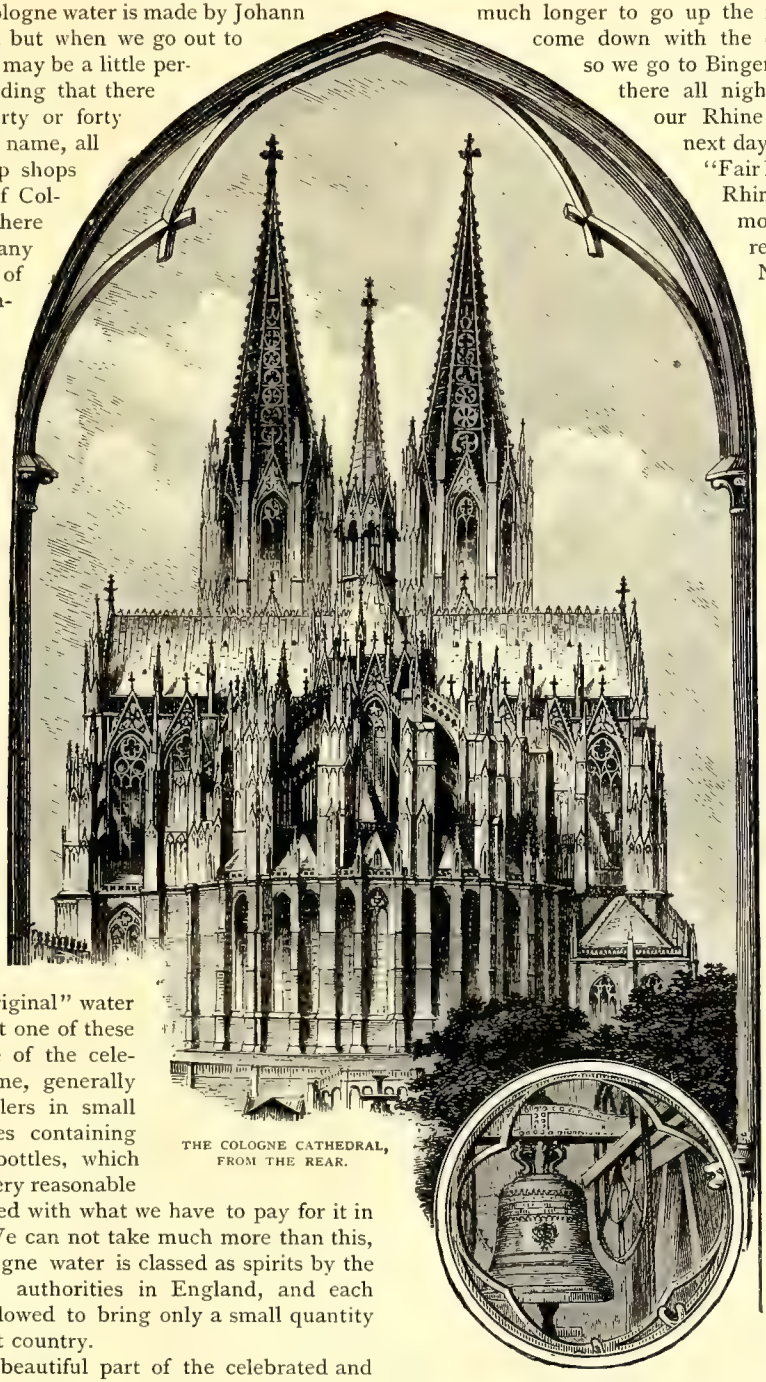
road. The Rhine, although quite broad, is not much to look at here, but we will wait and see what we shall see after a while. The porters at the German railroad stations are dressed in such fine green uniforms that we shall probably mistake them for some of the higher officers of the road; but when we see the conductors and station-masters, who wear much finer uniforms, and who have more military airs, we shall get the matter straight in our minds. The railroad we are on does not, as in England, cross common roads by bridges and tunnels, but all roads intersecting it are closed by gates, and at every one of these, and at every little farm-gate opening on the railroad, there stands an official, who, as the train passes, draws himself up in military fashion, toes out, chin up, with a short stick in his hand, which he holds as he would a gun. No one can cross one of these railroads when a train is due.



THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

Cologne is chiefly interesting to visitors on account of its Cathedral and its Cologne water. To see the one and to buy some of the other are the two great objects of travelers here. But, apart from these principal attractions, we shall find the city very interesting. Most of the streets are queer and old, some of the houses dating from the thirteenth century; and the Rhine, which is here crossed by a long bridge of boats, presents a very busy and lively scene with its craft of many kinds. As soon as we can we will go to the Cathedral, which is the grandest Gothic church in the world. It was begun in 1248, but was not finished until 1880. It has two immense and beautiful spires, over five hundred feet high, and nearly the whole outside is covered with lovely architectural ornamentation and sculptures. Inside, the immense building is wonderfully beautiful and imposing. Light comes through great stained-glass windows on either side, and from others, also charmingly colored, high up near the arches of the roof. There is a great deal to be seen in the chapels and other portions of this church. In the reliquary are kept the "three kings of Cologne," which are believed to be the bones of the Magi who came to do reverence to the Infant Jesus. These were taken from Jerusalem by the Empress Helena, and presented to the Cathedral by the Emperor Barbarossa in 1164. We may look through some openwork in the sarcophagus, and see the three heads, or skulls, of the kings, each wearing a golden crown.

The real Cologne water is made by Johann Maria Farina, but when we go out to buy some, we may be a little perplexed by finding that there are some thirty or forty people of this name, all of whom keep shops for the sale of Cologne water. There are a great many descendants of the original inventor of this perfume, and the law does not permit any one to assume the name who does not belong to the family; but the boy babies of the Farinas are generally baptized Johann Maria, so that they can go into the Cologne water business when they grow up. There are two or three shops where the best and "original" water is sold, and at one of these we buy some of the celebrated perfume, generally sold to travelers in small wooden boxes containing four or six bottles, which we get at a very reasonable price compared with what we have to pay for it in America. We can not take much more than this, because Cologne water is classed as spirits by the custom-house authorities in England, and each traveler is allowed to bring only a small quantity of it into that country.



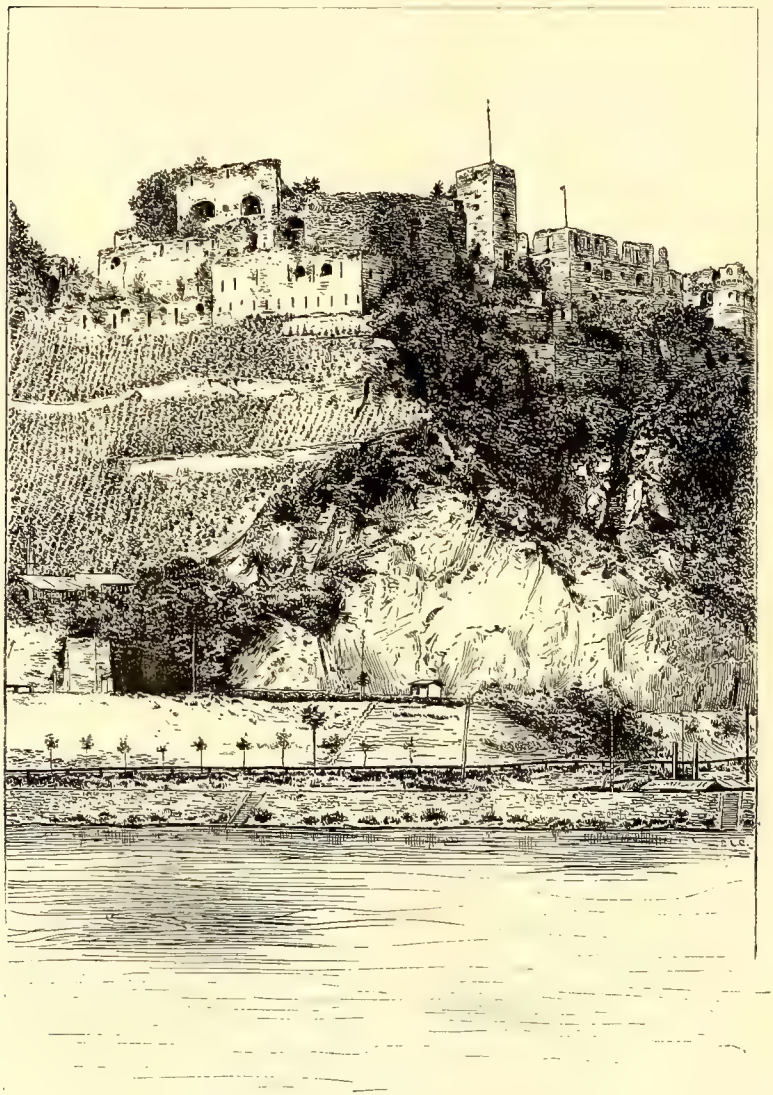
THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE REAR.

The most beautiful part of the celebrated and romantic River Rhine lies between Bonn, not far above Cologne, and the little town of Bingen; and to see this world-famed river at its best, we must make a trip upon it on a steamboat. It takes much longer to go up the river than to come down with the current; and so we go to Bingen by rail, stay there all night, and make our Rhine voyage the next day.

"Fair Bingen on the Rhine," of which most of us have read in Mrs. Norton's poem about "the soldier of the Legion" who "lay dying at Algiers," is a very pretty little town on the river bank, nearly opposite the Niederwald, a low mountain. On its side stands the immense monumental statue of Germania. This great monument was recently erected in commemoration of the unity of the German Empire. If we choose, we can cross the river, go up the mountain, and inspect this monument; but we get a very good view of it from where we are.

The next morning we go on board a large and handsome steamboat, and begin a river trip which has been more talked about, written about, and sung about, than any other in the world.

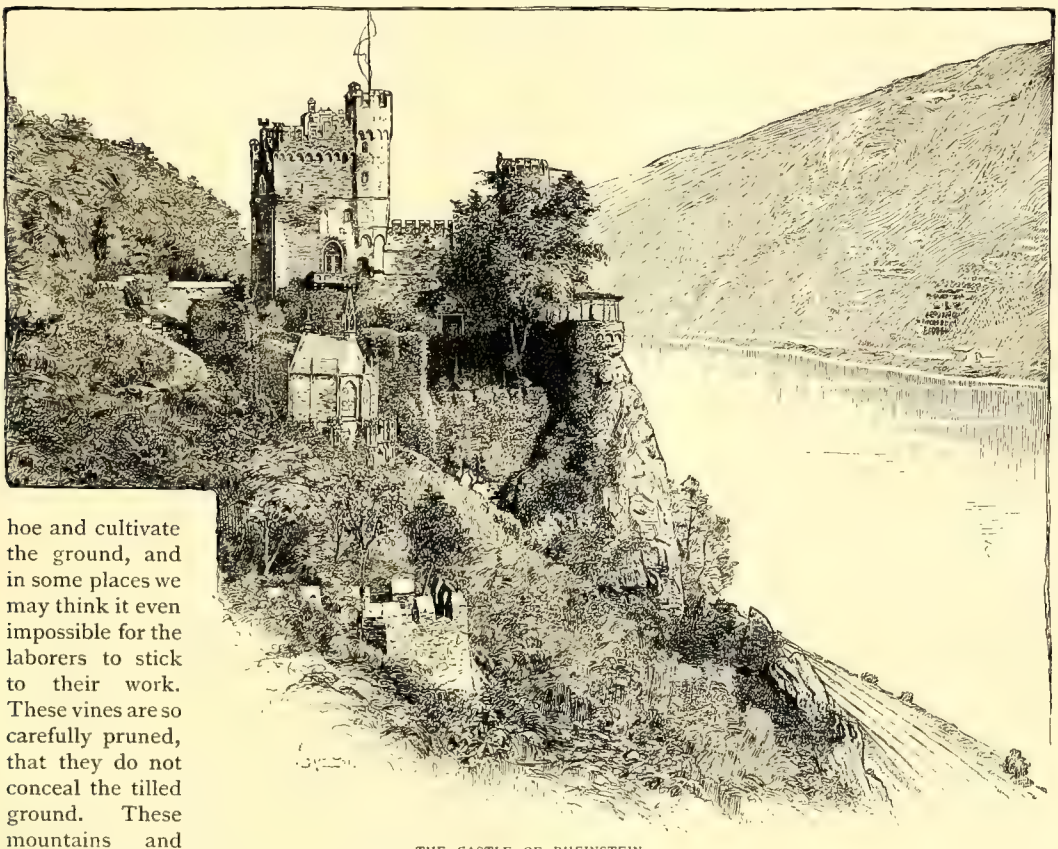
The portion of the Rhine, about a hundred miles in length, over which we shall pass to-day, lies between low hills and mountains, some of which are precipitous and rocky, some gently sloping down into the water, the sides of nearly all of them planted in vineyards, varied by verdant pasture lands, trees, and picturesque bits of forest. Sometimes the mountains recede from the shore, leaving room for a town or village, and sometimes the houses seem as well satisfied upon the hillside as on the level ground. High up, on projecting bluffs, and occasionally on the very mountain-tops, stand the ruins of great castles of the olden times. Some of these consist of but a few storm-battered towers and walls; while others, which have successfully defied man, time, and storms, are still in such good condition as to be inhabited. These were the castles and strongholds of the feudal barons and the robber chiefs of history, song, and legend; and they give to the natural beauties of the Rhine a charm which is not possessed by any other river. As our boat goes on over the swiftly-flowing stream, stopping at many points, every turn of the river shows us some new combination of landscape, and some different beauty.



THE CASTLE OF RHEINFELS. (SEE PAGE 909.)

Soon after beginning our trip we pass, upon a little island in the river, an ancient stone tower, which is called the Mouse Tower. There is an old story connected with this tower, about a certain bishop who, long ago, for his cruelty to his people in time of famine, was devoured here by hordes of rats or mice. Not far away, and high above us, stand the ruins of the tower of Ehrenfels, built in 1210. Farther on we see the grand Castle of Rheinstein, whose towers and turrets and walls, some of which have been restored, stand as they stood six hundred years ago. A great iron basket, or brazier, once used as a beacon-light, still hangs from the outer walls, three hundred feet above the river. Farther on is the Castle of Falkenberg, once famous as the home of the robber knights. The towns of the Rhine united against these much-feared marauders, and nearly destroyed their castle in 1251, but they went back again, and the place was afterward captured by Rudolph of Hapsburg, who hung the robber knights from the windows.

We are now passing regions of vineyard, where some of the most famous wines of the world are produced, and, although we may be astonished to see on what steep hills and mountain-sides the vines are growing, we would have been still more surprised if we could have seen the manner in which some of these vineyards were made. Many of them are on high, rocky terraces, to which the earth has been laboriously carried in baskets on the backs of men and women. Some of these vineyards are so steep that it would seem that the vine-growers must stand upon ladders in order to hoe and cultivate the ground, and in some places we may think it even impossible for the laborers to stick to their work. These vines are so carefully pruned, that they do not conceal the tilled ground. These mountains and hillsides would be much prettier in grass, forest, and beetling crags than in vineyards; but the wine from this region is so valuable that if the vines could be made to grow everywhere, all the land we see would be covered with vineyards.



THE CASTLE OF RHEINSTEIN.

We soon pass one of the oldest castles on the Rhine; it was built in 1015. It has gone through a great many troubles, but has recently been put into good order, and is one of the country residences of the royal family of Prussia.

On we go, sometimes passing little towns, one of which, Lorch, has been mentioned in history for more than a thousand years; more castles appear on the cliffs, among them Nollingen, standing nearly six hundred feet above us, at the summit of a jagged cliff called "The Devil's Ladder," up which, the legends say, a brave knight rode on his gallant steed to rescue a lady from the gnomes of the mountain. Now and then we pass an island, on one of which stands a strangely fortified little castle, and after a time we come to the famous "Rocks of Lurlei," which rise to a great height above a swift and dangerous whirlpool. Here, the stories tell us, a siren used to sit and sing songs to passing voyagers, who, when they stopped to listen to her, where drawn into the whirlpool. As there is no danger of the captain of our steamboat stopping for any such tomfoolery, not even the youngest of us need be afraid at passing this grewsome place.

Near the town of St. Goar stands the immense Castle of Rheinfels, the largest on the Rhine, and it presents a grand and imposing appearance, although it is much in ruins, having had hard times in many wars.

More castles now come in sight, more mountains, more vineyards, and more little villages, two of them particularly picturesque, being united by a long double row of trees. Flourishing towns, too, we pass, some of them quite busy places; and, after a time, we see the gloomy old Castle of Marksburg, fuller of dungeons and secret chambers and dark passages than any other here; and it looks gloomier yet when we know that it is still used as a prison.

We now reach Coblentz, a large and important old town, opposite which is the vast fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which is one of the largest and strongest in Europe, and is called "The Gibraltar of the Rhine." It has stood there for centuries, and has sustained many blockades and sieges. It is now greatly improved, and is occupied by soldiers of the German Empire.

Neuendorf is a little town, from which start the great rafts of the Rhine. These rafts are made up of smaller ones, which come down from the timber regions along the river, and are of extraordinary size, being sometimes six hundred feet long, and two hundred wide, or as large as an up-town New York block. They carry a great number of men, with their wives and children, who live in little houses built on the rafts. They are steered by very long oars, each held by a crowd of men; and these floating islands, with the scenes on them, will be sure to interest us.

The castles now become fewer, although we see some very fine ruins, and one new and very large and handsome castle. The scenery changes somewhat, and at one place there is a wide stretch of level country. The village of Remagen will be interesting because near it is the spring from which comes the famous Apollinaris water. The little town is very busy, and boxes and bottles abound. Near by, on a height, is a most beautiful little Gothic church, built by the architect who finished Cologne Cathedral.

We also pass a point where Julius Cæsar, when he was at work conquering this part of the world, built the first bridge across the Rhine. And in this connection I may say, that the business of vine-growing on this river was started by the ancient Romans.

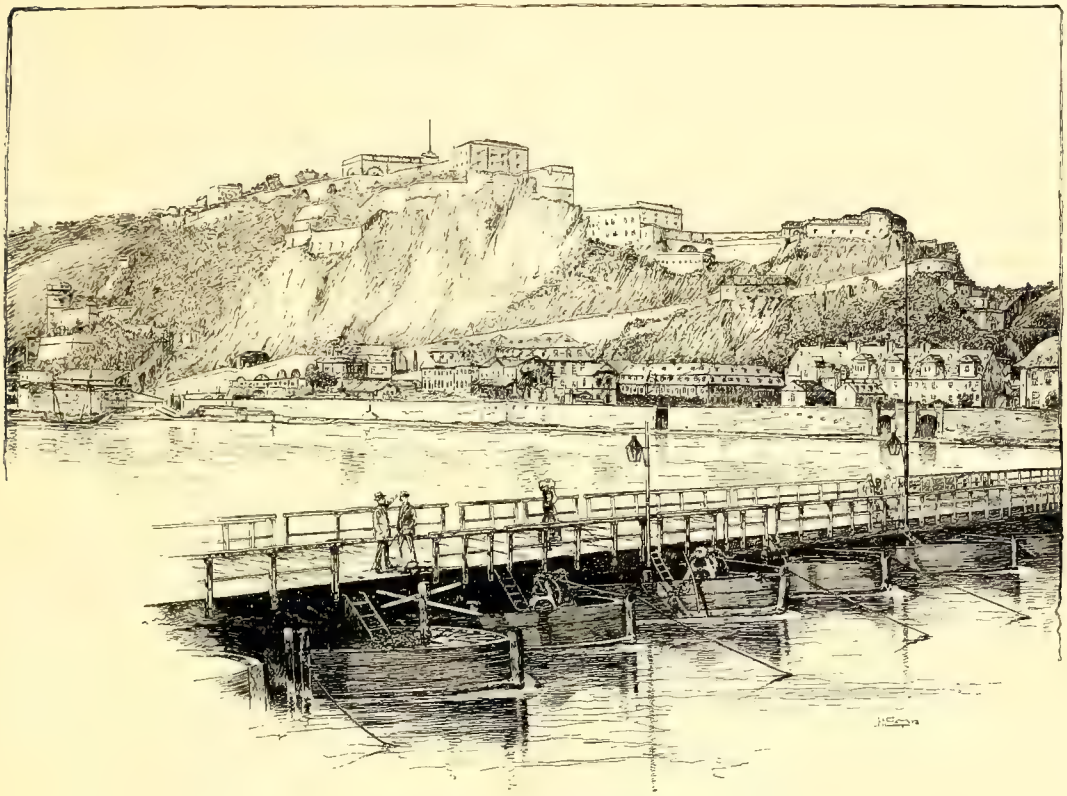
We now pass the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, and enter the region of the beautiful Seven Mountains; and when we reach the town of Bonn, we have gone over the most interesting and picturesque part of the river. Here we leave the steamboat, and take rail for Cologne, after a day on the Rhine, which I am sure none of us will ever forget.

The next day we take the railroad for Brussels, and on the way pass through some very picturesque portions of Belgium, and at one point we are not very far from the battlefield of Waterloo. Many persons visit this place to inspect the various monuments erected there; but, besides these, there is nothing to indicate that on these now peaceful fields one of the greatest battles of the world was fought.



THE TOWN OF COBLENTZ — FROM THE RIVER.

We find Brussels a cheerful, busy, and very handsome small-sized city, something like a condensed Paris. Many of the streets are wide and imposing, with tall houses of very attractive and ornamental architecture, while the shop windows are so numerous, and so brightly and even splendidly filled, that we can but think of the Palais Royal and the grand boulevards of the



THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

French capital. Everywhere there is an air of gayety, fashion, and costliness. There are a great many fine parks and open places, and long avenues for driving, lined with trees. One of the public buildings, the Palais de Justice, built for the courts of law, is a grand and magnificent edifice. It cost twelve million dollars, and is one of the finest buildings in Europe.

A small public square is surrounded by a very novel collection of life-size bronze statues, representing the various trades. Here is the baker with his loaves, the carpenter with his saws and hammers, the gardener with his spade and hoe, and nearly everybody who works in Brussels can come here and see a bronze personification of his trade. Statues and monuments are frequent in the city, and in whatever way money could be spent in making Brussels beautiful, it has been spent.

In the Grande Place, where stands the Hôtel de Ville, or Town Hall, we see some of the fine buildings of olden times. The Maison du Roi, or King's House, was built in the early part of the sixteenth century, and many of the other tall houses belonged to the guilds or wealthy trades-unions of the middle ages. This open square is full of historical associations. Here tournaments and pageants were held, here fierce fights took place, and here some of the heroes of Belgium were executed. This place is in the old part of the city, and is full of life, activity, and interest.

The "galleries," or long covered arcades, are full of attractive shops and restaurants.

Brussels lace is celebrated all over the world, and we must not fail to visit one of the places where this beautiful and costly lace is made. Here we see a number of women, very quiet, very neatly dressed, and in some cases with wonderfully delicate and soft-looking hands, although they are all plain working-women. Each is busy fashioning the delicate pattern of a piece of lace, and it is said that each woman has a pattern of her own, which she always makes, and which, perhaps, descended to her from her mother and grandmother. Some of the women are working on cushions, with pins and bobbins, and some are using needles and the finest and most delicate of thread. We are told that this thread is all made by hand, and it is so delicate that it has to be spun

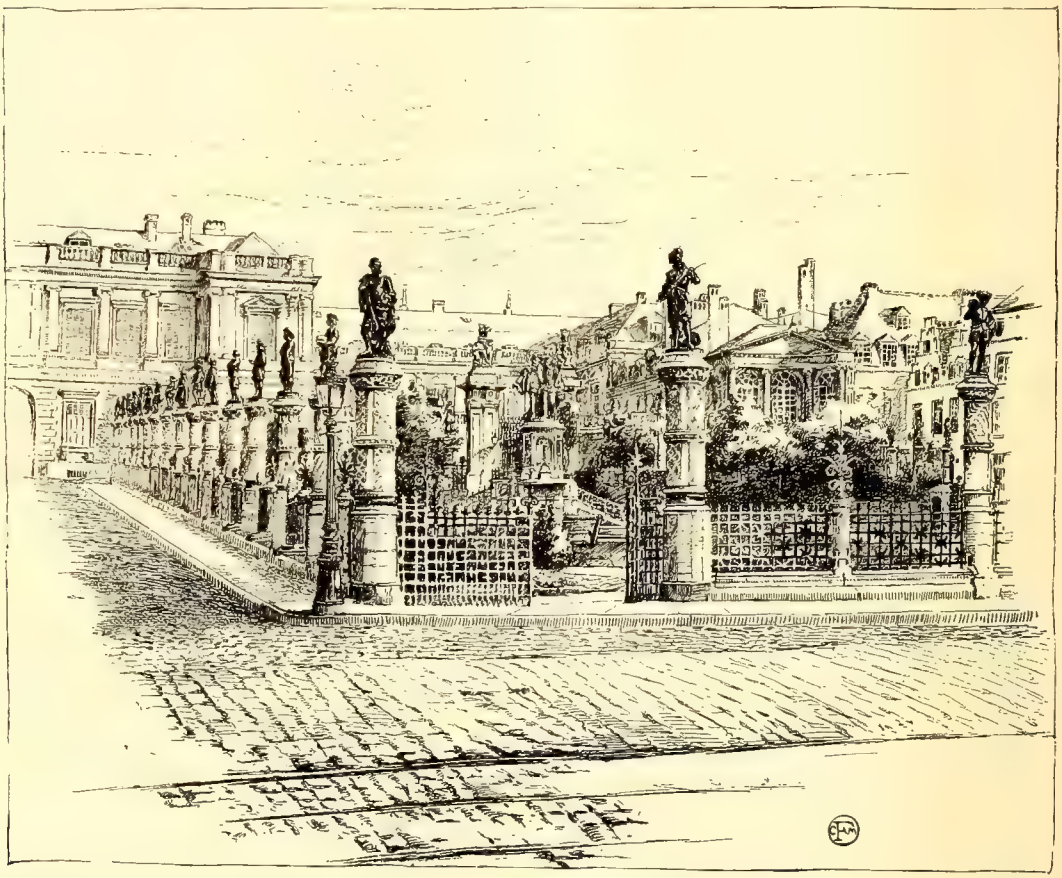
in damp cellars, because in the dry upper air it would break before it is finished. There are old women in Brussels who have spent nearly all their lives spinning in cellars.

Brussels is a little city, but it is as bright, as handsome, and in some respects as grand and splendid as if it were a large one.

A very different city is Antwerp, distant only about an hour's journey. This old Flemish town has long been a great commercial center; and, although

to say that they have grown gray standing there, and can not be expected to look bright and fresh.

Antwerp lies on the river Scheldt, and its long water-front is crowded with the ships of every nation. Not only do they crowd the wharves and piers, but by means of short canals they come up into large inland docks, where we can see all the different kinds of ships that sail upon the sea. Everything in this part of the town seems intended in some way for sailors, and the number of little



"A SMALL PUBLIC SQUARE IN BRUSSELS IS SURROUNDED BY LIFE-SIZE BRONZE STATUES, REPRESENTING VARIOUS TRADES." (SEE PAGE 912.)

Antwerp is very wealthy and very busy, it has none of the modern splendors of Brussels. It is old-fashioned, quaint, and queer. In the more modern quarter there are fine streets and avenues, with a park and zoölogical garden, yet it is the old quarter of Antwerp which is most attractive to visitors. Here the streets are generally narrow; and the tall houses, with their towering gable-ends so curiously notched and curved, stand looking at one another, not with a fresh, bright air, as if they were Dutch, but with a quiet manner which seems

cabarets, or inns, where the hardy seamen can get something to eat and drink, is indeed surprising.

The low, heavy trucks, on which barrels and bales and all sorts of merchandise are carried to and from the ships, are drawn by great Flemish horses, very heavy, very strong, and very well fed and cared for. It is a pleasure to look at these fine creatures gravely walking through the streets with great loads behind them which they do not seem to think of at all. There is another class of animals used for draught purposes, which will



THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, OR TOWN HALL, OF BRUSSELS.

perhaps attract our attention more than the stout horses. These are the dogs which help to pull the milk-carts about the city. The milk is in bright brass cans and vessels, which are carried in a light hand-cart generally pushed by a bare-headed girl or woman. The dog is fastened underneath, and, whether he be big or little, he pulls with such a will that he makes the girl step



SKETCHES IN ANTWERP.

women wear lace or muslin caps with a great flap on each side like elephant ears.

The Cathedral of Antwerp is a very fine one, and is remarkable for its beautiful spire, which is so curiously built in a sort of net-work of stone that it has been likened to a piece of the lace-work of the country. It is difficult to get a good idea of the outside of the church, for houses, little

along at a lively pace. Dogs are also harnessed to carts which carry about vegetables, ice-cream, and other wares. The ice-cream carts are generally dressed off in gay colors to attract attention.

The young women of the lower classes go about the streets without hats or bonnets, no matter what the weather may be, and it is very pleasant to see them, with their neat dresses, and their hair so smooth and tightly braided. Some of the older and big, crowd around it on all sides, sometimes squeezing close up to it, as if standing-room were very scarce in Antwerp. This spire contains a famous chime of bells, ninety-nine in number, the largest of which is such a monster that it takes sixteen men to ring it, while the smallest is no larger than a hand-bell. These chimes are rung very often, every hour, every half hour, and every quarter of an hour, and a little ring between the

quarters. The bells are so harmonious, and have so sweet a tone, that even if we should stay at a hotel quite near the cathedral, we should not be disturbed by them; and should we wake in the night and hear the ringing of those musical bells, we would merely turn over and dream the better for it. The interior of the cathedral is very large, though rather plain, and contains some remarkable life-size statues carved in wood, and Rubens's greatest picture, "The Descent from the Cross," besides other paintings by that master. Rubens belongs to Antwerp, and the citizens are very proud of him. There is a fine statue of him in one of the squares, and his paintings are to be found in every church. In one of the churches he is buried, and the house where he lived still stands.

In an open space, by the side of the cathedral, is Quentin Matsy's Well, with its curious ironwork cover, which has been well described in ST. NICHOLAS.* This artist-blacksmith is another son of Antwerp, of whom she is proud.

The Museum, or Art Gallery, contains a very fine collection of pictures by the Flemish school of artists, and among them a number by Rubens and Van Dyck.

And now we betake ourselves to the river-front, and embark on a handsome English vessel, and steam away down the broad River Scheldt to the sea. As we look back we shall see for many miles the tall and lace-like spire of the cathedal reaching up to the sky. The river-banks are not very interesting, but we shall see some forts of a rather curious construction, and when we reach Flushing, near the mouth of the Scheldt, and when we have dropped into a little boat the pilot who has guided us through the difficult channel of the river, we sail out upon the German Ocean; and early the next morning we are at Harwich again, whence we take the train for London, and our round trip is over.

THE WAY TO FAIRY-LAND.

By Nora Perry.



HAT is the way to fairy-land?
Which is the road to take?
Over the hills, or over the sand
Where the river ripples break?

The hills stand listening night and day
As if to a wonderful tale;
The river whispers along its way
Secrets to every sail.

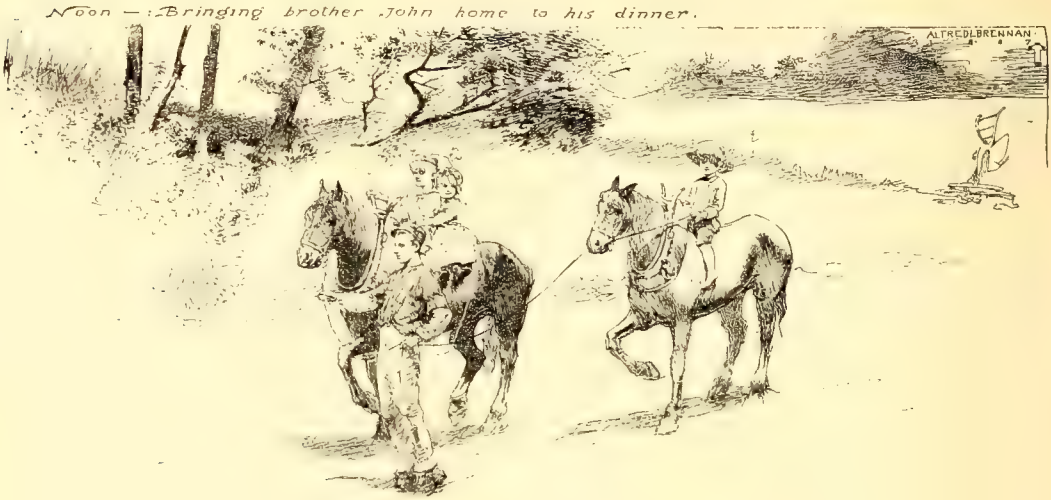
They must be listening and whispering there
With the fairy-folk, I know;
For what but this is the sound in the air
So sweet, and soft, and low?—

The sound that floats o'er the misty hills,
And runs with a little shiver,
As of a thousand musical trills,
Over the running river.

O hills that stand so lofty there,
Listening night and day,
Listen to *me* and show me where
The fairy-folk do stray!

And river, river, whisper low,
Whisper me low and sweet,
Tell me the secrets that you know
Of the fairy-folk's retreat.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1876.



OLE MAMMY PRISSY.

By Jessie C. Glasier.

"Comfort'ble? Laws, chile! Dis ole woman don' arsk no bettah fo'taste o' heb'n dan to en' her days right yer. W'en I looks roun' at dis yer gran' house — de furn'chah so splendif'rous — an' de groun's, an' de gyardens, an' de cohnsuvvatory so magnif'cent' n' hahnsome,— an' my own dahlin' Miss Looseel lookin' like a bressid w'ite rose in dem fine gowns o' hern, an' nuttin' t' do but enjoy it all,— wi' dem two reg'lar cherrybums o' child'n an' a husban'— (well, dey ain' nuttin' dat man 'ud stop at, ef so be's 't wud please her) — tell ye, honey! w'en I see all o' dese marcies on eb'ry han', mos' de on'y t'ing bodders me is, how 's I gwine be t'ankful 'nuff? Ole Prissy ain' fo'got how de sun useter come sco'chin down out in front o' de mahket, an' how de win' done screech like tiger-cats roun' dat same ole cohnah, winter days. An' too, de rain-stohms! Pow'ful onhealthy 't wuz, fur de rheumaticks, I kin tell ye, settin' out in de rain all de mohnin', watchin' dem ladies trippin' by so sprightly wi' deir baskets,— nubber so much 's turnin' an' eyelash tow'ds ole Prissy. Glory be gib'n! Chile, I'se fru workin' my ole bones stiff gedd'rin' pussimmons an' chink'pins, an' diggin' fur sass'fras. Ain' goin' t' set out dah no mo', now I tell ye, mohnin' in an' mohnin' out, an' 'Wat 'll ye buy, Lady?'— er, 'Yer 's yer fine fresh vi'lets, Lady'— er it might be aigs, er blackbe'ys, in season — an' den see um march by lookin' so uppity, makin' out dey don' nubber year de ole woman, no mo 'n ef she 's bohn 'dout a tongue!

"I'se uset' pondah an' study many 's de time, I tell ye, wond'rin' how long de good Lord gwine to see ole Priss out dere, brilin' an' freezin', skasely makin' nuff to hol' body 'n soul togedder. 'Pear'd like de ole woman's luck 'bleeged to tuhn one o' dem days; an' sho' 'nuff! Missy, delib'rance wuz at han', an' bime-by it done come! Dat 's right, honey, draw up yo' chair, ef yo 's boun' to help, wedder er no — an' it 's a sho' 'nuff fac' 'bout peas: two kin shell quicker 'n one. So,— dat 's handy like. Now I kin tell ye — but fust ye mus' onerstan' 'bout w'at tuk place longer go, w'en de flood come.

"'*Noah's* flood'? Laws, chile! En co'se not! *Dis* flood wuz down in ole Kaintuck', 'long o' de Cum'lan' Ribber, an' all ou' troubles kem' wid it.

"Ouah folks wuz de Richmon'ses. Dey wuz quality, now I tell ye! Nuttin' common an' low down 'bout *dem*. De Richmon'ses wuz *blooded*, dat dey wuz, eb'ry las' one on um. 'T wuz a treat jes' ter lib on de same plantation 'long o' dem. An' den ou' place 'longside de ribber dah wuz fit fur a king. 'Ribber-view,' dey done name it, an' dere wuz a

view, sho' 'nuff! 'Spechumly w'en de ribber rise 'fo' de flood. Dese yer ole eyes don' wan' to see no mo' views like dat wuz!

"'T wuz en de night it kem. I had little Missy down t' de quahtahs long o' me. I done tek keer o' dat bressid chile eber sence de day she wuz bohn. She wuz all dey hed, an' laws, honey! dat sweet little angel lub her ole mammy Prissy mos' better 'n de mistis! an' dis time her pa an' ma, dey wuz how she look dat night; — settin' up dah, an' laughin', en' shakin' dat little yaller head 't me. Many 's de time, sence den, I'se dreamt I seen dat yaller head go down — down — an' de little angel cryin' t' her ole mammy to sabe her, an' all de time I cud n't, on'y stan' dere like a stun, an' see her sinkin' down!

"'T wuz all happ'nin' en a minit, like. Dere wuz de cab'n knee-deep o' water; dere wuz de



"DAT 'S RIGHT, HONEY, DRAW UP YO' CHAIR, EF YO 'S BOUN' TO HELP, WEDDER ER NO — AN' IT 'S A SHO' 'NUFF FAC' 'BOUT PEAS: TWO KIN SHELL QUICKER 'N ONE."

off trab'lin' roun', an' so, en co'se, Looseel an' me wuz togedder cohnstant. Gwine on seb'n year ole she wuz den,— peart an' cunnin 's yo' ebber see, an' dat hahnsome! I kin seem ter see her now, niggahs screechin' an' groanin' an' beseechin' de good Lord ter sabe 'em,— pore, misur'ble sinners, as dey wuz! Dere wuz Looseel waked up an' cryin' out to me; dere wuz de hosses neighin' an' snor-

tin'—de stables went fust; an' dere wuz de crashin', smashin', grindin', roarin' ribber eb'rywhar! Fust t'ing, I wuz dead sartin de las' day wuz cum. Den I try t' study w'at we sh'd do. De ribber nubber riz like dat befo'—nubber kem neah ou' place till dat night, an' den it kem like a jedgment. None on us wuz perpared. My ole man, he done de bes' he cud, but he wuz weakly like, an' he jes' got washed away,—'t wuz w'ilst he wuz tryin' fin' dat boat, an' he up to de shouldahs in de crazy, roarin' watah. An' den, de nex' t'ing I knowed, I wuz in dat dug-out somehow, an' I had Looseel in my ahms, an' we wuz driftin' dis way an' dat like mad, in de dahkness.

"An' de t'ings w'at come crashin' 'long by us! Whole houses, sometimes, an' gret trees, an' once a rockin'-cheer come jam ag'in my side—dey 's a mahk dere yit—an' 'pear'd like de little boat mus' sho'ly upset eb'ry minit. I tuk my shawl an' tied my dahlin' in de bes' I cud, an' den—fust I knowed, I did 'n know nuttin'! Knocked plum on de head I wuz, an' tore clean f'um de boat, an' wedged jam in 'mongst de branches, in a big tree. An' dere wuz de canoe an' dat precious lamb a-driftin' off furder 'n' furder down de ribber, an' me like dead on de tree-top.

"W'en I come to, dey tells me 's how 't wuz mo 'n a monf sence dat tur'ble night. Folks f'um de Norf, dey wuz, hed picked me out f'um whar I 'd a-drifted down t' de bottom o' deir gyarden, an' dey 'd 'tended me all fru de fevah. Mighty kin' an' good dey wuz, sartain; but dey did n't none on 'em know nuttin' 'bout de Richmons'es. An' so de days parse by, an' de long nights, an' nubber a word come f'um dat bressid chile w'at went floatin' off down de ribber. Bime-by I'se hear how dat bery same flood wash 'way bridges all 'long, an' ez how one wen' down jes 's de train o' cars wuz gwine ober, an' mos' de passenjahs wuz killed instant, an' den dey tell me Massa Richmon' an' mistis wuz 'mongst um. 'T wuz long 'fo' dey dare tell me dat. De fevah done lef' me pow'ful weakly. W'en I hear dat, I gib cl'ar up, an' I say, 'Good Lord, tek ole brack Prissy, too!' Dar wuz my ole man gone, dar wuz de bressid lamb w'at I 'd nussed f'um a baby swep' f'um my ahms an' drownded;—dar wuz home an' fren's washed int' de ribber,—an' now yer wuz Massa Richmon' an' his lady tuk, on top o' all de res'.

"Lonesome days dem wuz fur ole Prissy. De ole woman like ter fell f'um grace dose dahk times, honey; but de good Lord knowed bes'. Ye see, fur one t'ing, I had Massa Richmon' to worry 'bout,—tuk so suddent ez he wuz. I mek no doubt, chile, but dat bressid wife o' his 'n wuz an' out-an'-out angel inside de fust five minits! She wuz nigh about dat a'ready. But, Massa, he al'ays did tek heap mo' intrus' in his hosses an' his craps dan he tuk in religion. An' I'se boun' ter cohnfess he cud mek use o' mighty pow'ful langwidge w'en dem buscuits wa'n't jes' right ob a mohnin'. Dat wuz de way wid all dem Richmon'ses. Howsundebber, he wuz a good Massa, Massa Richmon' wuz. His niggahs al'ays hed plenty to w'ar an' t' eat, an' he al'ays gib um a right-down splendid dance, Chris'mus-time. An' dar wuz de cohnshuck'n's. Libely times we all use to hab down t' dat ole plantation. An' I reckin de good Lord done tuk 'count ob all dat, an' fix it up all squar' long 'fo' dis.

"Well, an' so I jes' stay on wid dem Melroses, tell bime-by de wah brek out. Dey cud n' nobody go 'head o' dem folks fur cl'ar goodness, now I tell ye! I wuz glad 'nuff ter stay an' wuk w'at I cud for 'em, dough I wa'n't nigh so sprightly ahter dat night o' roostin' in de tree-top, like a tukkey-buzzer. De rheumatiks done lay holt ob de ole woman all ober. I 'd a tech o' de mis'ry in eb'ry j'int—de watah done 'tend ter dat! An' so I jes' kep' on helpin' roun' like de bes' I cud, an' al'ays on de watch an' lis'nin' fur some wuhd o' dat little lamb o' mine, w'at wuz drownded,—but dey did n' no wuhd come.

"But dem days cud n't las' al'ays. Massa Doctah, he went to de wah, an' to dis day ole Pris ain' nebber year wedder er no he ebber git outen it;—'kase de fam'ly all brek up 'bout dat time, an' den dis ole woman tuk to driftin' roun'—same 's we did dat night en de dug-out—an' she jes' drif' hitherty-yon, tell bime-by she breng up in dis bery Wash'n't'n City, an' tuk ter settin' front de mahket, as I done tole ye. Dem wuz times, yo' bettah b'liebe! Turrible little I cud sell,—an' den dere wuz de stohms. But dat wa' n't all, neider. Dere wuz oddah niggahs, likewise, out front de mahket, on dat bery same cohnah, an' laws-a-mussy! sech a set ob low-down, no 'count brack critters I pray to grashus I ain' nubber gwine see no mo'! Dey cud n't none on um no mo' 'preciate de diff'unce 'twixt a common eb'ry-day free niggah an' an ole fam'ly suvvant w'at had al'ays lived right 'mongst de bery top sort! Sech an owdacious passel o' brack-skins I ain' nubber seen befo'. Dey useter hab de imperance to laff 'n' mek sp'oht ob ole Prissy, an' 'low to deirselves as how she wuz a leetle *teched*. Dat wuz kase I useter talk it ober ter myseff 'casionally, an' kase I wuz al'ays watchin' de child'n, de pooty little gals, wat 'd go 'long by, skippin', and laffin', an' offen—'speshumly ef dey had yaller curls—I 'd kinder mek fr'en's like, an' gib de little lady a clump o' wild pinks mebbe er a han'ful o' nuts. An' one day—'t wuz en de spreng o' de year, an' I min' jes' how de sweet vi'lets smelt—'long come a hull passel o' little gals.

Dey 'd been a-rollin' deir hoops tergedder, an' now dey stopped to look at my flow'rs. An' one on 'em,—de bery littles' one ob all,—honey, w'en I see dem curls shinin' like gol', an' dem gre't laffin' blue eyes lookin' up so innercent, my haht jes' go all jumpity like in a minit, an' I arsk, quick-like: "W'at yo' name, honey dahlin'?' and she say,

"'Dolly,—Dolly Burns.'

"An' den my haht it go plum' down ag'in. I 'd say she 'd hearn her bery own ma tell dat bery same story, an' ez how she 'd be'n picked up out o' a boat way down de ribber w'en she wa' n't no mo' 'n a baby skasely! An' she say 's as how her ma 'd showed her de clo'es w'at she hed on, an' 'speshumly a ring she hed, made out o' blue beads, 't wuz w'at she say her dear old nuss mek fur her, an' she al'ays 'n furebber gwine ter keep dat, kase dough she ain't nubber see sign ob her, er hear a



"LIBELY TIMES WE ALL USE TO HAB DOWN T' DAT OLE PLANTATION."

nubber heard *dat* name befo', an' it done seem 's if somehow my own little lamb done came back ahter all dese mo 'n twenty years.

"So den we fell a-talkin'. Miss Dolly, she wuz mighty sosh'ble like, an' I gib her a bunch o' Johnny-jump-ups—'t wuz de bes' I hed to offer—an' den, I cud n't hol' in no longer; I got to tellin' her 'bout de flood an' my bressid little Looseel.

"Chile, it am de Gospel trufe! W'en I wa' n't half done tellin', dat little angel bu'st right out an' wuhd, all dese many years, she ain' nubber gwine fo'git her ole Mammy Prissy!

"Chile, w'en I hear dat all, I jump clean int' de air, I did, an' holler like a crazy woman, an' den I say, 'Tek me to her!' an' den I fall a-cryin', an' yo' bettah b'liebe dem brack 'possums 'longside o' me pop dey eyes out w'en dey see w'at wuz gwine on! But w'at I keer fur w'at dey tink er say, an' w'at I keer how long de way wuz—ef I *wuz* lame jes' ez ye see me now—ef so be dey wuz one

chance in ten thousan' ob findin' dat bressid chile at de en' ob it?

"An' so we all set off tergedder, an' w'en we come yer—honey, I'se hearn Brudder Petah Johnsin 'xpashiate 'bout de millenyum, an' pictur' fo'th de bressidness ob de saints in glory, but I'se shore dis ole woman kain't nebber feel no happier 'n she feel dat glor'us day.

"My dahlin' kem down de pa'f to meet us, all in sof' trailin' w'ite, an' her own b'ut'ful boy laffin' an' grab dis ole woman han's, an' say 's how I wuz her dear ole nurse come home at las', an' den she arsk mos' a t'ousan' questions all to once like. Den she tek 'n lay dat lubly boy o' hern in de ole woman's ahms, an' she say, all laffin' and cryin' tergedder: 'I 'll gib him int' yore car' to watch and tend like yo' useter watch 'n' tend de baby Looseel.'

"Den she tuk de ole woman int' de gran' house an' all ober eb'ry room, an' she say 's how 't wuz



"AN' SO WE ALL SET OFF TERGEDDER."

an' crowin' in her ahms; an' her eyes wuz jes' so blue an' innercent, on'y dey 'd a proud kin' o' shine in um—an' w'en she see de old woman she look all trembly an' w'ite, like she 's tryin' t' 'membah t'ings. Den I say, 'Don' ye know me, honey? Don' ye know yo' ole Mammy?' and she cry out—'It 's Mammy Prissy!' and she mos' like to drap dat bressid baby; an' she fall a-cryin' ole Prissy's home now, an' she ain't nubber gwine t' leab her no mo', de longes' day she lib!

"Den she breng out de bery little dress w'at she hab on dat dreffle night—'peared on'y yist'day I seen her toddlin' roun' in dat—an' den she try to tell me all 'bout how she wuz reskied out o' de dug-out, and tek'n int' sech a fine rich fam'ly, w'at 'd jes' 'fo' dat los' a sweet lamb o' dey own. An'

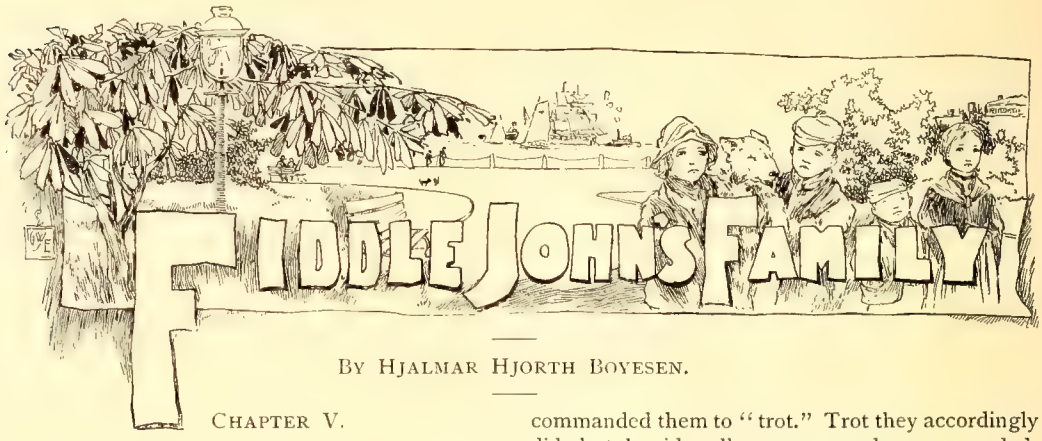
so w'en dey did n't nob'dy lay claim to Looseel, — an' she 'dout nuttin' to tell 'em who nor w'at she wuz, an' clean fo'got her bery name, all but jes' 'Loosel,' 'count de tur'ble fright and skeer, — w'y den, ye see, dey wuz mighty t'ankful to 'dopt her an' breng her up like dey own. An' so she wuz raised jes' so keerful, an' wid eb'ry 'vantage dey cud gib her, and bime-by she done marry de bes' Massa Doctah ebber git home 'gain, an' den, w'at come o' Miss — Miss — now I hed dat name — but de watah done get enter de ole woman's mem'ry, I reckin! — 't wuz a mighty cur'us kin' ob name, hed a kin' o' *happy* soun', someway, — Glad — *Gladys!* Dat wuz it. Miss Gladys she wuz mighty sweet an' pooty — an' dat good ter ole Prissy! W'at 's dat you say? W'at 's dat? *Yore* ma's name



"YORE MA'S NAME USETER BE GLADYS MELROSE? YO' A-VISITIN' MISS LOOSEEL?"

man ebber lib', an' come to dis lubly home; an' she say her husban' be here toreckly t' rej'ice 'long o' us, kase he know well 'nuff how she 'membah ole Prissy, an' mohn fur her all dese years. An' den we all falls cryin' again, fur de joy ob it!

"An' so here de ole woman 's gwine to stay, praise to goodness! An' now de on'y trubble I'se got is, t'inkin' 'bout dem Melroses, an' wedder er no useter be Gladys Melrose! — An' her pa a doctah? Don' fool a pore ole woman, chile! Dat kin' ob t'ing 's too good ter happen twice! — Yo' 's in 'arnest? — Massa Doctah libin', safe an' well? an' dat little Gladys married an' thrivin', an' yo' her own chile? Yo' a-visitin' Miss Looseel? De Lord be t'anked! Ole Prissy ain' got no mo' trubbles lef'!"



By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

Chapter V.

Nearly a week passed before Garibaldi's skin was properly padded and prepared for the reception of its new occupant; but then it fitted to perfection, and was as soft and flexible as an overcoat. Truls put it on with perfect ease, and breathed as freely through Garibaldi's nose as if it had been his own. Fortunately the bear had been of the shaggy, long-haired kind, and when the hide was laced together with fine silken cords, the joining was completely hidden by the fur. The children had repeated rehearsals in Uncle Giacomo's room; and they all agreed that Truls made a very respectable bear. He could walk on his hind legs beautifully, he could salute with his right fore paw, and he could even nod with his head in a very intelligent fashion. In fact, the great danger seemed to be his disposition to be too intelligent.

"Now, do remember," Alf would cry out to him, "a bear can not laugh or whistle. He may be allowed to sneeze, and even to cough; but he must not be too frisky and intelligent. And remember that if you laugh or make any human sound whatever, the game is up and we are ruined. Uncle Giacomo only keeps us to make money with us, but he is not unkind, and as long as we don't starve, we ought to be thankful. It all depends upon you, whether we shall have a home or be thrown into the streets."

It was with a great flutter of excitement that the Savoyard and his Norse friends started out early one Monday morning in the middle of May. Alf was carrying the hand-organ, Karen the tambourine, and Annibale was leading the make-believe bear by the same iron chain which had regulated the movements of Garibaldi. They were about to open their first performance on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street; but two policemen were immediately on hand, and sternly commanded them to "trot." Trot they accordingly did; but the sidewalks were everywhere so crowded, that they seemed in danger of being knocked down, in case they should offer to obstruct the hurrying stream of humanity.

It was not until they reached the broad steps of the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street that they summoned courage to make a second stop; and Truls was by that time so tired of the unnatural four-footed gait, that he rose without invitation, and began to promenade in a very unbearlike fashion. The same moment, Alf's hand-organ began to wail something resembling "Home, Sweet Home," and Karen struck the tambourine with a vigor which threatened to ruin both her knuckles and the drum-skin. A number of newsboys and bootblacks instantly scampered up to witness this attractive entertainment, and half a dozen brokers and bank-messengers also paused to view the antics of the little bear. Annibale shouted and swung his whip, and the animal saluted and danced slowly and clumsily (as he had been commanded), and at the end of five minutes quite a shower of pennies dropped into the Savoyard's hat. The crowd increased; the newsboys screamed with delight, and stumbled up the steps pell-mell whenever the bear approached them. Truls began to enjoy the fun, and chuckled to himself at the thought that he could chase a whole flock of big boys who, if they had known what sort of a creature he was, would in all likelihood have chased him. This reflection made him every moment bolder, and he would have been in danger of overstepping his part altogether, if Alf had not screamed to him in Norwegian:

"Now, take care, Smarticat; don't be too intelligent."

Nevertheless, just as he was resolving to heed this advice, a little ragged bootblack, while trying to back away from him, fell, turned a dexterous somersault, and came down on his feet upon the

sidewalk at the foot of the stairs. The sight was so comical, that Truls lost control of himself and burst out laughing; but in the same instant his brother and sister were at his side, and made so terrific a noise with their respective instruments, that his laughter was completely drowned in the din. Some one, however, must have noticed his mirth; for there was a shriek of merriment among the boys, and one of them cried out:

"Did you hear that? The bear is laughing! He is a jolly old fellow, that bear is!"

"No, he was only yawning," shouted another boy. "He is a queer old chap, and he 's up to tricks."

"Those bears are funny critters," the first boy rejoined; "I once saw one at the circus; he could ride horseback and drink out of a glass."

"And I knew one that could smoke cigars and kiss his boss," number two shouted, determined not to be outdone.

All these comments escaped the bear's brother, but Annibale began to suspect that something was wrong, and he accordingly hastily gathered in the second shower of pennies, and made a sign to his friends to stop the entertainment. They made their way as quickly as they could down to the water front, and thence to the Battery Park, where there was plenty of room for another exhibition. The newsboys and bootblacks followed them for a couple of blocks, but seeing that they had no intention of stopping, gradually dropped behind, and returned to their accustomed haunts. Alf and Truls heaved a sigh of relief when the last of their importunate followers had disappeared; and it was with a lighter heart that they took their station under the trees of the park, and resumed the programme which had been so successful in Wall Street.



IN THE BATTERY PARK.

Their audience here was even larger than it had been at their first performance, but it was not nearly so profitable; for the foreign immigrants and corner idlers who abound in this locality had probably no money to spare, or they preferred to have their entertainment gratis. Hardly half a dozen pennies dropped into Annibale's hat, in spite of his repeated invitations to contribute. It was obvious that they had hit upon a bad locality, where art was not properly appreciated.

Karen's knuckles were so lame by this time, that it was agreed Annibale should take his turn at the hand-organ, and give Alf a chance to distinguish himself at the tambourine. They had just completed this arrangement, and were strolling rather aimlessly past Castle Garden toward the Coney Island pier, when they saw a dense crowd gathered at the entrance of the great immigration depot. Curiosity prompted them to discover the cause of the demonstration, and as every one fell aside to make room for the bear, they had no difficulty in reaching the open space in the center of the throng.

What was their horror when they suddenly found themselves confronted with a real bear,—a huge black beast which was dancing slowly upon his hind legs, and every now and then, with an angry yawn, showing a terrible array of teeth! They wished themselves well out of sight again, and strove with all their might to avoid attracting attention. But instead of that, they soon found themselves pushed right into the middle of the ring. And the moment the huge bear spied a comrade, down he dropped on all fours and scampered toward his seeming relative. Whereupon with a wild scream which was anything but bearlike, Truls rose up and rushed toward Alf, flinging himself against his brother's bosom. The keeper of the big bear hit his charge with his whip, but the beast still strained wildly at his chain and gave forth furious

growls. The people fled in all directions, and Alf grabbed his disguised brother's loose chain, and ran as fast as the two could. The others followed, but before they had overtaken him, he was stopped by a policeman, who inquired whether he had a license. The boy stared in abject terror at the officer of the law.

"Pl—please, sir," he stammered imploringly in his native tongue, "don't hurt my brother. He is n't a bear at all, if you please, sir; and — and — I am a harmless lad who — who — arrived from Norway the other day, and — and — never did mortal thing any harm as long as I lived, sir!"

"Don't jabber yer Dutch at me, ye young scalawag!" the policeman replied, seizing the boy by the arm and shaking him. "Ef it is an honest loivelihood ye 're after, why don't ye drap that poor, dumb cratur' and enlist in the strate-clanin' department, or go into politics?"

Alf was altogether too frightened to make any answer to these suggestions, of which, moreover, he understood not a word. He only gazed with his large blue eyes at the policeman, and moved his lips nervously, without being able to utter a sound.

"Pl — please, sir," he faltered, after several vain attempts to speak, "please let me go." And Truls, completely forgetting his disguise, raised two hairy paws imploringly toward the officer and begged tearfully:

"Please, sir, do let my brother go!"

The policeman's face underwent a sudden and startling change. His eyes nearly popped out of his head, his jaw dropped down on his chest, and the veins on his forehead swelled. "Begarra!" he cried, in breathless amazement, "the dumb cratur' is a-talkin' Dutch!"

He stooped for a minute, with his hands resting upon his knees, and stared with a perplexed expression at the supposed bear; then the situation began to dawn upon him, and he burst out into a tremendous laugh.

"Oh, it is a foine bear ye are, sonny!" he exclaimed, seizing the boy-bear unceremoniously by his arm, and grabbing hold of Alf's collar with his disengaged hand. "A smart young un ye are, be jabers! It is an alderman ye will be before ye doi,— if ye only vote the roight ticket. 'T is a shame, it is, ye don't talk a Christian language such as a gintleman can understand."

He was moving up Greenwich Street, talking in the same humorous strain, half to himself and half to his prisoners, when his progress was suddenly arrested by a little girl who became unaccountably entangled with his feet.

"Mr. Policeman," the child cried in the same unintelligible Norwegian tongue, gazing up with a pale and excited face at the tall officer, "if you are going to arrest my brothers, I wish you would take me along, too. I've been with them in all they did; and — and — I don't want to be separated from them."

"Why, who are you?" the officer growled, with a broad grin. "Is it the bear ye are, did ye say, and lent yer skin to this little chap? Ah, be jabers! now I begin to take in yer capers. It is a mighty mixed lot ye are, and up to no end of tricks. But jest ye wait till his Honor gets hold on ye, and he will know how to get every one of ye back into his roight skin."

This sinister allusion was lost, however, on the three culprits, and even if they had understood it, it would probably not have impressed them greatly. Their life had been so exciting since they left their quiet Norse valley, that they had almost ceased to be surprised at anything that might happen to them. Alf and Karen plodded on wearily at the policeman's side, holding on to the tails of his coat, and showing no desire to part company with him; and Truls, who was well-nigh exhausted by the labors and excitement of the day, was only too glad to be able to rest his shaggy head against the officer occasionally and to cling to the policeman's arm with his two hairy paws. The officer, somehow, seemed to enjoy the situation; for he laughed and chuckled incessantly to himself, as if he were contemplating some delightful plan which promised a great deal of amusement. He shook his club good-naturedly at the crowd which followed him, and pushed his way onward until he reached a large brick building, over the gate of which was carved, in big Roman letters, "Police Precinct No. ——." Here he entered with his prisoners, and after having made an entry in a book, consigned them to a large, bare, and dreary room, where a few unhappy-looking people were reposing in various attitudes upon the floor.

The two Norse boys, who vaguely understood that this was some kind of a prison, looked with horror upon the ragged and untidy occupants of the room, and withdrew with their sister into the remotest corner they could find, so as to escape observation. Here they held a consultation, glancing all the while fearfully about them, and lowering their voices to a whisper.

"Truls," said Alf, raising his guileless eyes to those of his younger but braver-hearted brother, "what do you think will become of us? do you think we shall have to stay long in this dreadful place?"

"Oh, no, you sillibub!" replied the ursine Truls, with well-feigned cheerfulness; "we will be let out before night; and anyhow, I know what I am going to do. You remember that handsome

American gentleman on board the steamboat, whom I wanted to fight because I thought he was making fun of Father?"

"Yes, I remember," said Alf.

"Well, he gave me his card, which I gave you to keep in your pocket-book. There is an address on the card, and I should n't wonder if he was a great man whom everybody is likely to know, and would help us."

"Oh, Truls!" his brother exclaimed, in admiration; "you are always so bright and so clever! I have the card here; and I'll not lose it. But don't you think you'd better take off your bear-skin, so that the judge may see you are n't a bear, but a little boy?"

"I have thought of that," Truls rejoined earnestly; "but the trouble is I have n't any other outer clothes to put on. So I shall have to go into court as I am, and take my chances."

A dreary hour passed,—dreary beyond expression. The two boys tried each to persuade the other that he was, on the whole, not at all afraid, but really quite cheerful. The only one whose arguments were really convincing, however, was Karen; for she went peacefully to sleep on Truls's shoulder, and did not wake until the policeman came and summoned them all into court. They made quite a sensation when they entered; and people rose and craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the curious group. It was probably the first time that a bear had marched on its hind legs into a police-court and taken its place behind the bar as a prisoner. The judge smiled when he saw it, and leaned over toward the policeman,



"THE DUMB CRATUR' IS A-TALKIN' DUTCH!"

who was apparently giving an account of the case.

"The officer charges you with roaming about with an unlicensed bear," he said severely, fixing a stern glance upon Alf. "What have you to say to the charge?"

Alf gazed up helplessly, and shook his head.

"Why don't you answer?" repeated the judge, impatiently. "Why did n't you take out a license for your bear?"

The policeman again stepped forward and explained that the prisoners were Dutch, or some

other kind of foreigners, and that they did not understand a word of English.

"H'm," observed his Honor, rather grumblingly, adding "why did n't you tell me that before? The court interpreter is absent. Is there any one in this court room," he went on, raising his voice, "who understands foreign languages and would be willing to help the Court out of a difficulty?"

He looked expectantly about the large room, but no one volunteered to act as interpreter of anything so comprehensive as "foreign languages."

"The gintleman over there," the policeman remarked, pointing out a well-dressed man in the audience, "looks as if he understood furrin languages."

The gentleman in question disclaimed all knowledge of the languages referred to, and the Court visited him with a look of serious displeasure. It was very annoying, and there seemed positively no way of disposing of the case, except to re-commit the prisoners until an interpreter could be found. The judge was about to resort to that expedient, when a new prisoner was led into the court, and the boys gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise at beholding Jens Skoug, the emigration agent. Mr. Skoug had evidently come into collision with a policeman's club, or some other unyielding substance, for his left eye was much blackened, and he had a great bump on his forehead. He had been arrested the previous night for disturbing the peace.

"That fellow, it appears, is acquainted with these Dutch children," the Court remarked, nodding to the policeman who had charge of Mr. Skoug; "bring him up."

"Do you understand foreign languages?" the justice went on, addressing the emigration agent in his severest judicial tones.

"Yes, your Honor," replied Jens, drowsily.

"Well," continued the Court; can you find out anything about this boy and girl? — why they did not license their bear? Who provides for them? Where do they live?"

Jens, in turning his back toward the Court, gave Alf and Karen and the bear a fierce glance, as if to say that he would make them smart if they dared in any way to compromise him. Then he stooped down and talked with them earnestly for several minutes.

"Your Honor," he resumed, rising and facing the judge; "these children are utterly destitute, and have no money wherewith to buy a license for their bear. In other words, they are vagrants; and if I may be permitted to make a suggestion, I think, the Reform School or the workhouse would be the right place for them."

"You may spare your suggestions," the justice interrupted, curtly; "though they happen to fit in exactly with what I had determined to do with the children. Their bear will have to be killed or sold, and they are hereby re-committed, and will be sent to the Island for thirty days."

Mr. Skoug again stooped down and explained to the two culprits; but he had no sooner mentioned the word "kill," than Alf gave a shout, half of anger, half of dread, pulled his Norse table-knife* from its sheath, and with one swift stroke slit the bear's skin from the neck downward. The policeman rushed forward, the audience jumped upon the benches, the judge himself started at the flash of the knife, and was on the point of leaping over his desk. What was his amazement when, instead of a bear, he saw a little trembling boy in very scanty attire! A roar of laughter and a deafening salvo of applause burst forth from all parts of the room, and it was in vain that the judge hammered with all his might on his desk, and in thunderous tones demanded order. The Irish policeman, to whose taste for practical jokes the whole scene was due, laughed as if he were going to split his sides. He would not have ventured to confess that he had planned some such dramatic incident, although, as he admitted to himself, it had turned out even more startling than he had dared to hope.

When order was finally restored, the Court commanded that the prisoners be removed; but Truls, who now comprehended the situation, and was determined not to submit to further imposition, marched boldly up to the judge, and put Mr. Tenney's card before him on the desk.

"This gentleman," he said, confidently, "told me to send for him if I should ever need a friend. Now I need him, and if you would kindly send some one to fetch him, I should be greatly obliged."

The judge somehow understood the purport of this speech, though the words were unintelligible to him. Mr. Tenney's name was well known to him, as that of a citizen of wealth and influence, and his prisoners immediately rose in his estimation when he found that they enjoyed the protection of so prominent a man. He therefore beckoned to a policeman, wrote a hasty note, and told him to have it instantly dispatched. The boys and their sister, in the meanwhile, were permitted to sit down in the court-room, awaiting Mr. Tenney's arrival. Mr. Skoug, who betrayed a great anxiety to be off, pleading a variety of business engagements, was then examined, and fined ten dollars. He had just managed to disappear through a side-room when Mr. Tenney's tall and portly figure was seen at the entrance. He gave the boys a friendly nod as he walked rapidly up to the judge, with whom he conversed amicably for several minutes. There was

* All Norse peasant lads wear at the side a sheathed knife, called a "table-knife."

something brisk, energetic, and business-like in all his movements. He laughed very heartily when the recent incident with the bear was related to him, and the judge joined in the laugh, and asserted that it was one of the most amusing episodes that ever had occurred in all his long experience on the bench.

Then Mr. Tenney apologized for having taken so much of the Court's valuable time, and the Court expressed itself delighted to have made Mr. Tenney's acquaintance and to have been in any way able to serve him; whereupon Mr. Tenney had the three children conveyed to his carriage, and they drove away through the glorious May sunshine, up one street and down another, until they reached a large and stately house on Madison Avenue. Here they stepped out of the carriage, and a liveried servant flung the doors open before them as they entered the house.

Such magnificence the children had never beheld before: long, wonderful mirrors which looked like strips of lake standing on end, carpets which felt soft like fine moss under the feet, and gilt and carved furniture which seemed to have stepped right out of a fairy story. It was certainly very extraordinary; but still more extraordinary was the kindness and consideration with which they were treated by Mr. Tenney and his wife. Two small but pretty rooms were assigned to them on the fourth floor of the house; little Karen was dressed in beautiful clothes, and the boys got each a new suit, the like of which they had never had on their backs before. They felt like young princes, and if they could only have talked with the kind people who took so much trouble on their account, they would have expressed to them their gratitude, and perhaps, too, have solicited their aid in ascertaining the whereabouts of their lost father.

Mr. Tenney, however, guessed their thoughts, and did not need to be told that their minds were torn with anxiety. He first procured a Norwegian interpreter from one of the steamship companies, and when he learned that they did not know where their father was, he made the boys describe to him accurately the time and circumstances of Fiddle-John's disappearance.

Then he wrote letters to the emigration commissioners, inserted advertisements in the newspapers, and set the whole official machinery in motion to get a clew by which to unravel the mystery.

Investigations were ordered, detectives were employed, the Castle Garden officials were questioned and cross-examined, but there was no one who had the slightest recollection of having seen Fiddle-John. Thus three days passed. The greater the obstacles that he encountered, the more determined was Mr. Tenney's to accomplish his purpose. There was a streak of obstinacy in his temperament, and there seemed to be an impression abroad that Mr. Tenney was not to be trifled with when once he was aroused; and that may have been the reason why Fiddle-John grew in the course of a week to be a kind of public character, so that people asked each other jocosely when they met in street cars or in hotel vestibules:

"How do you do? Seen Fiddle-John?"

Some one, it appears, *had* seen Fiddle-John, and that was the purser of the steamboat Ruckert, whose encounter with the lamented Garibaldi was yet fresh in the boys' memories. He came late one evening to Mr. Tenney's residence, and explained to him that a man called Fiddle-John had just been put aboard the ship, as a lunatic, to be taken back to Norway free of charge. The ship was to sail the next day at noon; and if Mr. Tenney would hold himself responsible for the consequences, the purser said he would undertake to restore Fiddle-John to his family within — well, within five minutes.

Mr. Tenney was quite ready to assume all the responsibility in the matter, and accordingly the purser raised the window, and beckoned to a carriage which had stopped on the other side of the street. The carriage drove up before the door, and out stepped Fiddle-John. But oh, how miserable he looked! The light from the gas-lamp fell upon his pale face, his disordered hair, and his tall, stooping figure. He was led carefully up the steps, and the children flew into his arms, hugging him, kissing him, and weeping over him. He sat down on a low stool, and stared about him in a bewildered fashion. But gradually, as his eyes rested upon the dear familiar faces, his expression softened, the wild look of fright departed from his face, and the tears began slowly to course down his cheeks.

"Oh, children!" he said in a hoarse, broken voice; "I thought I should never see you again!"

He covered his face with his hands, and wept long and silently.

"They wanted to make a madman of me," he sobbed; "and they almost succeeded. Whatever I did or said — it made no difference — it only proved that I was mad. I came to believe it, children, and the thought was terrible to me; if I had staid another day, I should never have recovered my reason."

CHAPTER VI.—CONCLUSION.

FIVE years have passed since Fiddle-John and his sons were rescued from misery by Mr. Tenney. They now live in the porter's lodge of Mr. Tenney's beautiful Berkshire country-seat; and Fiddle-John,

with all his eccentricities, makes a very acceptable porter. The little stone cottage at the gate of the larger villa looks extremely picturesque with the green vines trailing over it, and it is comfortably and prettily furnished. "Little Karen" is now a matronly young woman with a strict sense of order, and



"HE SITS IN THE SHADOW OF THE VINES, WHILE HIS DAUGHTER READS TO HIM FROM THE OLD NORSE BALLAD-BOOKS."

many housewifely accomplishments. She goes to the high school in the morning, but studies at home in the afternoon, and keeps her father company. The boys are both big fellows now, and they are as good Americans as any to the manner born. Truls brags of American enterprise, and the blessings of democratic institutions, as if every drop of his Norse blood had become naturalized. He is an engineer, and earns good wages, and is full of hopefulness for the future. It need scarcely be said that his sister adores him, and regards him as one of the most remarkable men of the century.

Alf, who has inherited his father's handsome face and incapacity for practical concerns, is at present preparing to enter college. Mr. Tenney is much interested in him, as a lad of unusual ability and of singular sweetness of character; and it is owing to his generosity that Alf has been able to follow the career for which he is by nature and inclination adapted. He has his father's beautiful voice, too, and makes a sensation in the church choir every Sunday when he sustains the lovely tenor solo in the anthems.

He is a rather serious fellow, with thoughtful eyes, and a frank and open countenance. Some think he would have a fine career as a clergyman, but it is difficult to tell whether his inclination, in later years, will turn in that direction. His father, however, does all in his power to encourage this ambition, and it is not unlikely that his hopes may some day be fulfilled. In fact it is Fiddle-John's favorite occupation to hope and dream about the future of his sons.

During the long summer afternoons he sits in the shadow of the vines, outside of his cottage, while his daughter reads aloud to him from the

old Norse ballad books which he yet loves so dearly. And it happens very frequently, then, that the young men and women who are visiting at the neighboring villas come, in a company, and beg him to sing to them. They throw themselves down in easy attitudes upon the soft, close-trimmed lawn; and their bright garments, their crimson sunshades, and their fresh, youthful faces make a fine picture against the green background of elms and chestnut-trees.

To the gentle and guileless minstrel it is a great pleasure to see these gay and happy creatures; and when the young girls hang upon his chair and urge him to sing, his eyes beam with delight.

"Now, do sing, Fiddle-John!" they coaxingly say. "You know we have walked miles and miles to hear your voice. And here is a young lady from New York, who never heard a Norse song in all her life, and is disappointed because you look so nice and gentle, and not wild and savage as a son of the Vikings should."

Fiddle-John likes this kind of banter very well; and when finally he yields to their coaxing and lifts up his clear, strong voice, singing the sad, wild ballads of his native land, there falls a hush upon the noisy company, as if they were in the presence of a renowned artist. These are Fiddle-John's happiest moments. And it was on just such an occasion when, one beautiful afternoon in July, he had been entertaining the young people with his songs, that a swarthy-looking Savoyard walked up before his door, and began to whip up a bear which danced to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," played upon a wheezy hand-organ.

"Stop that dreadful noise!" said one of the young men; "we have a better kind of music here than your asthmatic organ can produce."

The Savoyard, being apparently well accustomed to this manner of address, swung his organ across his back and was about to take his departure, when Karen, prompted by some idle impulse, stepped up to the bear and patted it. Then a sudden change came over the young man's countenance. He stared for a moment fixedly at the little girl.

"Take care, *Carina Mia*," he said, with a smile; "that bear is a real one!"

"Annibale!" she cried in surprise; and, to be sure, it was Annibale!

He had grown five years older, but in other respects he had changed but little. He knew but very little more English than he had done on the day of his arrival, and his ambition still did not extend beyond hand-organs and bears. He reaped a plentiful harvest of coins that night, but that was owing to little Karen, and not to the doleful hand-organ. She ran into the cottage and spread out upon the lawn a rug, made out of a small bear-skin. "Do you know that, Annibale?" she cried, merrily.

"Garibaldi, my poor Garibaldi!" exclaimed the Savoyard, while the tears stood in his eyes; and he stooped down and caressed the furry head.

Now the curiosity of the young ladies was excited, and the whole company clamored for the story of Annibale and the bear-skin. They all seated themselves in a ring about Fiddle-John, and he told the story as I have told it to you. For I had the good luck to be one of the party.

THE END

THE STRANGE DOINGS OF THE KIWI.

By John R. Coryell.

Almost anything might be expected of so absurd a creature as the apteryx; but, really, it is surprising that it should be so foolish as to put its babies in prison. And perhaps, to be very correct, it does not do so, but what is almost as bad, it runs the risk of having its little ones imprisoned as soon as they come out of their shells.

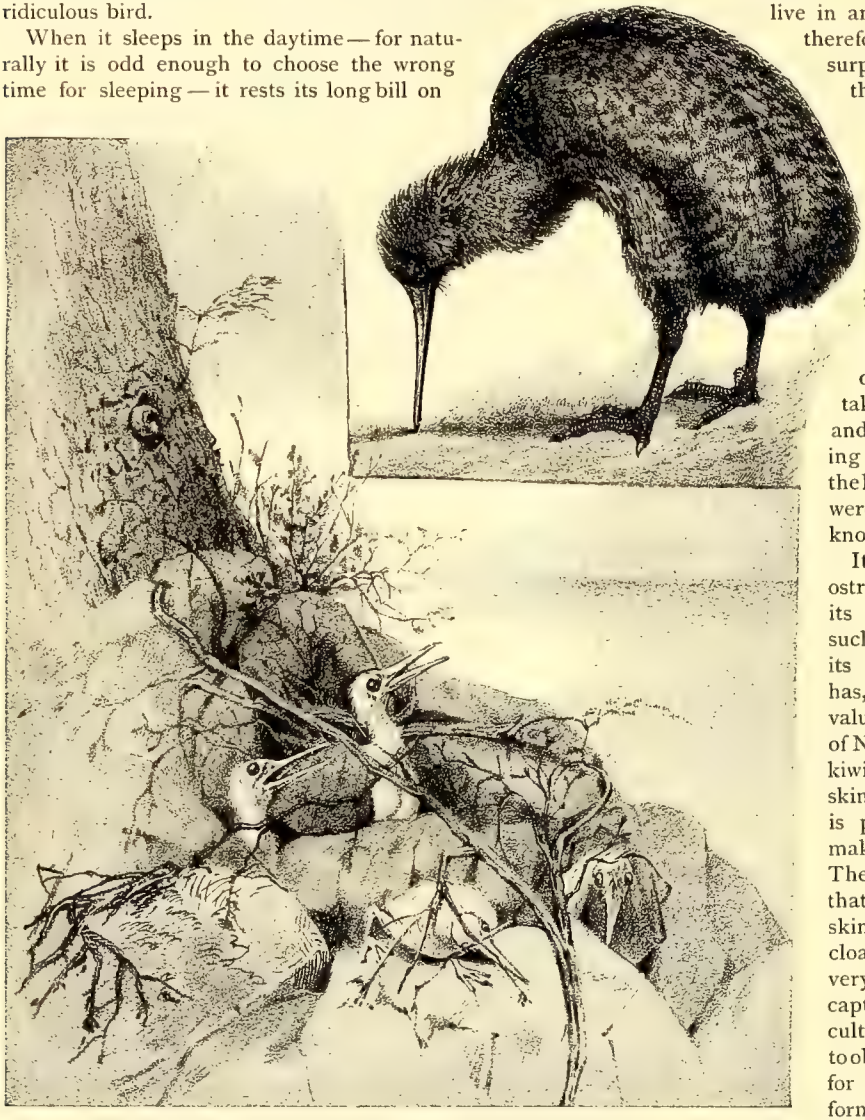
Kiwi-kiwi is the creature's real name, but scientific men call it apteryx, which is a Greek word meaning wingless, because, though a bird, it has no wings. That is absurd enough, but it does not satisfy the kiwi, who seems to have tried to be as unbirdlike as possible, and, in order to be so, has gone to very ridiculous extremes.

It not only has no wings, but it has no tail — not even so much as an apology for one. And, as if that were not enough, it has no feathers worthy of the name. Its quills are covered with soft down for about one-third of their length, and then are fringed with hair-like webs out to the ends, which are sharply pointed. It is only as large as a common domestic fowl, but it has much stronger and stouter legs and bigger feet.

Of course you can not be surprised to learn that

such a bird looks at first sight like a quadruped. It carries its head low and hobbles along in a most uncouth fashion, moving so swiftly when pursued, however, that it is very difficult to capture this ridiculous bird.

When it sleeps in the daytime — for naturally it is odd enough to choose the wrong time for sleeping — it rests its long bill on the ground, and so makes itself look like a strange sort of three-legged stool. Most other birds use their beaks or their wings or their spurs to fight with, but it would be foolish to expect any such natural proceeding from the kiwi; and, in fact, its plan of fighting is to kick. It is very fond of earth-worms; and one of its ways of procuring them is worthy of so odd a bird. It thumps the earth with its big feet, and if there are any worms in the vicinity, up they come to discover what is the matter.



HOW THE BABY KIWIS ARE SOMETIMES IMPRISONED.

It would hardly be in keeping with the rest of its habits for this absurd bird to live in an ordinary place; therefore it should not surprise us to know that it is found only in New Zealand. When it was first described, naturalists refused to believe in its existence; and who can blame them? But after a while, a stuffed specimen of the apteryx was taken to England, and later, several living ones, so that the learned gentlemen were forced to acknowledge its reality.

It is a cousin of the ostrich, and though its plumage has no such value for us as its large relative's has, it is very highly valued by the natives of New Zealand. The kiwi has a very tough skin, which, when it is properly dressed, makes good leather. The bird is so small that it takes many skins to make a kiwi cloak, and, as it is very rare and hard to capture, it is a difficult matter for a man to obtain skins enough for a garment. In former times, only chiefs were permitted to wear kiwi cloaks, and the happy possessor of such a treasure would not part with it for any consideration.

All this may seem like wandering from the subject of how the baby kiwi is imprisoned, but if you did not know how consistently absurd the kiwi is, how could you believe the crowning piece of absurdity?

Most birds sit *on* their eggs; but though the kiwi

lays but one, she sits *under* it. Yes, she lays only one egg, but such an egg! The kiwi weighs about four pounds, and her egg weighs about one pound — one-quarter of the weight of the bird. Usually this monstrous egg is laid among the roots of a tree and covered with leaves and moss. Then Mamma kiwi digs under the egg, so that one end of it protrudes through the roof of the tunnel she has made. Having accomplished this, she squeezes herself into the tunnel and remains there, warming one end of the egg with her back, while the decomposing moss and leaves above produce heat enough to keep the rest of the egg warm. Papa kiwi takes turns with Mamma kiwi at this curious sort of brooding, and neither of them appears to be at all aware of the peculiar danger to which their little birds may be exposed. For even city children must have noticed how in the spring the trees throw out roots and branches in a wonderfully short time. And it is not at all unusual to see even the heavy flag-stones lifted out of place by the vigorously growing roots. Is it astonishing then that sometimes the trees selected by the kiwis should throw out roots which grow over the eggs laid at their feet? It takes the egg six weeks to hatch, and during that time the roots have ample time to become so stout that the poor little kiwis, after breaking their shells, find themselves securely hemmed in, able to look out, but unable to get out.

It is thus the baby kiwis are imprisoned.

CUPID AND THE MUTINEERS.*

By Mary J. Safford.

"Jump, Cupid, jump!" cried a man's harsh voice. "Higher, *filou*, higher, I say! See how Pistache and Monsieur are pirouetting yonder, and Mimi is whirling around like a top. Bah, stupid one, thou 'rt not worth thy salt! Thou 'lt never make a dancer. Ah, thou dunce! Another bad step! *Sacr-r-r-re!*" he exclaimed, rolling the r with the burr that only a Frenchman's tongue can give.

It was a bright summer morning, nearly three quarters of a century ago. The animal our showman so wrathfully berated was a pretty white French poodle. It was dancing wearily to the sound of a fiddle upon a platform, covered with spangled red velvet, which had been erected in the main street of the gay French seaport of Bordeaux. His companions, five or six other dogs arrayed in costumes of brilliant hues, kept time alertly to the shrill notes squeaked by their master's old violin; but poor Cupid, with drooping head, and tail tucked forlornly between his legs, looked the very image of shame, and constantly sidled toward the edge of the improvised stage, as if seeking an opportunity to escape. But the Frenchman's keen eye never left the dog, and his angry shouts and orders kept up a monotonous accompaniment to the ear-splitting music.

A tall, handsome man, with the rolling gait peculiar to sailors, came strolling down the street, just as the showman, out of patience, struck the poodle sharply with his bow, shouting, "Jump, Cupid, jump, I say, or thou 'lt get naught but blows for thy supper."

The stranger who was passing — the captain of an American vessel lying in the port — attracted by the angry voice and the poor animal's piteous appearance, stopped beside the gaudy little stage.

"I declare!" he exclaimed, "the dog 's half a Christian; he knows enough to be ashamed of his business. I don't blame him."

"He 's a regular good-for-nothing, Monsieur!" cried the showman. "A pretty fellow, as you see, and clever, too, no doubt of that; but he 's of no use to me. He 'll never make a dancer. I 've worked hard for three months to train him, but 't was mere waste of time. Look at him now, with his tail between his legs, trying to sneak away. He 's more trouble than all the rest put together. He 's not worth feeding. Bah, *vilain* Cupid!"

"What will you take for him?" asked the captain suddenly. "If he 's so unpromising a pupil as you say, I suppose you won't be sorry to get rid of him?"

"Ah! Monsieur wants to buy him? Yes, a fine dog, a beautiful animal for a gentleman's pet, as Monsieur sees," replied the showman, instantly ready to drive a sharp bargain. But, as he was really anxious to dispose of the poodle, which, despite the many good qualities suddenly discovered and vaunted by his owner, had evidently not been destined by nature to shine in his present profession, a price was soon fixed; and Captain Percival, lifting the dog from the stage, said kindly, "There, poor fellow!" and set him gently on the sidewalk.

Then Cupid danced for joy,— leaping into the air to lick his new master's hand, careering around and around him in circles, rolling over and over at his

* The facts related in this story are literally true.

feet. The liberated animal barked and wagged his tail till it seemed as if he were really trying to jump out of his skin in his efforts to express his gratitude to the friend who had rescued him from misery.

Captain Percival took Cupid to his ship. Soon after, the poodle crossed the sea and ere long became a welcome pet in his new master's home. But when the captain sailed on his next voyage, the poor dog grieved so sadly, and greeted his return with so many frantic demonstrations of delight, that his kind-hearted owner, patting the silky head, said that on his next trip — a voyage to India — Cupid should certainly not be left behind.

Well for the captain that he made the promise! The passage was long and stormy, part of his crew sickened in Calcutta, and on reaching Lisbon he was short-handed and found himself obliged to fill the places of the missing men with Portuguese and Italian sailors,— a desperate-looking crowd. Many vessels had lately stopped at the port to fill up their crews, able-bodied seamen were scarce, and on the last morning of his stay, Captain Percival still lacked one man of his number. He was sitting in his cabin writing a letter, when a shadow fell across the page, and Cupid, who was lying at his feet, suddenly growled. Looking up, he saw a tall, powerful fellow with a low, beetling brow, black eyes, sleek, straight black hair, and a villainous expression of countenance.

The sailor said that he wished to go to America, and, hearing that another man was wanted on board the vessel, he had come to ship for the voyage. The captain hesitated, but the Portuguese handed him recommendations stating that the bearer was a strong fellow, and a thorough seaman; so, as the vessel only had to make the run across the Atlantic to Boston, Captain Percival finally decided, though with extreme reluctance, to take him.

Cupid was a dog given to strong likes and dislikes. He seemed to share his master's unfavorable opinion of the new-comer, for he growled and showed his white teeth whenever José came near him; but, like a wise animal, he warily kept out of the sailor's way, and never gave him a chance to execute his oft-muttered threats of dire vengeance on "the captain's cur."

The homeward voyage was a stormy one. Head winds and gales drove the vessel out of her course, and taxed the patience of crew and captain, keeping the latter constantly on deck, and making the men discontented because of the extra labor entailed upon them. José, though outwardly perfectly respectful and even subservient to the captain and mates, was always ready, when out of their hearing, to complain of the hard work, to hint that the officers might make it easier if they cared for the comfort of their men. By every means in his power, as was afterward discovered, he endeavored to increase the dissatisfaction already prevailing among the motley crew.

At last, when the ship was midway across the Atlantic, after several unusually tempestuous nights, the wind lulled toward evening, one day, and Captain Percival, leaving his ship in charge of the first mate, went down to his cabin to take the rest he so sorely needed. Hardly had his head touched the pillow, when he fell asleep.

But almost immediately, as it seemed to the weary man, he was roused by Cupid's leaping on the berth.

"Down, Cupid!" he murmured sleepily, pushing the faithful dog away, and settling himself to slumber again. But the animal roused him a second time.

"Down, Cupid!" he ordered sharply, and the poodle, with a low whine, crouched on the cabin floor. But the captain had scarcely closed his eyes, before the dog was again at the side of the berth; and now his master was unable to quiet him.

Surprised by the persistence of the usually docile animal, the captain sat up and listened. All was still; he heard nothing but the wash of the water against the sides of the vessel as she plunged onward through the surging seas. Cupid ran to the table where the captain had put his pistols, and raising himself on his hind legs, seized one in his mouth, brought it to his master, and laid it at his feet. Just at that moment there was a faint sound overhead, as if men were scuffling on deck. Cupid growled fiercely, and ran toward the cabin door. His master hastily grasped his pistols and rushed up the cabin stairs, the dog following close at his heels. An instant more and he would have been too late. Just as he reached the deck, the mate, stunned by a violent blow, fell heavily, and two dark forms glided stealthily toward the stairs. There was no time to parley. Without a moment's pause, the captain fired at the foremost, and the dusky figure, reeling forward, sank at his feet. It was the Portuguese, José.

"Help, men, help!" shouted the captain; and at the sound of the familiar voice, his own faithful sailors rallied around him; the second mate joined them, and the mutineers, discouraged by their leader's death and the failure of the surprise they had planned, yielded after a short struggle.

After this exploit, as may be imagined, never was dog more petted and praised than Cupid. Nor did his master ever again leave him behind when he made a voyage. The captain's tall, erect form, and the pretty snow-white poodle trotting by his side became almost as well known in sunny Lisbon, bustling Havre, smoky Liverpool, and even fiery Calcutta, as in the streets of Boston.

THE BOYHOOD OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By William H. Rideing.



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, NEAR HAVERHILL, MASS.

The life of Whittier may be read in his poems, and, by putting a note here and a date there, a full autobiography might be compiled from them. His boyhood and youth are depicted in them with such detail that little need be added to make the story complete, and that little, reverently done as it may be, must seem poor in comparison with the poetic beauty of his own revelations.

What more can we do to show his early home than to quote from his own beautiful poem, "Snow-bound"? There the house is pictured for us, inside and out, with all its furnishings; and those who gather around its hearth, inmates and visitors, are set before us so clearly that long after the book has been put away they remain as distinct in the memory as portraits that are visible day after day on the walls of our own homes. He reproduces in his verse the landscapes he saw, the legends of witches and Indians he listened to, the schoolfellows he played with, the voices of the woods and fields, and the round of toil and pleasure in a country boy's life; and in other poems his later life, with its impassioned devotion to freedom and lofty faith, is reflected as lucidly as his youth is in "Snow-bound" and "The Barefoot Boy."

He himself was "The Barefoot Boy," and what Robert Burns said of himself Whittier might repeat: "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plow, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." He was a farmer's son, born at a time when farm-life in New England was more frugal than it is now, and with no other heritage than the good name and example of parents and kinsmen, in whom simple virtues — thrift, industry, and piety — abounded.

His birthplace still stands near Haverhill, Mass., — a house in one of the hollows of the surrounding hills, little altered from what it was in 1807, the year he was born, when it was already at least a century and a half old.

He had no such opportunities for culture as Holmes and Lowell had in their youth. His parents were intelligent and upright people of

limited means, who lived in all the simplicity of the Quaker faith, and there was nothing in his early surroundings to encourage and develop a literary taste. Books were scarce, and the twenty volumes on his father's shelves were, with one exception, about Quaker doctrines and Quaker heroes. The exception was a novel, and that was hidden away from the children, for fiction was forbidden fruit. No library or scholarly companionship was within reach; and if his gift had been less than genius, it could never have triumphed over the many disadvantages with which it had to contend. Instead of a poet he would have been a farmer like his forefathers. But literature was a spontaneous impulse with him, as natural as the song of a bird; and he was not wholly dependent on training and opportunity, as he would have been had he possessed mere talent.

Frugal from necessity, the life of the Whittiers was not sordid nor cheerless to him, moreover; and he looks back to it as tenderly as if it had been full of luxuries. It was sweetened by strong affections, simple tastes, and an unflinching sense of duty; and in all the members of the household the love of nature was so genuine that meadow, wood, and river yielded them all the pleasure they needed, and they scarcely missed the refinements of art.

Surely there could not be a pleasanter or more homelike picture than that which the poet has given us of the family on the night of the great storm when the old house was snow-bound:

> "Shut in from all the world without,
> We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
> Content to let the north wind roar
> In baffled rage at pane and door,
> While the red logs before us beat
> The frost-line back with tropic heat.
> And ever when a louder blast
> Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
> The merrier up its roaring draught
> The great throat of the chimney laughed.
> The house-dog on his paws outspread,
> Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
> The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
> A couchant tiger's seemed to fall,
> And for the winter fireside meet
> Between the andiron's straddling feet,
> The mug of cider simmered slow,
> The apples sputtered in a row,
> And close at hand the basket stood
> With nuts from brown October's wood."

The father was a plain, taciturn, yet prompt and decisive man, who in early life had explored the vast wilderness which extended from New Hampshire to Canada, and sitting before the fire he told of his adventures:

> "Our father rode again his ride
> On Memphremagog's wooded side;
> Sat down again to moose and samp,
> In trapper's hut and Indian camp."

The mother was a woman of gentle ways, much loved and honored in the neighborhood, with a low voice and a benign face:

> "Our mother, while she turned her wheel,
> Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
> Told how the Indian hordes came down
> At midnight on Cochecho town;
> And how her own great-uncle bore
> His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore —
> Recalling in her fitting phrase,
> So rich and picturesque and free
> (The common unrhymed poetry
> Of simple life and country ways),
> The story of her early days."

Her sister, Mercy Hussey, lived with the family, and, like Mrs. Whittier, wore the gray dress and spotless white cap of the Quakers:

> "The sweetest woman ever Fate
> Perverse denied a household mate."
> . . . . . .
> "Through years of toil and soil and care,
> From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
> All unprofaned she held apart
> The virgin fancies of the heart."

His father's brother, Moses Whittier, also was a member of the family — "a simple, guileless, childlike man" — and a great favorite, especially with the boys, as may be supposed from this picture:

> "Our uncle, innocent of books,
> Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
> The ancient teachers, never dumb,
> Of nature's unbound lyceum.
> In moons and tides, and weather-wise,
> He read the clouds as prophecies,
> And foul or fair could well divine
> By many an occult hint and sign,
> Holding the cunning-warded keys
> To all the wood-craft mysteries.
> . . . . . .
> He told how teal and loon he shot,
> And how the eagle's eggs he got,
> The feats on pond and river done,
> The prodigies of rod and gun,
> 'Till, warming with the tales he told,
> Forgotten was the outside cold.
> The bitter wind unheeded blew,
> From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
> The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
> Went fishing down the river brink;
> In fields with bean or clover gay,
> The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
> Peered from the doorway of his cell,
> The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
> And tier by tier his mud-walls laid:
> And from the shag-bark overhead
> The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell."

There were four children, two boys and two girls:

> "Our elder sister plied
> Her evening task the stand beside;
> A full, rich nature, free to trust,
> Truthful and almost sternly just,
> Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
> And make each generous thought a fact,
> Keeping, with many a light disguise,
> The secret of self-sacrifice."
> . . . . . .
> "Upon the motley braided mat
> Our youngest and our dearest sat,

Lifting her large, sweet asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise."

For a picture of the poet himself we must turn to the verses in "The Barefoot Boy," in which he says:

"O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden-wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches, too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!"*

The neighbors were as simple and as frugal as the Whittiers, though some of them were not so intelligent. They still believed in witches, and one night at a husking, when a big black bug came buzzing into the room, it was declared to be an old woman who was suspected of witchcraft. They struck at it and knocked it down, and when on the next day the old woman was found in her cottage, they would not believe that the bruises with which she was covered had been received in a fall downstairs as she claimed, and insisted that they were the marks of the blows struck at the bug. Old Captain P——, who lived near her, and had a house and several barns, covered them all over with horseshoes to keep the witch out.

Their simplicity is illustrated by still another story. A man was seen looking about in the woods with a gun, and gazing into all the bushes and up into the trees. At first they thought he was a lunatic, and then deciding that he was a British spy, they had him arrested. The judge examined him, and found out that his only business was shooting birds.

"Well," said the judge, "what do you do with them — eat them?"

"No."

"Sell them?"

"No; I study them."

He was the celebrated ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, but the statement that he devoted all his time to studying birds was so incredible, that he would have been sent to jail as a spy if he had not been able to prove his truthfulness by a letter from a Boston gentleman which was in his possession.

There must have been some appeal to the imagination of a poetic youth in this medieval inexperience, and what charm there was in it Whittier certainly found. It is not his nature to complain, and there is no word of self-pity in all his works to show that he was ever dissatisfied with his condition in boyhood. But one can not help thinking that the budding poet, with his delicate sensibilities and perceptions, must have pined now and then for more books and the conversation of scholars.

I doubt if any boy ever rose to intellectual eminence who had fewer opportunities for education than Whittier. He had no such pasturage to browse on as is open to every reader who, by simply reaching them out, can lay his hands on the treasures of English literature. He had to borrow books wherever they could be found among the neighbors who were willing to lend, and he thought nothing of walking several miles for one volume. The only instruction he received was at the district school, which was open a few weeks in midwinter, and at the Haverhill Academy, which he attended two terms of six months each, paying tuition by work in spare hours, and by keeping a small school himself. A feeble spirit would have languished under such disadvantages. But Whittier scarcely refers to them, and instead of begging for pity, he takes them as part of the common lot, and seems to remember only what was beautiful and good in his early life.

Occasionally a stranger knocked at the door of the old homestead in the valley; sometimes it was a distinguished Quaker from abroad, but oftener it was a peddler or some vagabond begging for food, which was seldom refused. Once a foreigner came and asked for lodgings for the night — a dark, repulsive man, whose appearance was so much against him that Mrs. Whittier was afraid to admit him. No sooner had she sent him away, however, than she repented. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she thought. The young poet (who was not yet recognized as such) offered to go out in search of him, and presently returned with him, having found him standing in the roadway just as he had been turned away from another house.

"He took his seat with us at the supper-table," says Whittier in one of his prose sketches, "and when we were all gathered around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of the grape-gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts, and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark sallow face lighted up, and his

* The selections from Mr. Whittier's poems contained in this article are included by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

fierce eyes moistened with grateful emotion as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marveled at the fears which had so nearly closed our doors against him, and as he departed we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor."

This reads like a passage from the Vicar of Wakefield, and we are reminded of the same book by the poet's description of Jonathan Plummer, "maker of verses, peddler and poet, physician and parson," who, twice a year, came to the Whittier homestead. "He brought with him pins, needles, tape, and cotton thread for my mother; jack-knives, razors, and soap for my father, and verses of his own composing, coarsely printed and illustrated with rude wood-cuts, for the delectation of the younger branches of the family. No love-sick youth could drown himself, no deserted maiden bewail the moon, no rogue mount the gallows without fitting memorial in Plummer's verses. Earthquakes, fires, and shipwrecks he regarded as personal favors from Providence, furnishing the raw material of song and ballad. Welcome to us in our country seclusion as Autolycus to the clown in 'A Winter's Tale,' we listened with infinite satisfaction to his readings of his own verses, or to his ready improvisation upon some domestic incident or topic suggested by his auditors. * * * He was scrupulously conscientious, devout, inclined to theological disquisitions, and withal mighty in Scripture. He was thoroughly independent; flattered nobody, cared for nobody, trusted nobody. When invited to sit down at our dinner-table, he invariably took the precaution to place his basket of valuables between his legs for safe-keeping. 'Never mind thy basket, Jonathan,' said my father; 'we shan't steal thy verses.' 'I 'm not sure of that,' returned the suspicious guest. 'It is written, "Trust ye not in any brother."'"

Another guest came to the house one day. It was a vagrant old Scotchman, who, when he had been treated to bread and cheese and cider, sang some of the songs of Robert Burns, which Whittier then heard for the first time, and which he never forgot. Coming to him thus as songs reached the people before printing was invented, through gleemen and minstrels, their sweetness lingered in his ears, and he soon found himself singing in the same strain. Some of his earliest inspirations were drawn from Burns, and he tells us of his joy when one day, after the visit of the old Scotchman, his schoolmaster loaned him a copy of that poet's works. "I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures," he says in his simple way.



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE, HAVERHILL, MASS.

Indeed, he began to rhyme very early and kept his gift a secret from all, except his oldest sister, fearing that his father, who was a prosaic man, would think that he was wasting time. He wrote under the fence, in the attic, in the barn — wherever he could escape observation; and as pen and ink were not always available, he sometimes used chalk, and even charcoal. Great was the surprise of the family when some of his verses were unearthed, literally unearthed, from under a heap of rubbish in a garret; but his father frowned upon these evidences of the bent of his mind, not out of unkindness, but because he doubted the sufficiency of the boy's education for a literary life, and did not wish to inspire him with hopes which might never be fulfilled.

His sister had faith in him, nevertheless, and without his knowledge, she sent one of his poems to the editor of *The Free Press*, a newspaper published in Newburyport. Whittier was helping his father to repair a stone wall by the roadside when the carrier flung a copy of the paper to him, and, unconscious that anything of his was in it, he

opened it and glanced up and down the columns. His eyes fell on some verses called "The Exile's Departure."

"Fond scenes, which delighted my youthful existence,
With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu —
A lasting adieu; for now, dim in the distance,
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,
Which guard the loved shores of my own native land;
Farewell to the village and sail-shadowed bay,
The forest-crowned hill and the water-washed strand."

His eyes swam; it was his own poem, the first he ever had in print.

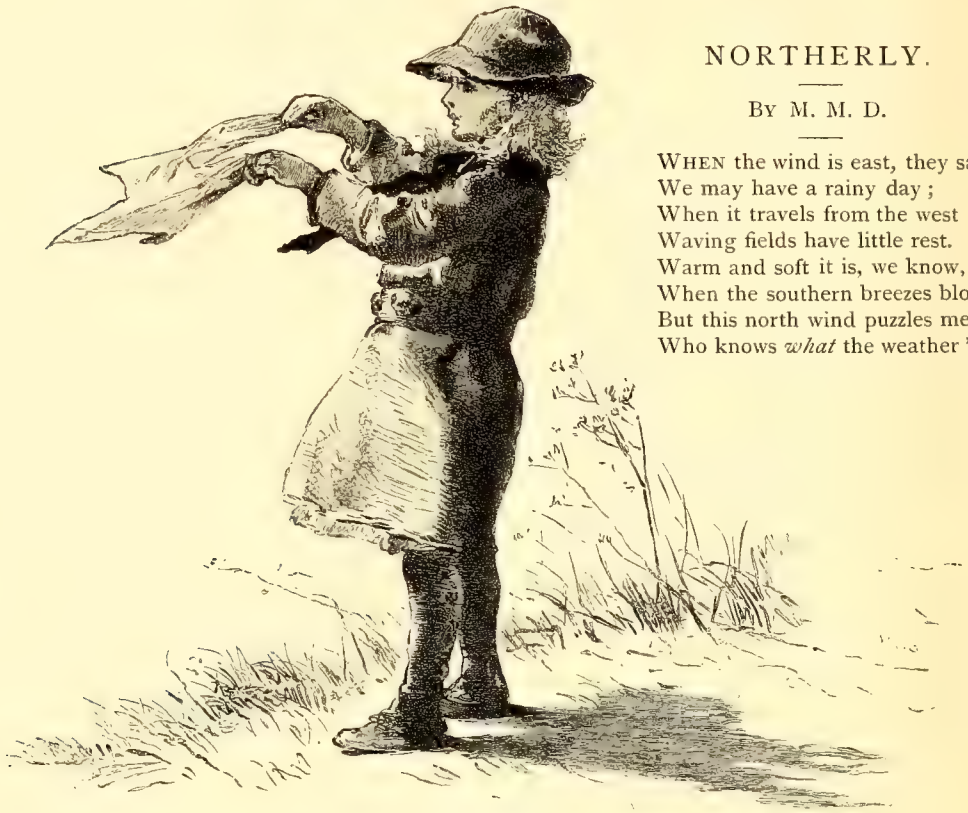
"What is the matter with thee?" his father demanded, seeing how dazed he was; but, though he resumed his work on the wall, he could not speak, and he had to steal a glance at the paper again and again, before he could convince himself that he was not dreaming. Sure enough, the poem was there with his initial at the foot of it,— "W., Haverhill, June 1st, 1826," and, better still, this editorial notice: "If 'W.,' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day, we shall esteem it a favor."

The editor thought so much of "The Exile's Departure," and some other verses which followed it from the same hand, that he resolved to make the acquaintance of his new contributor, and he drove over to see him. Whittier, then a boy of eighteen, was summoned from the fields where he was working, clad only in shirt, trousers, and straw hat, and having slipped in at the back door so that he might put his shoes and coat on, came into the room with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The editor was a young man himself, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, and the friendship that began with this visit lasted until death ended it. How strong and how close it was, and how it was made to serve the cause of freedom, may be learned in the life of the great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, which was the editor's name.

The poet's corner of the newspaper did not prove to be the temple of fame which Whittier imagined it to be when *The Free Press* was dropped into his hands with his poem in it, and he still had an uphill path before him. But he was not consumed by the desire for the glitter and noise which satisfy some ambitions, and he lost thought of himself in the great struggle for the emancipation of the negro, in which he joined with his friend Garrison. Fame never passes true genius by, however; and when it came, it brought with it the love and reverence of thousands, who recognize in Whittier a nature abounding in patience, unselfishness, and all the sweetness of Christian charity.



WHITTIER'S STUDY AT AMESBURY, MASS.



NORTHERLY.

BY M. M. D.

WHEN the wind is east, they say,
We may have a rainy day;
When it travels from the west
Waving fields have little rest.
Warm and soft it is, we know,
When the southern breezes blow;
But this north wind puzzles me,—
Who knows *what* the weather 'll be!

MY DOG.

BY BESSIE HILL.

I LOVE my dog — a beautiful dog,
Brave and alert for a race;
Ready to frolic with baby or man;
Dignified, too, in his place.

I like his bark,— a resonant bark,
Musical, honest, and deep;
And his swirling tail and his shaggy coat
And his sudden, powerful leap.

Oh, never a corpulent pug for me,
Nor a Spitz with treacherous snap!
Never a trembling, pattering hound,
Nor a poodle to live on my lap!

No soft-lined basket for bed has Jack,
Nor bib, nor luxurious plate;
But the doorstep brown, that he guards so well,
And the lawn are his royal state.

No dainty leading-ribbon of silk
My grand, good dog shall fret;
No golden collar needs he, to show
He 's a very expensive pet;

But just my loving voice for a chain,
His bound at my slightest sign,
And the faith when we look in each other's eyes
Proclaim that my dog is mine.

He 'll never be carried in arms like a babe,
Nor be dragged like a toy, all a-curl;
For he proudly knows he 's a dog, does Jack,
And I 'm not that sort of a girl.

GENERAL GRANT AT VICKSBURG.

By General Adam Badeau.

THE city of Vicksburg stands on a hill two hundred feet high, on the east bank of the Mississippi River, five hundred and fifty miles from the sea. The country on the opposite shore is low and flat, and guns on the bluffs can absolutely prevent the passage of unarmed vessels below. Thus whoever occupied Vicksburg commanded the most important river in America.

The control of this river was the principal object of the Civil War west of the Alleghanies; for the Mississippi not only connected the northern and southern portions of the Confederacy, but was the only natural avenue by which the North-western States could reach the outside world. Without this river they could neither send their products to market nor receive those of other countries in return. When the war began, many of the railroads that now cover the land were still unbuilt, and the few that existed at the South were soon broken up by the armies, or held by one side or the other to the exclusion of the enemy. Without the Mississippi either the North or the South was like a man so maimed that his life is endangered.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, therefore, the Confederates seized a number of important positions on the banks of the great river, and for more than a year the North was excluded from its waters south of St. Louis. But one after another these various points were captured by the Union armies, till at last only Vicksburg and Port Hudson remained to the Confederates. These two places, however, the Southerners fortified strongly, and with these they still retained possession of the Mississippi for a distance of four hundred miles.

In November, 1862, General Grant was placed in command of the Union forces in West Tennessee, the nearest territory to Vicksburg at that time held by the Government. He at once asked permission of Halleck, the General-in-Chief, to march south and attack Vicksburg from the land side. Halleck consented, and Grant started with 30,000 men, and easily drove back any opposition from his front. But the distance was long; he was in an enemy's country, and all his supplies came by a single railroad. He was therefore slow in advancing, and after he had marched about sixty miles south, the Confederate cavalry got in his rear, cut the railroad by which he was supplied, destroyed his principal depot of food, and interrupted for a week all his communications with the North.

Up to this time, his army had lived on the rations that came by the railroad, but when Grant found himself deprived of these supplies, he ordered his troops to take the necessary provisions from the country. But though the army was thus able to subsist for a while, Grant did not find food enough to encourage him to proceed. Thus the Confederate maneuver was successful: it compelled Grant to abandon his campaign and retrace his steps to Tennessee. But it taught Grant the lesson that an army can sometimes live without carrying its supplies; that is, can take its supplies from the country in which it is moving.

Grant was never discouraged by one rebuff, and as soon as he reached Tennessee he decided to move his entire command down the Mississippi on steamboats and attack Vicksburg on the water front. It took him a month to assemble his army, but at the end of that period all was ready, and on the 30th of January he arrived in person on the scene.

The Mississippi is a meandering stream, often running north, south, east and west in the course of ten or twenty miles. Its basin is a low, flat region, fifty miles in width, bounded on the eastern side by bluffs that rise precipitously from eighty to two hundred feet. Through this valley the great river seems to wander blindly, sometimes washing the base of the hills for miles, and then suddenly running off in the opposite direction among the thickets and forests. Every year the Mississippi rises above its banks, and as the land is higher near the shore, the water flows always toward the bluffs, making its way through a labyrinth of creeks, or bayous, as they are called, till it strikes the hills, and then is forced back to the parent stream. Often the whole region is overflowed, and the country is only made safe from the freshets by artificial embankments called levees, which are raised on each side of the river. Even these sometimes prove insufficient to prevent inundation, and in the spring of the year the whole valley is little more than one vast marsh a thousand miles long and from fifty to a hundred wide, in which the great river winds its devious way from side to side. The soil is rich and overgrown with underbrush and forests of semi-tropical trees, among which ponds and bayous abound. There could not be a worse region for the operations of an army. Heavy wagons, artillery, horses, and even troops, could hardly be moved along the narrow and often submerged roads, while it was difficult to find dry

spots large enough for camps. This condition of the country was one of the most effective of all the defenses of Vicksburg.

The city overlooks the river at one of its most remarkable bends. The Mississippi here winds so as to form a tongue of land on the western bank jutting out immediately opposite Vicksburg. This tongue is not more than a mile and a quarter wide, but five or six miles long; and as it is low and level the garrison of the town could throw cannon balls completely across the peninsula. The Confederates thus commanded the river for a distance of fifteen miles.

Grant's army was disembarked at Milliken's Bend, immediately above this tongue, but far enough off to be out of reach of the guns of the city. It was, of course, impossible to occupy the low land in front of or opposite Vicksburg, and the city could not be attacked on the north, for the bluffs at that point are so steep that when defended by heavy cannon and brave soldiers there was no hope of carrying them by assault. Grant therefore was obliged to devise some means of reaching the high land on the eastern bank, where he could fight on hard dry ground. There were three different plans proposed, each of which he tried.

He first attempted to cut a canal across the tongue of land in front of Vicksburg, in the hope that the river would run through, and that he could then carry his army on steamers, out of reach of the guns of the enemy, to some point below the city where he could find dry land. Thousands of workmen, soldiers and negroes, were engaged for two months at this task; but just as the work was nearly complete, a rise in the river occurred, the banks of the canal broke, and the waters rushed in, covering the whole region, submerging the camps, sweeping away machinery and tools, and the men were obliged to fly for their lives. The enemy also threw shells all over the peninsula. So this attempt was abandoned.

But even while he was engaged on the canal, Grant was working at another enterprise. There is a system of lakes and creeks on the west side of the Mississippi, beginning at Lake Providence, fifty or sixty miles north of Vicksburg. Through this it was thought that a circuitous channel might be opened, by breaking banks, connecting streams, digging canals and removing timber, so that light steamers might force their way through the forests and marshes till they reached the Mississippi again, coming out at the mouth of the Red River, after a journey of four hundred miles. But the difficulty of clearing away the timber was prodigious, and it was found impossible to make the channel deep enough for the only steamers that could be procured. The streams, too, widened into swamps till the channel was completely lost; and this scheme of sailing over the land was found impracticable.

If it had succeeded, the undertaking would not only have turned the waters of the Mississippi away from Vicksburg, but might even have diverted the mighty torrent into the Atchafalaya River, and left the great city of New Orleans high and dry, an inland town. It was a bold adventure — to attempt to change the course of the greatest river on the globe.

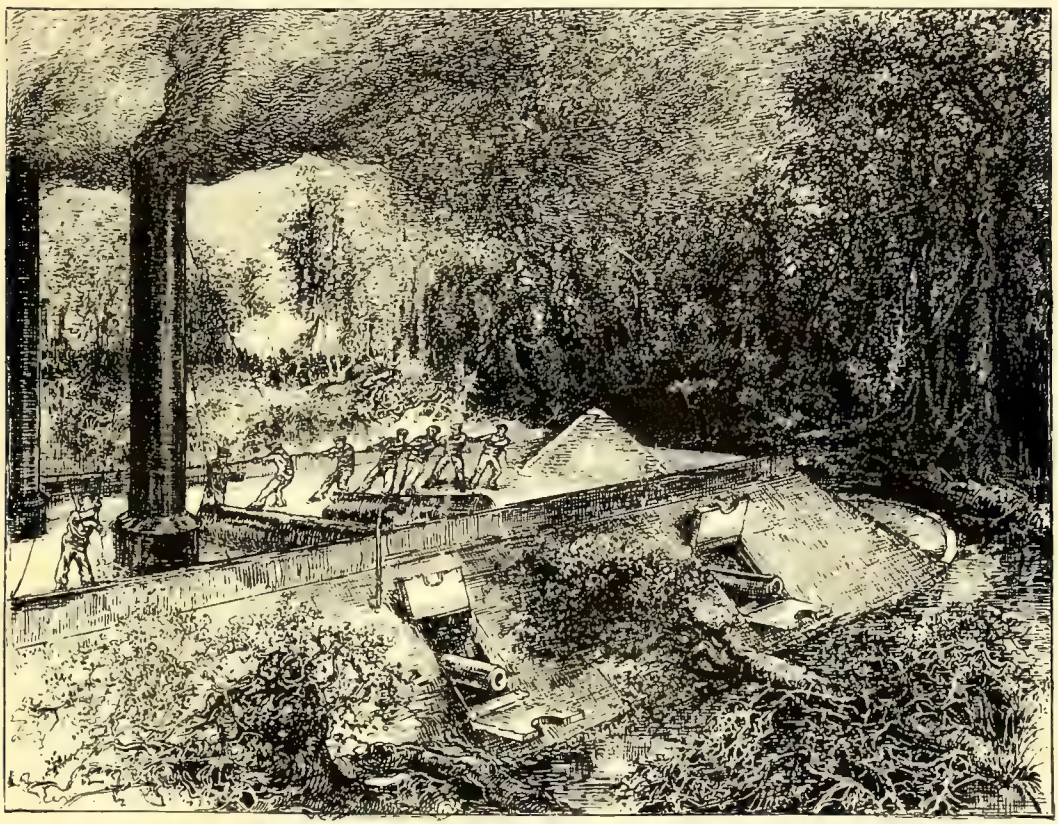
Grant, however, had little hope of accomplishing such results, and while the work at Lake Providence and on the canal was proceeding, he allowed his subordinates to undertake still another task. This was to open a channel on the eastern side, through crooked and difficult streams to a point on the Yazoo River northeast of Vicksburg. From this place the troops could perhaps reach dry land and attack the city from the interior. But still greater obstacles were encountered here than on the western side. The enemy hewed trees in advance to form rafts and entanglements in the streams; one of these barricades was a mile and a quarter long, and composed of no fewer than eighty trees, reaching from bank to bank. Trunks weighing nearly a hundred tons had to be hauled out of the water, the men working up to their waists in the stream. This took them so long that while they were making their way through the intricate network of forest and bayou, the Southerners had time to fortify strongly below. But in one month a passage was cleared and steamers were able to carry troops through the wilderness into a part of the stream so deep and wide that obstructions were no longer possible.

They sailed 250 miles through an unbroken forest, and the whole distance from Milliken's Bend, where the army lay, to the point above Vicksburg which they hoped to reach, was 900 miles. Finally they arrived at the fort which the enemy had built since they started, and Grant now sent re-inforcements around from the Mississippi, while Pemberton, the commander in Vicksburg, hurried his men by shorter lines from the city. It was a strange situation in the wilderness, each force separated so far from its chief, and each groping around in thicket and swamp to find its enemy.

But Grant's troops were now in imminent danger of being cut off, so far away from any support, and he determined to dispatch still another force through still another of these labyrinths to attack the rear of the enemy. This route was by far the most intricate and difficult of all in the region. General Sherman was first sent up the passage with a division of troops, marching across a narrow strip of land and building bridges over the swamp; then he took steamers, while Admiral Porter with a fleet of gunboats moved in advance to protect

the unarmed vessels. The drift timber obstructed the channel, and the turns were so short that the Admiral had to heave his vessels around the bends, and it took him twenty-four hours to advance four miles. The trees met overhead, but the limbs were broken by the heavy ironclads as they made a way for the lighter transports behind. Trunks had to be pulled up by the roots, and stumps sawn off below the surface of the water; chimneys and pilot-houses were swept away by the branches that reached down from above and on either hand; the ger that Porter might not be able to return. The labor of removing these obstructions was prodigious, and continued night and day under both artillery and musketry fire. Finally, Porter sent back for General Sherman to come quickly to his relief.

Sherman started at once with all the troops he had at hand. It was night, and there was hardly a track of land wide enough to march over; but he led his men by lighted candles through the cane-brake, to the assistance of their comrades. They found Porter with his ironclads three feet



NAVIGATING A FOREST. ONE OF ADMIRAL PORTER'S GUNBOATS IN THE BAYOUS NORTH-EAST OF VICKSBURG.

gunboats moved like snails, but they pushed all saplings, bushes and drift aside.

The creek at last became impassable for the steamers. But there was no dry land, and it was impossible to march; so the men were put on tugs and coal barges. In this way the land forces fell behind, and the naval vessels, now some miles in advance, were attacked by the sharpshooters from the shore, who could easily bring down Porter's men, while his cannon were nearly useless in a fight like this. Trees were hewn by the enemy, not only in front, but in rear, and there was danbelow the banks of the river, and thus unable to reply with cannon to the sharpshooters of the enemy. The Southerners had a force of four thousand men in the swamps, and were compelling negroes to fell trees around the fleet in front and rear. Ships can not reply to infantry, and if Sherman had not arrived so promptly, Porter's whole fleet might have been lost. But the Union troops soon drove off the Southern sharpshooters, and the Admiral was saved. So much time, however, had been consumed, that the Confederates were fully prepared for the movement. The creek was block-

aded farther on, and the Southerners could occupy in force the ground from which they could prevent the removal of the obstructions. There was nothing to do but to return, and the expedition arrived at Milliken's Bend just as the troops from the upper pass were also disembarking.

Thus every attempt to overcome the difficulties of the situation had failed; and all because of the character of the country; for there had as yet been no serious fighting. Vicksburg was not even besieged. Grant's troops had not reached dry land, though they had been four months in the swamps. Their health was affected by the exposure; the camps were often under water; and dysentery and fever, those plagues of a soldier's life, had thinned the ranks and filled the hospitals.

The country at this time was greatly discouraged. Attempts were made to procure the removal of Grant. He was said to be a failure. "He has had a fair trial," many declared, "let us have another commander." The General-in-Chief sent him word from Washington that the President was impatient. But Lincoln replied to those who thought Grant should be removed: "I rather like the man; I think we 'll try him a little longer." To Grant himself he wrote: "I am confident you will do everything possible to open the Mississippi River." Still Grant had sixty thousand men in his command and had accomplished absolutely nothing in six long, weary months of effort and delay.

He finally resolved to try still another plan. It was the last. As soon as the water became low enough for the roads to be passable, he meant to march his army behind the western bank of the Mississippi to some point south of Vicksburg, and then cross the river and move up to the high ground. This movement would be difficult in the extreme, but even when it was accomplished, and the troops were landed on the eastern bank, the danger would be greater than ever.

For Grant would then be entirely separated from the North. The mighty fortress of Vicksburg and the Mississippi River would be between him and all supplies, whether of troops or ammunition or food. No army in modern times had ever taken such a step. The very suggestion seemed to Grant's most trusted commanders like madness. All who had a right to speak opposed the plan. Sherman — the soldier whom Grant thought the greatest of all — presented his objections in writing. But Grant had determined on his course and was not to be moved. He gave the orders, and the very men who had been most urgent in dissuading now did their best to carry out those orders, and to make their own predictions false.

It was thirty-five miles from Milliken's Bend to the new point that Grant desired to reach. Bridges had to be laid, for the levees were broken at several places and the country was deluged; the wagon road was only twenty inches above water in the swamp. A canal had to be cut to convey the barges that carried provisions, and the river was four inches higher than the land at the point where the water was let into the canal. The banks gave way, and one division of troops had to be ferried across the overflowed forest, while bridges made of boats or forest timber were laid for the remainder of the command. Finally, the advance reached a point on the western bank below Vicksburg.

But while this tedious march was proceeding, a still more difficult undertaking remained. It was indispensable to have a number of vessels below Vicksburg, not only to ferry the troops across the Mississippi, but in order to convey supplies; and Grant determined to risk sending three steamers and ten barges past the Vicksburg batteries, loaded with rations and forage. Porter undertook to engage the Confederate batteries with seven of his ironclads, while the steamers, protected with wet hay and bales of cotton, were to tow the barges by, under a fire from twenty-eight cannon that commanded the river for fifteen miles. The attempt was made on the night of the 16th of April.

There was no moon, and at ten o'clock all was ready. Silently the procession steamed down the river to the bend. From this point the vessels drifted with the current, the gunboats leading the way. Porter reached the first batteries without being discovered, but soon after eleven o'clock the artillery opened from the bluffs and the Admiral replied. The entire gunboat fleet at once followed his example, and the midnight battle between ship and shore began, while the transports clung to the western bank, and sought to hurry by under cover of the smoke.

The night was dark, but the Southerners set fire to houses on both shores to give them light by which to aim, and the glare on the water made it as light as day. When the fleet came opposite the city, the men at the guns and in the streets of Vicksburg could be distinctly seen. Every transport was struck, as the storm of shot fell on them, crashing chimneys and pilot-houses, and shivering the machinery, but the men crammed cotton bags into the openings, and soon after coming under fire the ropes were cut, and the barges, thus made loose, swept down the stream. Two were drawn into an eddy and were whirled around in front of Vicksburg three separate times. One was disabled and drifted with the current till a gunboat took her in tow; another caught fire from a bursting shell, and burned to the water's edge, floating along a mass

of flame. Her crew pushed off in small boats to the opposite shore, where they hid themselves in the swamps till the firing ceased, and then made their way back to camp.

The light streamed up from the blazing hull, and the figures on the vessels and in the batteries could be seen plainly at their fiery work. One gun burst in the streets of Vicksburg, where crowds of citizens were watching the battle on which their fate depended; but the entire fleet passed by without serious loss, save the one steamer that had been destroyed. No life was lost, and only eight men were wounded. The uproar on the hills continued till the last transport and gunboat were out of range, and then silence and darkness settled again on the river and the beleaguered town.

A few days afterward six other transports and twelve barges made the same attempt: five steamers and six barges got by safe; one man was killed and six or eight were wounded.

Grant's army and its supplies were now south of Vicksburg, but there was no road on the eastern bank north of Grand Gulf, by which, after crossing the river, Grant could move his troops, and at Grand Gulf the Southerners had erected a formidable fortification. This point therefore must also be passed by the transports, and Porter again covered the operation with his gunboats. But finally all was accomplished, and the army was ferried across the Mississippi.

The landing was made at an insignificant place at the mouth of the Bayou Pierre. From this spot a good dry road leads up to the hills. The troops were at first without tents or wagons, and Grant and his staff had crossed the river in advance of their horses and were obliged to ride on borrowed animals for several days. The bluffs were reached before sunset, and the next day, May 1, the troops came in contact with the enemy. The battle lasted until nightfall, but Grant outnumbered the Confederates, who had been sent out from Vicksburg to oppose him. Pemberton, the commander there, was still uncertain of Grant's intention, for the Union general had ordered Sherman to remain behind with his command and make a sham attack from the north. This, as Grant intended, distracted Pemberton, and the force sent out to the Bayou Pierre was insufficient to withstand the Union army. Instead of crushing Grant while he was divided, Pemberton divided his own command in front of Grant, and was defeated. This fight is called the battle of Port Gibson.

When the Confederates were driven back, they left the road open to Grand Gulf, and that place at once fell into the Union hands with thirteen heavy cannon. Grant himself rode into the town, not fifteen miles away, and from there went aboard the gunboats to write dispatches and borrow a change of linen. He had not been abed nor taken off his clothing in three days.

Up to this time it had been Grant's intention, after establishing himself on high dry ground, to send a part of his army to General Banks, who was moving against Port Hudson, four hundred miles below. After that place should be taken, the plan was for Banks and Grant to combine their forces and operate against Vicksburg. But when Grant found himself on the high ground which he had been all winter striving to attain, having won a battle and captured Grand Gulf, he was inclined to follow up his advantages; and at this juncture he received information from Banks which decided him. That commander sent word that he could not reach Port Hudson before the 10th of May, and that even after Port Hudson fell, he could re-enforce Grant with only ten thousand men. This number would hardly equal the losses Grant must sustain in battle and on the march from wounds and sickness and straggling and other causes, if he went to Port Hudson, so that he would be no stronger if he waited than he was before starting. He determined accordingly to detach no force to General Banks, but to begin operations at once against Vicksburg. This was one of those eventful decisions which in private life settle the fortunes of individuals and in war determine the fate of armies and sometimes of States. To be able to decide rightly and promptly in a great crisis, is one of the greatest of faculties, whether in private life or in war.

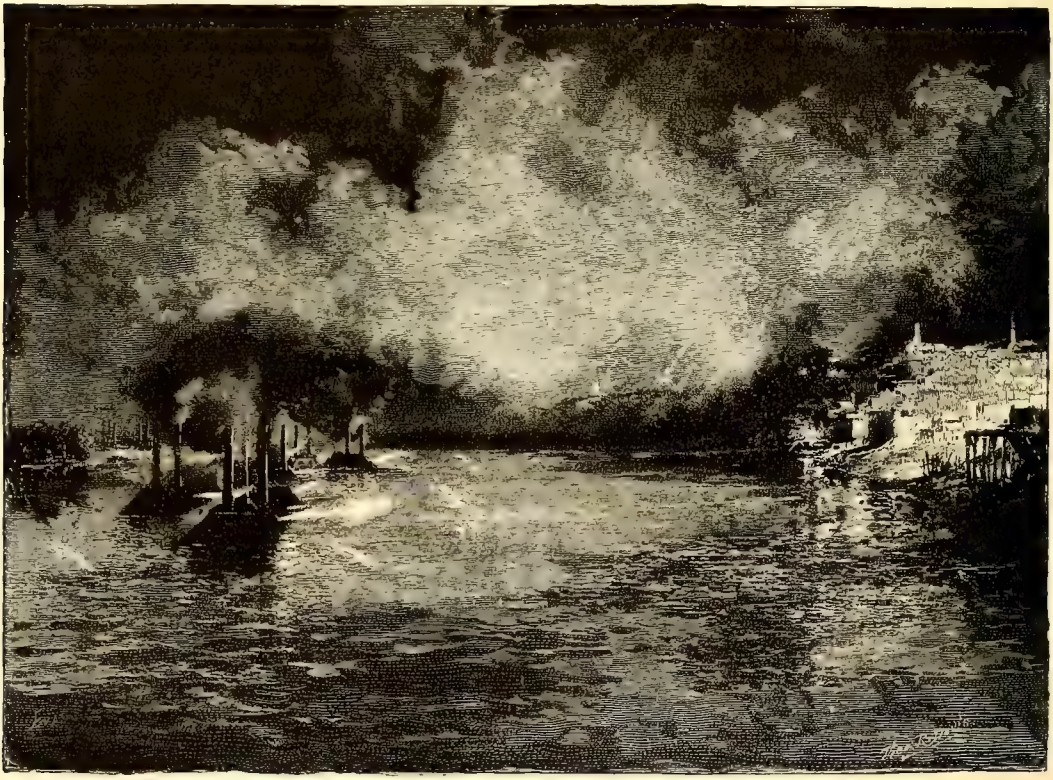
But Grant was destined to do still grander things at this juncture. Up to this time his operations against Vicksburg had not displayed any marked intellectual or even military ability. They had manifested only that untiring persistency and splendid faith which kept him to his purpose through all the discouragements of the seasons and the elements, of tempest and pestilence and flood, against the opposition of the rugged hills and the rolling river, the impenetrable thicket and the treacherous marsh. Hitherto he had fought Nature, now he was to match himself against the antagonism of Man. Now his soldierly quality, his generalship, was to come into play.

At this moment he made one of the most remarkable decisions in all modern war. He did what made the Vicksburg campaign so daring, and so different from other campaigns. His army, not more than 33,000 strong, was on the banks of the Big Black River, facing north, and about thirty miles southwest of Vicksburg. Pemberton was in Vicksburg with 50,000 men, while another Confederate force, of whose numbers Grant was ignorant, was assembling at Jackson,

fifty miles to the northeast. Jackson is the capital of the State and at the junction of all the railroads by which Vicksburg was supplied. The obvious course of a general in such a situation would be to move to the left against Vicksburg and besiege the place; but, instead of this, Grant decided to move first to the right and destroy or scatter the force at Jackson, break up the railroads there so as to separate Vicksburg from all re-inforcements of men or food, and then return and take the town.

But to do this he must move directly between two forces of his enemy, one greatly superior to his own, and risk the chance of the two combining to crush him. More than this; he could not take supplies; for his only chance of success was in the celerity of his movements enabling him to avoid or evade one enemy while he hastened to strike the other. Now, an army can not move hurriedly with a long wagon train: the horses and mules become entangled, the wagons break down, and haste is impossible. So Grant determined to march without any supplies at all, except those that the troops carried on their persons. They took three days' rations in their haversacks which they were ordered to make last five. After that they would have to live upon the country; that is, they must take from the inhabitants whatever was needed in the way of food.

But even this was not all. If, while Grant was moving against Jackson, Pemberton should come out from Vicksburg, as he was almost or absolutely certain to do, Grant would have to fight a superior force not only for victory, but for existence — in order to get his army back to some point where he could re-open communication with the North. He had already put the great fortress of Vicksburg and the mighty Mississippi between himself and his nearest friends, but in the movement he now proposed, he was to sever connection even with the river, and to go wandering about between two hostile armies, each seeking to destroy him. If the scheme failed, it would cause the loss of his army, the destruction of his own fame, and the greatest possible damage to the Union cause. Nothing but success could excuse him.



ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET AND TRANSPORTS RUNNING THE VICKSBURG BATTERIES AT NIGHT.

Grant was sure that the Government would for-

bid the attempt if they knew of it, and he did not inform them till it was too late to be recalled. Indeed, when Halleck, the General-in-Chief, learned that Grant had crossed the Mississippi, he at once sent him word to march south and connect with Banks. But Grant had already started for Jackson when Halleck's dispatch reached the Mississippi.

Johnston, one of the ablest of the Confederate generals, was at this time in supreme command in Mississippi; and it was he who was collecting troops at Jackson. Grant moved against him on the 11th of May, marching with great rapidity. On the 12th he encountered at Raymond a force that Johnston sent out to obstruct him. But Grant was again superior in numbers, and in a battle of a few hours he easily swept away this opposition, after which he continued his advance upon Jackson.

Meanwhile Pemberton had come out from Vicksburg to attack the National flank and rear; but Grant paid no attention to Pemberton and hurried eastward toward Johnston, whose force was again the smaller. By this operation he avoided a battle where he did not wish to fight, divided his enemy, and came upon Johnston, who was unprepared. The Union army marched in two columns against Johnston, leaving Pemberton expecting a battle on their left and rear. On the 14th Grant's forces carried the works at Jackson and entered the town. Johnston had hoped to hold Grant till his own re-inforcements came up, but Grant's movements were so rapid that this purpose was foiled; and, unable to maintain the place, Johnston moved out on the northern side as Grant entered Jackson on the south. The Union troops at once began destroying the railways and military stores.

Having thus twice defeated Johnston and then driven him out of his capital, Grant promptly turned his attention to Pemberton. On the day of the capture of Jackson he faced part of his force westward. On the next day, the 15th, he captured a dispatch from Johnston directing Pemberton to fall upon the Union rear from the west while Johnston himself advanced from the north. But what Johnston thought the Union rear had now become the front.

Grant of course determined to prevent the concentration of the enemy, and at once brought every man he had away from Jackson, and hurried his whole force westward, coming up with Pemberton before Johnston was able to join his subordinate. Pemberton was caught in the very act of changing front to meet the new situation. Grant attacked him at Champion's Hill on the morning of the 16th, before the whole Union army had arrived, and the fiercest battle of the campaign ensued.

It lasted all day, but the Confederates finally gave way, and Grant pursued them until after dark. He killed and wounded 3000 of the enemy, captured 3000 prisoners and 30 cannon, and cut off one entire division that never rejoined Pemberton's army. In the pursuit Grant himself pushed ahead in advance of the column till he was obliged to halt for the troops to come up. He lay that night in the porch of a farmhouse that was used for a Confederate hospital.

At this point he received Halleck's dispatch of the 11th of May, ordering him to return and connect with Banks; but the campaign that Halleck forbade was already won. Grant was indeed returning, but with a victorious army. No more countermands now, no more recalls.

On the 17th, the pursuit was renewed, and Grant came up with the enemy at the crossing of the Big Black River, where the Confederates held a strong position; but the panic of the day before was not over, and at the first assault of the Union forces the Southerners gave way. In their hasty retreat they destroyed the bridge before their own troops were over, and 1750 men and 18 cannon fell into the Union hands. Grant lost only 29 men killed and 240 wounded.

The enemy did not recover their spirit, but fled pell-mell into Vicksburg; the people of the country followed, and troops and civilians together hurried behind the hills which they hoped would protect them from the victorious Northerners. Grant followed hard, and on the 19th of May his army encircled Vicksburg.

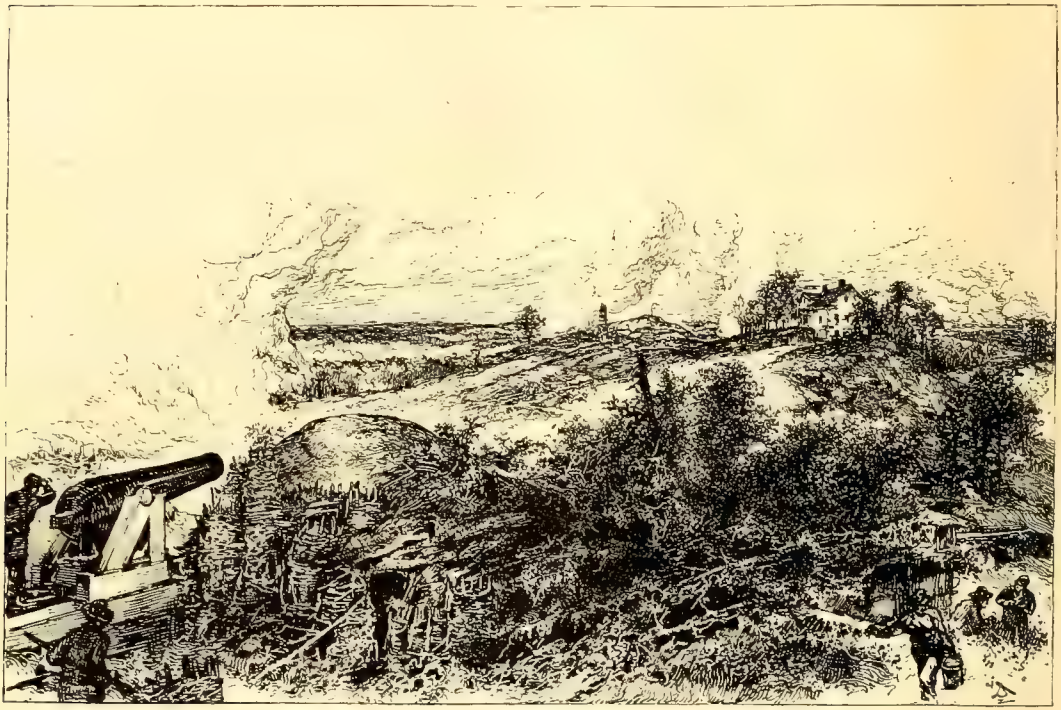
It was just twenty days since Grant had crossed the Mississippi. In that time he had fought and won five successive battles in the open field: he had beaten two separate armies, captured 88 cannon, taken 6000 prisoners and killed and wounded as many more of the enemy. He had forced the evacuation of Grand Gulf, seized the capital of the State, destroyed thirty miles of important railroad, and invested the great stronghold of the Mississippi River. Only five days' rations had been issued in the twenty days. He started without teams, marched more than 200 miles, and brought his army to a new base where never again there could be question of supplies. He had lost only 4335 men in killed, wounded, and missing. Neither Napoleon nor Cæsar ever made a more brilliant, hazardous, or important campaign.

The fall of Vicksburg itself was the result of these twenty days. The siege lasted seven weeks. There were two assaults on fortified works which were unsuccessful, and then Grant closely surrounded the place. Johnston collected a large force in the rear to compel Grant to raise the siege, but the Government also sent heavy re-in-

forcements and the Confederates did not dare attack him.

The garrison was brave and obstinate, but at last was reduced to feeding on mule meat and half rations. Fodder was exhausted, and the population as well as the soldiers suffered intensely. Finally, when starvation was imminent, Pemberton made propositions for surrender; and on the 4th of July, 1863, the Union forces entered Vicksburg. 172 cannon and 31,600 men, of whom 2100 were officers, fell into Grant's hands — the largest capture of men and arms which at that time had ever been made in war. Napoleon's greatest capture was at Ulm, where 30,000 men and 60 cannon were surrendered.

The men on both sides at once became friends; the prisoners were fed, and Confederates and Union soldiers could often be seen walking arm-



THE CENTER OF THE UNION LINES BESIEGING VICKSBURG.

More than 30,000 prisoners fell into Grant's hands. He had not means to send so many to the North, and released them on parole not to fight again until exchanged.

An hour before noon on the 4th of July the garrison marched out of the works they had defended so long, and stacked arms in the presence of the Union army. Then they returned within the walls they themselves had built — prisoners of war; in-arm. Seven hundred of the garrison refused to be paroled, preferring to be sent North to fighting again against the Union.

In a week the garrison was assembled for the last time. Each man's name was checked as he reached the fortifications; and then, without muskets or cannon or flags, the soldiers of Vicksburg marched out, leaving their fortress in the possession of the Government.

OCTOBER.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

October is the month that seems
All woven with midsummer dreams;
She brings for us the golden days
That fill the air with smoky haze,
She brings for us the lisping breeze
And wakes the gossips in the trees,
Who whisper near the vacant nest
Forsaken by its feathered guest.
Now half the birds forget to sing,
And half of them have taken wing,
Before their pathway shall be lost
Beneath the gossamer of frost;
Now one by one the gay leaves fly
Zigzag across the yellow sky;
They rustle here and flutter there,
Until the bough hangs chill and bare.
What joy for us,— what happiness
Shall cheer the day, the night shall bless?
'T is Hallow-e'en, the very last
Shall keep for us remembrance fast,
When every child shall duck the head
To find the precious pippin red!

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

By George J. Manson.

A Retail Dry-Goods Merchant.

A merchant is simply a man who buys to sell again. You would not think his work was very hard, and certainly you would not believe it to be a very difficult thing to attain success in such an occupation; but, in the present day it requires more brains and energy to become a really successful merchant than probably it ever did in the history of the world.

It is a favorite saying of some people when they are advising boys to engage in any particular occupation, that there is "room at the top." And that is a true saying with reference to many professions and businesses.

But the whole character of mercantile life has changed very much within the last quarter of a century. The stores have become palatial in size and beautifully adorned; where a score of clerks were once employed, there are now hundreds; the amount of capital required to carry on some of these enterprises is beyond the wildest dreams of the most visionary of the old merchants of New York. And when a small boy with nothing but good health and pluck for his capital looks up at one of these immense mercantile establishments, he is apt to have grave doubts of his ability to reach the "top," though there may be plenty of room up there.

Still he has no need to be discouraged. Let us start out with him, say in a large retail dry-goods store, and note how he gets along and what finally becomes of him. We may find that the conditions for entering this mercantile life are not so bad as they seem, and that in it there is both honor and success to be won.

Our boy friend will begin, of course, at the bottom, as a cash-boy in a large retail dry-goods store; he will do more running about in a day than he ever did on a Saturday when he played base-ball. If he is a bright boy he will probably be promoted ere long to the office, where his work will be more important. In time, he may be intrusted to go "down-town" to fill an order for some goods. Then, indeed, he would be justified in having a feeling of importance. Down there, among the large wholesale houses, he will come across buyers, jobbers, brokers, agents for the big mills of New England, and agents from abroad. There, if he keeps his eyes and ears open, he may learn many a point in regard to dry-goods and general business methods. He may learn "the market" so well that, after a time, he will be assigned to the purchase of some special class of goods.

Or from a cash-boy he may have been made a retail salesman. In that case he will quickly learn about the prices and qualities of goods. The head of his department will tell him the price, and the

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lady-shoppers will soon give him a great deal of information about the quality; he will rapidly acquire a fund of practical knowledge.

But an active boy will not be satisfied to remain a salesman. Of his chances for advancement I shall have something to say further on.

The boy (now a young man) who was sent down-town to fill orders, if he is progressive, has, in course of time, been made a "buyer." His knowledge of goods is now so general that he is sent out to purchase all kinds of stock. The buyer is sent into the market, and is allowed to use his own discretion as to what he shall buy, and what he shall pay for it. You can at once see what an important position this is. The buyer must know all about prices, not only in the present, but in the immediate past. He must be on the look-out for "bargains," for that is what customers are always after. He must be able to judge quickly of the quality of goods, and have an eye for color and effect so as to make a choice that will attract the attention and the purchases of the patrons of the establishment. And all this must be done in the great whirl and roar of the "down-town" business world, in a crowd of bright-witted men like himself, who are there on the same errand, each quite as anxious as our friend to get excellent, beautiful, and cheap goods for his "house."

While engaged as buyer for a retail house, the young man will make many acquaintances, and may be offered the position of buyer for a wholesale house. If he should accept such a situation he will find its responsibilities infinitely greater than those of the one he has just left. But it is safe to say he will not be asked to fill such a place unless he is a young man of great ability. It would be his duty as a wholesale buyer to go to Europe, visit the centers of manufacture of the goods in which his house deals, and there select goods and contract for as much of them and at such prices as he deemed best.

I have seen many of these buyers in the New York custom-house, before what is called the Board of Re-appraisement,— a sort of court where testimony is taken as to the value of goods on which duty is to be paid,— and I do not know of a brighter, keener set of men. Their quickness and ability to judge of the quality and value of goods is almost phenomenal. They will examine a whole row of silks, for instance, in a few minutes, testing them by the touch, and sometimes examining them through a small magnifying glass; nine times out of ten they will tell, within the smallest fraction of a cent, what the cost price of every piece of silk is in Europe. A wholesale buyer commands a large salary, say from $3000 to $10,000 a year, with frequent trips to Europe, on which all his expenses are paid.

But how will a young man in a retail house be able to enter business for himself? If he is a buyer, with a good knowledge of the business, and with good habits, he will, in many cases, have a chance of becoming a junior partner in the concern for which he works. This will be after years of service, and he can afford to wait. If he is a prudent young fellow, he has been laying aside some of his salary each year. In a few years, when he has a chance to enter the firm, he has some money and something else which will count a great deal more— *ability*. The ability that is the result of experience, in any occupation, mercantile or professional, is of such value that it is always in demand. Look over the "help wanted" advertisements in the city dailies some morning, and you will note how many men and women are wanted in various businesses who have had "experience." Indeed, experience very often is far better capital than money.

Let us suppose then that our friend has been taken in as junior partner. He gets an interest much larger in amount than his old salary; he still buys for the house, does his share of attending to the general business, and speaks of himself, with an air of justifiable pride, as "a member of the firm."

In the case of the young man who has become a salesman, and who aspires to have his own store, the case is different. He, taking advantage of the opportunity that has been given him, has attained to a knowledge of the business. I do not think his position to learn about goods has been quite so favorable as that of the buyer. Still, in one branch he has become familiar; he has, for years, been face to face with customers, of both sexes, of all sorts and conditions in life, he has acquired a knowledge of their peculiar ways, and he has been learning the art of dealing successfully with them. He has been able to save but very little money; so he will form a combination.

He knows other clerks who are as restive as he is, and suggests that they all go in together, and open a store of their own. May be one of the clerks will be a book-keeper; so much the better, he will attend to the clerical part of the business. Possibly there may be a buyer who is desirous of entering the "combination"; better still, his experience will be valuable.

And so these young men put their money and their brains together, and open a store of their own. It may not be a very large one, but it is safe to say that these active young men, representing, in their collective capacity, a full knowledge of the business, having invested all they have in the enterprise, will work with the heartiness that is prompted by self-interest, and that all the chances are in favor of their being successful.

Again, sometimes a wealthy man, a friend of

some young man, or of some such firm, who has confidence in them, may supply the capital, and let them do the work. Looked at in the proper light the chances in the mercantile world are good for the man with pluck, energy, and intelligence.

In regard to "going West," opinion seems to be divided. Certainly there are chances in the West for bright young men, but it is claimed the bright young men have just as good opportunities in the Eastern section of the country.

Besides a thorough and complete knowledge of the goods in which he deals — where they come from, how and of what they are made, — the young merchant should have a good knowledge of the law as it relates to sales, contracts, warranty, notes, and the banking business. Of course he will keep thoroughly posted as to the condition of the market, the new styles of goods that are being introduced, the improved methods of manufacture, if any, brought about by novel machinery. He will be able to write a good business letter that can be easily understood. You might say, "Any one can do this," but you would be astonished if you could know how few men are first-class business correspondents.

Mercantile life includes a vast number of occupations, and it would take a book rather than an article to go into the details of all of them. I think it is safe to say that the course of progress in most other businesses is very similar to that I have sketched in the dry-goods business.

WORK AND PLAY.

By Margaret Vandegrift.



Is it toothache, or the first beginning
Of a pout?
Something very solemn is the matter
Without doubt.
May be you 'd feel better if you 'd tell me what 's your sorrow.
Ah! "Vacation 's over — or it will be by to-morrow!

"No more boating-parties, no more picnics,
No more fun;
Only lessons and those old 'examples'
To be done.
Exercises — oh! and compositions to be written.
How I wish that I were a canary, or a kitten!"

Flowers must grow their roots, my little maiden,
E'en in May-time,
And the birds don't find their lives all singing,
Or all play-time.
Kittens grow to cats, and then they find their board and housing
Much depends on whether they 're attending to their mousing!

Honest workers make the merriest players.
Oh, how slowly
Would the time go, if it ever should be
Play-time wholly!
Here 's a parting thought, my maid, to give you resignation —
If there were no school, there never could be a vacation!

THE SUNFLOWER CHORUS.

By Edwin Stanley Thompson.



THERE was a church festival in Hensonvale, and this is the way in which Miss Belle Abbott introduced a new feature into the well-worn list of such entertainments.

A placard was prominently displayed at the festival reading:

> SOMETHING NEW. DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT.

All were kept in mystery until the appointed time, when the manager, stepping before the curtain, spoke of the statue of Memnon in Egypt, which was accustomed to greet the rising sun with song.

"More obliging than Memnon," he said, "certain stately American sunflowers have been found ready and willing to sing whenever called upon. Ladies and gentlemen," he added, "I have been fortunate enough to secure for our festival a cluster of these remarkable additions to our native flora, and have the honor of presenting to you our Sunflower Chorus."

The slowly drawn curtain revealed upon a dark background thirteen large, yellow sunflowers, with leaves and stalks complete, and in the center of each a human face. Music came from the piano near the stage, and to its accompaniment the cluster of human sunflowers sang numerous selections from familiar operas, popular songs and melodies, and college glees.

The Sunflower Chorus was voted a great success, and those not in the secret begged Miss Abbott to tell them how it was done. And this was her explanation:

One foot behind the stage curtain, hang another curtain of dark-brown cambric, ten feet square; attach this by rings to a wire stretched nine feet from the floor; tie cords to the first and last rings and, drawing the curtain tightly, fasten these rings to the wall on each side. The top being now secured, let the curtain hang naturally; wrap the surplus cloth about a strip of wood twelve feet long, two inches wide, and one inch thick; fasten this to the floor by two large screws, and the flower screen will be tightly stretched.

Group the singers in a picturesque cluster behind the screen, with their faces pressed against the cloth, and at distances from the floor varying from one to eight feet; mark the position of each face, and cut, in the screen, a hole into which the face will closely fit. Going now to the front of the screen, arrange the flowers and leaves, which should be fully prepared beforehand. The rays of the sunflowers may be cut from yellow paper, and the leaves and stalks from green paper. Paste the rays around the openings, then arrange the stalks and leaves in proper position.

When the paste is dry, remove the strip of wood from the bottom of the screen, unfasten one of the cords at the top and slide it back until needed for use, when it may be easily put into position.

If the stage curtain slides, it should be allowed, when drawn aside, to stop at the ends of the flower-screen; if it rolls up, it will be necessary to fill up the space between the screen and the sides of the stage with drapery.

In summer the natural stalks and leaves of the sunflower may be used instead of those made from paper.

GRACE AND BETSEY.

By Clara Kirchhoffer.

OUR little Grace is thinking,
Thinking with all her might,
What she would do for Betsey
If she was n't such a fright.

"You should be married, Betsey,
To a prince — or better still,
To a king — or else a cowboy
As grand as Buffalo Bill!

"You should be dressed, my darling,
In trailing, silvery white,
With a long veil and diamonds
And orange blossoms bright.

"You should have little bridesmaids,
All walking two and two,
And the bridegroom saying, 'Betsey,
There 's none so sweet as you!'

"But *really*, Betsey dearest,
I 'm a *little* bit afraid
That you 'll never, never marry —
Now *don't* look so dismayed.

"And *don't* you grieve, my darling,
For the uglier you get,
The more your mother 'll love you,
And that is better yet!"



How Buzz took a ride.



By Juniata Stafford.

Buzz lived in the country, at Farmer Brown's house. One day Farmer Brown said, "I will drive Dobbin into town to-day."

Buzz said, "I will go, too"; but no one heard him.

So Buzz got into the wagon. No one saw him. He was very little, and he kept out of sight. But, by and by, he got out of the wagon and rode on Dobbin's back. Whish! whish! went Dobbin's tail, for he wanted no one on his back.





Buzz then got up on Dobbin's head. But he shook his head and mane so hard that Buzz was glad to get off.

"What a buzzer that fly is!" said Farmer Brown. Buzz did not care.

By and by the good farmer stopped at a house in town, and went in. Buzz went, too. He rode on the brim of Farmer Brown's hat.

"How dark it is in here," he thought. "Curtains all down! Shutters closed! No sunlight!"

Buzz flew about the parlor.

"No asparagus in the grate," was the next thing he said.

"No peacock's feathers on the wall! No dog out on the doorstep! Why, there 's no fun for a fly here! I must tell Farmer Brown to come home."

So Buzz crawled along the top of Farmer Brown's ear to whisper to him.

"I guess I 'll be going," said the Farmer. "The flies bite as if it was going to rain."

"Neigh!" said Dobbin. He meant "come!"

"Buzz!" said Buzz. He meant "hurry!"

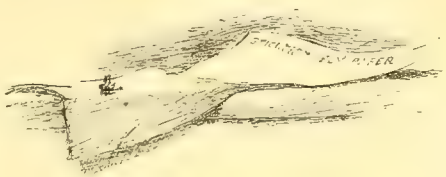
He rode out on Farmer Brown's hat again.

He said in Dobbin's ear, "I told him to come home."

"Thank you," said Dobbin. "But please don't bite my ear."

"Oh, no, good Dobbin. Take me back to Rover."

Buzz was glad to get home. He never rode to town again.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

By this time the summer has gone; and just before October unfurls her bright colors, September gives us a few rain storms that are considered peculiarly dismal by girls and boys, who dislike clouds of any sort. But there 's a pleasant way of looking at all things. See now how our good friend N. P. Babcock looks at the rain — how he talks to it, in fact, till it seems to shine a sort of reply to him.

A BALLAD OF THE RAIN.

Pretty little drops of rain, raining in a river,
Racing down from clouded skies
With a sparkle in your eyes,
Is n't it a great surprise,
When you reach the river?

I should think you 'd find it queer, I should think you 'd quiver
At the thought of blotting out;
Do you know what you 're about?
Have n't you the smallest doubt
Of that raging river?

Don't you know that river runs to the dreadful ocean?
Down you come, you giddy things,
Pretty little beads with wings,
Just escaped from rainbow strings
Through a love of motion.

Is that funny swishing noise which you make in falling
Sign of mirth, or sign of fear?
Into one another's ear
Are you screaming, "Dear! oh, dear!
This is most appalling!"

Sisters, cousins, brothers, aunts, racing down together.
Talk about toboggan slides!
What are they to windy rides
When the reckless rain-drop glides
Down inclement weather?

PICADILLIES.

THE Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am have had a good laugh over a definition which they tell me is to be found in an old dictionary. This dictionary is called "An Universal Etymological English Dictionary, by N. Bailey, φιλόλογος. London, MDCCCXXXI." And here is the definition, "*Pickadilly*, a great street near St. James's, built by one *Higgins*, a taylor; and so called because he got his estate by making stiff collars, in the fashion of a band, then called Pickadilles, formerly much in fashion."

So, you see, you boys with Picadilly collars are not quite so new and fresh as you thought you were.

WHO IS THE MISCHIEF-MAKER?

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., JUNE, 30th, 1887.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In front of our gallery we have trained up a number of Morning-glory vines. The leaves are so much eaten that I examined them to see what was doing the mischief. On nearly every leaf there was what appeared to be a particle of soot; but when I touched one of them, its back opened up like the lid of a box on hinges. It is a bug, about an eighth of an inch in length, with six legs, and all along its side there is a sort of fringe. I found out all this with the aid of my microscope. I will be very glad — if you have enough room — if you will show my letter; for perhaps some of the members of the Agassiz Society can tell me the name of this strange bug. I have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for six years.

Yours truly, EDWARD T. MACLEAN.

A RHYME ABOUT SWIMMING.

DEAR JACK: The following little rhyme is about swimming, — that is, of very little beginners. I hope you will have room enough to put this in.

I can swim like a feather
And dive like a stone,
When it is good weather
And I am not alone.

I can dive like a feather,
And swim like a stone,
When it is bad weather
And I *am* alone.

SCHUYLER L. FISHER.

A LITTLE GIRL'S OPINION OF HIM.

HERE is a little girl's honest opinion of the snapping turtle:

PEARL CREEK, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: Last night my brother came in and laid on the ST. NICHOLAS I was reading three

little snapping turtles, and a clam. At first I did n't know what the turtles were, but soon found they were the ugliest things I ever saw. I had never seen one before, and I never want to again.

After Vernie had taken them out, I found the picture of one in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS. I think it is very correct, and I fully agree with you that its skin is altogether too tight for it. The picture you show there is so funny! I am a constant reader of the ST. NICHOLAS, and never saw a magazine I liked so well.

Yours, EDITH M. PARKS.

A PEPPERY PAPER-EATER.

HERE is a true story that will interest many among you who are fond of studying the peculiar dispositions of household pets, and who know that cats differ from each other quite as much as children do:

DEAR JACK: Two excellent women, who lived in a tenement house in the city of B——, had a Maltese cat named "Pepper." He was a fine-looking creature, a yard long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and a foot in height. He was eight years old when I first saw him. He had lost some of his whiskers, but his temper was as hot and hasty as ever. He well deserved the name of "Pepper." He was very frisky for his age. He would leap over your arm, run after a ball, and snatch at a string held above him, with as much agility and grace as a kitten. Strange to say, he ate nothing excepting raw meat and paper. Yes, every little bit of paper cast aside from a package or dropped on the floor he would snap up greedily. It was singular that he abhorred a newspaper. He was once taken to the country, and while there, without provocation, he attacked a large Newfoundland dog named Carlo. The battle was dreadful. Pepper's body swelled to nearly twice its usual size, his fur stood out as if made of spikes, his eyes, from a pale emerald color, became yellow as gold buttons, and wonderfully fierce. However, Pepper's rage and Carlo's astonishment were so well balanced by their mutual fear of each other that neither animal was hurt. At last the cat was caught, to Carlo's great relief, and shut up; but ever after, when he saw the dog, he would give a long, ominous growl like distant thunder. Pepper by name and by nature, he never lost his spirit till the day of his sudden illness and death, and, as his friends mourned his loss, you may be sure he was not without good qualities.

Yours respectfully, R. B.

Thus it is with cats. Some are dear, good, gentle little things, who live to catch mice and torment them before eating them; and some are savage, ungovernable creatures, who eat meat and paper, and scare big dogs half out of their wits.

By the way, if cats kept children for pets, what interesting accounts they might send me to show you!

CHANGE IS NOT DESTRUCTION.

NATURE is full of odd things. There is no end to them. To-day my friend L. fell a-thinking. "There," said she, "is water. I freeze it, and melt it back to just the same amount of water. The old Latin conundrum is formed on this fact: 'What is the mother of the daughter, and the daughter of the mother?'

"And there is camphor. I can bury it and bring it to life. I put an ounce of gum camphor in alcohol and let it dissolve. Then I pour water into this till all the camphor returns, in flakes. Put these in the scales, and they weigh an ounce.

"If I burn a log, weigh the ashes, the cinders, and the gases (including the smoke, of course), all these weigh just what the log did."

I call these queer facts, Mr. Jack, and they may interest you. No doubt, you (or some of your children, at any rate), can think of other instances.

And so we can not destroy matter; we can only change its shape.

If L. says anything like this, you may be sure that it is so; whenever she slips into one of these light, airy talks of hers, she sets me thinking.

How does it affect you, my beloved?

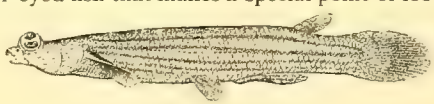
FOUR-EYED AND NO-EYED FISH.

TALKING of queer things reminds me of two fish which I wish to show you. They serve to prove that nature sometimes likes extremes, or, rather, that it is easy for her to adapt herself to circumstances. For instance, there are the well-known fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. As



A NO-EYED FISH.

they spend their lives quite in the dark, she very sensibly allows them to dispense with the sense of sight altogether. But, as an offset to these fish who have no eyes to speak of, she has a favorite four-eyed fish that makes a special point of looking



A FOUR-EYED FISH.

above the water. This species is called *Anableps*, from a Greek word signifying to look up; but this fish sees beneath the surface, too, and practically has a pair of eyes for each purpose. The dear little School-ma'am says, "The cornea is divided into upper and lower halves, and there are two pupils to each orbit." But, be this as it may, the fish is certainly well-off in the matter of eyes. If ever you go fishing in the rivers of tropical America, you may catch Mr. Four-eyes (who, by the way, is called *Anableps tetrophthalmus* for short), and give my regards to him.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Perhaps few readers of the little poem on page 892 will need to be told marionettes are little loose-jointed puppets, or dolls, that are moved by strings or wires, and exhibited by showmen. In England, and sometimes in America, there are little Marionette theaters, in which funny plays are acted, all the characters being represented by these wooden puppets.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister has taken you for nine years, and I enjoy you quite as much as she does. I must now try and tell you about a little city here in France (Tours). We went there to spend the winter and to learn French. We met some nice English boys and they had an old Château Rougemont (a castle); that is, their father rents it, and we used to have lots of fun there playing. There are two large towers of the time of Louis XI. of France, whom the readers of Quentin Durward will not forget. Also at Tours there is the house of Tristan l'Hermite, the executioner to Louis XI., whose castle of Plexis-les-Tours is said to have had no fruit on the trees surrounding it, but instead men, real men, hung up on all of them, while Louis XI. would look on from the towers and windows of his castle. At Tours is an old cathedral, and the tower of Charlemagne and the tower de l'Horloge, which belonged to the Church of St. Martin, probably the richest in all Europe at that time. The only thing that is left are these two enormous towers. I am a little American boy eleven years old, and so, with best love to all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I will say

Good-bye, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS W——.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nearly seven years old. I take you regularly and am only sorry that you don't come every week. I have no little brothers or sisters, but my dog Frisky is equal to a whole nursery; Mamma says *worse*. We live close to the "Alamo," and if your little friends don't know about that story they ought to read it. I like "Prince Fairyfoot" and the "Brownies," and "did you ever since ever you ever were born."

Your little friend, KATE D——.

JOPLIN, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you some time and think you are very nice. I am eleven years old, and have one brother and sister. My brother is four years old. His name is Richard. He likes the "Brownies" best. He always looks for the "Dude" and others. My sister is a little baby. We have two pets rabbits. One is white. The other is partly gray and white. We have a large Newfoundland dog. Some boys shot him through the leg. He limps a little yet. We have a man taking care of him for us, and when he gets well we are going to bring him home. His name is Don.

I remain, your constant reader, AGNES L. P——.

OSHKOSH, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you how much I enjoy your nice stories. I count the days until you come. I like "Juan and Juanita" very much, and I do hope they will get home all safe and sound. I have never seen a letter from here, but there are several boys and girls who take you and like you very much. I must not forget to tell you that I like "Jenny's Boarding-house" very much. I have spoken several pieces out of your interesting pages. I must stop now or you will say, "Oh, dear! I can never put that letter in my pages, for she will never stop." So, with many good wishes I remain, Your constant reader, M. L. S——.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Wilmington in the Letter-box, so I thought I would write to you. It is hardly necessary to tell you that we all love you very much, and could not do without you. I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself. My little sister is eight years younger than I am. My little brother, who is nearly four, calls his mother "Dearest," like "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In fact, he got it from that story. Your stories are all so charming that it would be rather hard to decide which I prefer. I am very fond of flowers, and have a good many that I have raised. They are all doing splendidly. Father has promised to have a pit built for me. Well, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must close, with the wish that you may live for many years to come; and may make other homes as happy as you have made mine.

I am your devoted and constant reader, MARY M——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly allow me space in the "Letter-box" for the following request? "I should like to exchange, through the mail, sea-mosses just gathered from Rye, (N. H.) Beach, for those found this season elsewhere. I will forward specimens to the address of anyone who will send me specimens, with the name of the locality where they were found. Address, Public Library, Natick, Mass. I float the mosses as I find them, to learn if they are desirable, then dry and keep them until I am ready to mount them. When dry they can readily be sent by mail."

ST. NICHOLAS is very much enjoyed by the young people of the place, for whom our library takes two copies, and the bound volumes are literally, almost "read to pieces." They would doubtless be glad to unite with me in the wish that you may long be permitted to furnish the pleasure and benefit always to be found inside the covers of ST. NICHOLAS. Respectfully yours,

KATHARINE K. WOOD,
Librarian.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never before written to you, neither have I ever seen a letter from this city, though many of my friends take your delightful magazine. I think your stories are the best I have ever read. I like "Juan and Juanita," "King London," "The Monitor and the Merrimac," "Historic Girls," and "Millet and the Children," the best. I wish ST. NICHOLAS would tell us some more about artists, as my greatest pleasure is in that line, though, as to pleasure, I think I would call myself a "Jack of all pleasure." I am a girl of fourteen years, am the youngest in our family, and have only one sister and one brother. Last June I passed for high-school, and this September I shall attend. This summer I am going to a place in the country where a battle was fought with Indians, and we always find many arrow-heads and other relics in the woods and fields. I have only one pet, and that is a beautiful poodle Spitz dog that can beg, and jump a stick, and do many other little tricks; his name is "Lito." If I should get another dog, I would surely name him "Amigo."

I suppose all your United States readers have heard of the "Great Globe and Post Dispatch Balloon" that went up from here, but perhaps some of your foreigners have not. We saw it rise from our school windows, and could see it until an hour before it fell, fifty-five miles away. It was made of varnished muslin, and was a grand sight. I wished so to be in it! On the 4th of July we saw the fire-works of our whole city, from a veranda on the top of a three-storied house; the whole sky was a continual mass of stars, and we had many bonfires in our neighborhood. I suppose it seems funny to foreigners that we make so much "ado" about the 4th of July, but we know for what we are doing it. I remain your affectionate friend and reader, HELEN H. B——.

FREEPORT, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and I live in Chicago, although I am out on my summer vacation.

I have just been reading something called, "Rules for Dolls." Perhaps some of the little girls who take ST. NICHOLAS would like to know them.

"A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mamma's, lest she should break it.

"A doll should try to keep away from rockers, as the rocking-chair may break loose and crush her. A crushed doll never regains her spirits.

"A rag doll should try in every way to improve her mind. Knowledge is more than beauty.

"Often an old doll, with cracked head and sweet smile, is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

"A doll should never be proud. Also, a doll should never be jealous when she sees another doll more finely dressed. Looks are nothing, behavior is all.

"A doll should never go out without her mamma's leave."

I have a little friend in the same house I am in who has fourteen dolls. We had a doll's wedding the other day.

I think my letter is pretty long.

Your loving reader, R. C——.

ST. LOUIS DU HA, HA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy who has just returned from the Rocky Mountains. My father was building the Canadian Pacific Railroad. When we went out there, there was no railroad at all, and we had to ride twenty miles on horse-back; it was very hard riding, for the horses were sometimes above their knees in mud. There were a great many Italians, "Dagos," as they call them out there, and they are a very funny set of people; they do not let the railway company board them, but live in little mud hovels they make them themselves, and they live chiefly on bread and macca-

roni. They won't buy meat or vegetables because they say it is too expensive; so to keep them in good health the contractors used to *make* them buy a certain amount.

Once, when we were out walking, we met a herd of wild cattle; the cowboys were driving them to be killed, and we had to hide behind trees, for if they see a man, woman, or child on foot, they will at once stampede. A. A. C——.

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of the subscribers to your delightful magazine. I live in Norfolk, Virginia, which is a very nice summer place, as it has so many resorts. Virginia Beach and Ocean View are the most popular, and the trains are crowded every evening with young men and maidens, old women and children; and the surf-bathing is splendid. On the road to the beach the cars pass over Lake Holly, a beautiful piece of water filled with water-lilies. I should like to describe to you some of our picnics, where we have lots of fun; it would make my letter too long, and perhaps tire you.

I envy you, St. Nicholas,
The pleasant trips you 'll take
This summer, as you travel
Over mountains, vale, and lake,
And the pleasure that you 'll carry,
As on your route you go,
To all the little girls and boys
Who love to read you so.

Your constant reader, LIZZIE F——.

ARLINGTON, NEAR JACKSONVILLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I love you all the same. I think your stories are lovely. I like "Jenny's Boarding-house." I want to tell you about some eggs my brother found in the woods one day. They were long eggs, and looked like rubber, and when we pierced them with a pin, out of each came a young lizard. I remain, your loving reader, KATIE K——.

MUNCIE, IND.

ST. NICHOLAS: I read your article in the March number about gas-wells, and, as Muncie is about the center of the gas-belt, we have seven flowing-wells. The first well was begun about October 21, and is burning better to-day than the day after they shot it. I might as well describe how they shoot wells. The nitro-glycerine is a very dangerous fluid, and can not be shipped on the cars. They have to bring it overland in a buggy. They freeze it first, and before they use it they draw hot water out of the boiler and melt it, and then put it in long cans which they lower into the well, and then cover them over with water, and when all is over they drop the "go-devil," as described in your article "Among the Gas-Wells." A man drops it and has time to get away. It takes several seconds for it to reach the cap, and then a low rumbling sound is heard, when up come rocks, water, and stone. Gas is always found in Trenton rock. We have two arches of natural-gas lights, one across Walnut Street, and the other across Main Street. The first night they lit the one on Main Street, it had been raining hard all day, and it dried the street around it so much that it became dusty.

FRANK B——.

ABILENE, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old. I have a good old bachelor uncle in Baltimore who sends me St. NICHOLAS. I have been reading it over a year, and it is my favorite. We are the pioneers of American civilization, and are situated near the great American desert. Your entertaining magazine does much to afford us a *pleasant oasis*. May you continue to carry on your noble work.

Yours gratefully, HENRY A. W——.

HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much, and I like "Juan and Juanita," and I hope they will get back to their mother. We have a pet cat, and its name is Ginger. He is on my shoulder now. This morning I made a jacket for him, and I am going to make him a pair of trousers. Your friend, MARCUS L. H——.

URBANA, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about something that happened here the last of June. Some of the ladies of the First M. E. Church concluded to have an entertainment for the benefit of their church, and selected that charming little operetta, "The Children's Crusade," which was published in your April number. A good deal more music than is in the piece was composed for it by two of the best musicians the city affords.

Every one said it was "too nice for anything."

I have been taking ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was five years old, and that was nine years ago. I think it grows better every year.

Your constant reader, W. L. F——.

LANGHORNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live near a small village twenty miles from Philadelphia. A little girl, who is younger than I am, boards here in the summer time. We have very good times. We go to a little wood near here, and build a fire, and cook potatoes and eggs, and stay away all day. There is a creek running through the woods. We have nice fresh water to drink when we want it. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for almost seven years. I was fond of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I think "Juan and Juanita" is lovely. I like "Personally Conducted," and "Historic Girls and Boys" very much. I will be thirteen the 18th of October. I have two pets: a little French poodle which I call Bijou, and a little turtle called Willie. My little dog can beg, sing, and climb a ladder. Your interested reader, LILLIE R. G——.

MT. AIRY, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day my sisters and I were playing on a bank of the road in front of our house. Sophia (my second sister) lifted up a stone, and under it was the inside of an ant-hill; there, in the middle of it, was a pile of white things, shaped like eggs, and a good many ants were there too; there were five passages, and when the stone was lifted every ant took one of the white things (I suppose they are eggs, but I am not sure), and went down one of the passages, and came up again for some more, till the pile was gone. Your devoted reader, MEYER S. C——.

P. S.— I am a boy ten years old.

D——, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have just been looking over the "Letter-box" in your last number, and thought we would like to write to you, as well as the other girls. We have no ponies like Evie M——, named Pickle and Billy, but we wish we had. We have never seen any letters from this city, and so thought we would write one. One of the girls who wrote you a letter thought eighty-six degrees "warm"; perhaps she will call it "hot" here, when she hears that it has been one hundred and eight in the shade, and was above one hundred for six days in succession. The pictures of soldiers drilling at West Point remind us of the soldiers drilling over at Government Island, across the river. We like "Juan and Juanita" better than the other stories. But, if we don't close, our letter will be too long. Yours truly, B. A—— AND C. V——.

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you have received letters from almost all parts of the globe but this, so I thought I would write and tell you something about the sleepy old town in which I live. Annapolis, though the capital of the state, is a very quiet, old-fashioned place, and is only enlivened by the gayety at the Naval Academy. Every Saturday night they have a hop: one week given by cadets, and the next by the officers, and so on all through the winter. In June they have the Graduating Ball when the Academy closes, and just before the cadets go on their summer cruise.

One of the greatest points of interest here is the Presbyterian church, which was originally built and used as a theater, and was the first one in America.

In going through the State House, the janitor is always very particular to make you stand in the exact place where Washington stood when he resigned his commission. I have been a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS for six years, and think it is the nicest magazine published. "Donald and Dorothy" was one of my greatest favorites of all the serials you have published, only I would like very much to know if they are now living, and if in New-York, and if Dorry did n't marry Ed. Tyler, and if—if—in fact, I wish Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge would write a sequel to it, and tell us *all* about them.

I hope I have not wearied you with my very long letter.

Your affectionate friend, R. B. C——.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to us, four years ago by a very kind Auntie, and we three sisters love you very much. I am longing for the next number to come in, as I am greatly interested in "Juan and Juanita." I thought that "Little Lord Faunt-

leroy" was a lovely story, and it ended delightfully. I have not seen many letters from Canada, and have never seen one from Hamilton.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must say good-bye.

Ever your loving little friend, HELEN M——.

P. S. (From an older sister)—I think Helen's praise of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very mild. I think it is just *splendid!* Every person here is raving about it, and it was mentioned in the *London News.* I like Mr. Birch's illustrations so much, too.

Your affectionate reader, KATE M——.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: So many children read your good book, that I would like to tell them what four little girls of about twelve years did in three days. They made fancy articles and held a fair on the lawn of one of their houses, the proceeds, twenty-two dollars and five cents ($22.05), went to the Fresh Air Fund. The names of three of these girls are, Dora Adams, Carrie Adams, and Lena Ketchem. Can not some of your other readers do likewise?

Good-bye, dear old ST. NICHOLAS. I enjoy you very much.

From the fourth little girl, ETHEL J——.

BERGEN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I spent more than a year in Santa Rosa, near which Miss Baylor locates the home of Juan and Juanita. I would like to say that her account of the home life and customs of the Mexicans is the most correct that I have ever seen. They are fond of, and indulgent toward, children. I have watched the making of *tortillas* and *tomales*, have eaten them too, and like them. I have heard many a story of the Indian troubles. Sixty-three men of that town were killed by the Lipans in four years, being mostly ambushed and picked off one by one. They were finally captured and taken to the City of Mexico. C. C——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading about English schools, we always find that the boys are punished by having to "write lines." What is meant by this? If a boy were told to write a hundred lines how would he go to work? Lines of what? MARIE.

The task of "writing lines," often given as a punishment in English schools, requires the student to compose in Latin, strictly according to the rules of versification, a stated number of lines upon any subject he may choose.

HERE is a letter in rhyme from a little girl:

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There was a crow, his name was Jim, and he did not know what was good for him; so he studied the law, and thought with his jaw, and all he knew was, caw, caw, caw!

BEATRICE B——.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write a story for you to print. I have felt like it for a long time. Mamma says a good many grown-up people feel like that, so it can't be very silly, can it?

I am nine years old, and now I am a boy; but once I wore dresses like a girl, and played with a doll. That was a long, long time ago.

When I was a little bit of a thing in dresses, I once broke my dolly, I cried so hard that Mamma told me to wrap bandages around her, and put her to bed. I did it. The next morning I asked Mamma if my dolly was getting well, Mamma said: "Go and see"; and I said: "I have been to look, but she is so wrapped I can't see." Then Mamma said: "Go and take off her bandages." I did, and it seemed as though my dear dolly had got quite well. I never saw a more beautiful doll, the same size, and the same everything as the other, but oh, so pretty! with both legs, two whole arms, and all of her head. I was very glad, and thought bandages a good thing.

One day, a long time after, I was rummaging in a cupboard; what do you think I found? Why, the skeleton of the old doll, with one leg, half an arm, and her head smashed in, just as she used to be, only worse, because she was all over dust. Mamma said it was the dust of ages gathering about her.

Did you ever hear that there is a skeleton in every house? Mamma says it is a proverb. I dare say it is true, because I found a skeleton in my cupboard. RALPH R——.

THE young friends, whose names are given below, have written pleasant letters to us, and we acknowledge the receipt of them with thanks: D. L. Crane, Lola Beach, Marion R. Brown, Margaret G. King, Bessie, Lilian C. Stewart, Beatrice B., Mercedes F., Bertha M., Grace M., Gertrude R. Sperry, Lillie F., Elsie L. R., Ella M. P., E. T., Mary K. Hadley, Jamie M., Beryl and Pearl, Bessie H., Willis C. Mitchell, Addison J. Throup, Martha B. T., Bessie P. S., Irene R., Margaret and Elizabeth B., A. A. Cunningham, Alma S. Clair, S., Phœbe E. Lindson, Edith Crane, Eva G. Merriman, Annie M. H. Hamilton, Luvena B., Chelian P., Lily R. S., Louise H. P., Florence O., Waldo Burton, Grace M., Anna M. R. F., Carrie M. B., Gardner H. C., Florence O., Maude W., and Nellie D.



MR. RAT: "Good-day, Miss Rodent! Sorry to go, you know; but I have eight engagements for this afternoon!"
PUSSY: "Yes, he 'll have one with me within two minutes!"

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE. Sturgeon, surgeon, grouse, rogue, ogre, ore, or, r.

BEHEADINGS. Bismarck. 1. B-read. 2. I-deal. 3. S-able. 4. M-arch. 5. A-lack. 6. R-each. 7. C-lock. 8. K-inks.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS. Primals, Corn-flowers; Centrals, Harvest-home. Cross-words: 1. CusHion. 2. OceAnic. 3. ReaRing. 4. NaiVely. 5. ForEver. 6. LooSely. 7. OraTion. 8. WasHing. 9. EspOuse. 10. RhyMers. 11. ShiElds

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Dilated. 2. Imaged. 3. Laden. 4. Aged. 5. Ten. 6. Ed. 7. D. II. 1. Obesity. 2. Bonito. 3. Entry. 4. Sire. 5. (c)ity. 6. To. 7. Y. III. 1. Laminar. 2. Abodes. 3. Moved. 4. Idea. 5. Ned. 6. As. 7. R.

A TRIANGLE. From 1 to 10, Wellington; 11 to 21, Demosthenes. Cross-words: 11, D; 1 to 12, we; 2 to 13, elm; 3 to 14, leno; 4 to 15, Lewis; 5 to 16, invest; 6 to 17, nourish; 7 to 18, graduate; 8 to 19, tarpaulin; 9 to 20, oppressive; 10 to 21, natalitious.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Meter. 2. Demon. 3. Niger. 4. Tumor. 5. Eolic.

A BASE-BALL PUZZLE. From H to 1B, semihoral; H to 3B, semi-proof; 1B to 2B, licitness; 3B to 2B, fore-reads; 2B to R. F., secession; 2B to C. F., sandstone; 2B to L. F., sinuously; R. F. to C. F., natrolite; C. F. to L. F., equitably. Centrals, Shortstop. Cross-words: 1. sandStone. 2. semiHoral. 3. natrOlite. 4. foreReads. 5. equiTably. 6. seceSsion. 7. liciTness. 8. sinuOusly. 9. semiProof.

A STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, perjurer; 2 to 3, relative; 3 to 4, endeavor; 4 to 5, rhomboid; 5 to 6, discount; 6 to 7, turquoise; 7 to 8, sturgeon; 8 to 9, national; 9 to 10, larboard; 10 to 1, deanship; 2 to 4, roar; 4 to 6, rest; 6 to 8, town; 8 to 10, need; 10 to 2, deer.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Gas. 3. Gales. 4. Paladin. 5. Sedan. 6. Sin. 7. N. II. 1. C. 2. Lie. 3. Limns. 4. Cimeter. 5. Entre. 6. See. 7. R. III. 1. R. 2. Rub. 3. Rebus. 4. Rubicon. 5. Buchu. 6. Sou. 7. N.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTICS. I. Fourth row, Stillwater; fifth row, California. Cross-words: 1. preSCind. 2. casTAway. 3. thrILled. 4. molLIent. 5. coaLFish. 6. outWOrks. 7. sweARing. 8. parTNers. 9. besEIger.* 10. OutRAged. II. Fourth row, Wellington; fifth row, Whitefield. Cross-words: 1. gloW-Worm. 2. freEHold. 3. outLIned. 4. sheLTers. 5. relIEved. 6. dowN-Fall. 7. marGInal. 8. canTEens. 9. strOLler. 10. staNDard.

HIDDEN FISHES. 1. Pike, turbot, herring, minnow. 2. Bass, salmon, eel, shad. 3. Oyster, cod, clam, pout. 4. Skate, dace, sprat, perch. —— RIDDLE. TIMID (TMD divided by II).

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Afganistan; finals, Madagascar. Cross-words: 1. AluminiuM. 2. FredericA. 3. GraduateD. 4. AlexandrA. 5. NumberinG. 6. InamoratA. 7. SprinkleS. 8. TheoretiC. 9. ApocryphA. 10. NavigatoR.

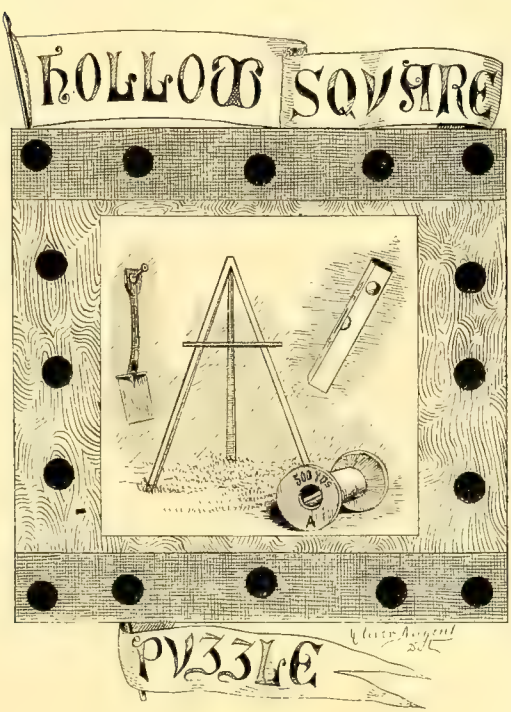
EASY WORD-SQUARES. Candidate. I. 1. Can. 2. Ada. 3. Nab. II. 1. Did. 2. Ice. 3. Den. III. 1. Ate. 2. Tub. 3. Ebb

* As the correct spelling of this word would not solve the puzzle, we print it as given by our contributor, regretting that his error was overlooked last month.— EDITOR.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St. New-York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from J. Russell Davis — Maud E. Palmer — Grace Kupfer — "Keewaydin" — K. G. S. — H. S. and M. S. — No Name, New York — Louise McClellan — "Socrates" — Ida C. Thallon — "Willoughby" — The Towner Children — "Tillie Boy" — Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from J. G. Bolander, Jr., 1 — Paul Reese, 10 — No name, Phila., 1 — Lillian M. Stevens, 1 — Mabel and Christine, 10 — W. Inez Vivian and W. Ivanhoe Vivian, 1 — A. M. Tuttle, 1 — H. S. Nut, Jr., 7 — "Booney, 3 — "L. E. Nor," 2 — Fairy, 1 — Nellie and Reggie, 10 — Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 7 — "St. Olaf's Kirk," 8 — Fannie D., 4 — "May and 79," 8 — "Beauclerc," 1 — "Colonel and Reg," 1 — Lucy and Edith A., 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — "The Louises," 1 — Cornelia Bedford and Margaret C. Moore, 1 — Mamma and Ralph, 5 — Jay Laret, Jr., 8 — "Fanatic," 7 — "Jo and I," 7 — Adèle and Laura, 6 — "Chestnuts," 8 — Swift M. B., 10 — L. C. B., 9 — "Fox and Geese," 10 — N. L. Howes, 7 — "Odd Fish," 4 — Charlotte C. Lowry, 1 — Grace Bass, 1 — A. C., M. A., and H. A. Russel, 2 — Eleanor and Maude Peart, 6 — M. L. G., 9 — E. Muriel Grundy, 8 — "Lady of the Lake," 2 — Thomas P. Tucker, 3 — A. M. M., 6 — Gertrude Dwight, 5 — Katy R. Raymond, 5.



HOLLOW SQUARE.

WHEN the names of the four central objects have been rightly guessed, and arranged like the black dots on the edge of the picture (the first and last letters of each word being used twice), a hollow square will be formed.

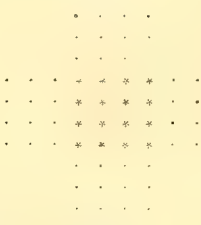
RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A river of England. 2. Deputies. 3. A property which a person possesses. 4. An angel of the highest order. 5. District. 6. A mathematical instrument.

DOWNWARD: 1. In October. 2. An exclamation. 3. Era. 4. A mixed mass. 5. To enlist in. 6. Gazes at rudely. 7. An omnibus. 8. An heroic poem. 9. Very warm. 10. Nay. 11. In October.

"L. LOS REGNI."

EASY GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A landlord. 2. Upon. 3. To remain. 4. Playthings.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To endure. 2. The part between the tenor and soprano. 3. A support. 4. Playthings.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Playthings. 2. Elliptical. 3. A celebrated college. 4. A vehicle.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A vehicle. 2. Halt. 3. A girl's name. 4. Beloved.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Much used in the winter season. 2. Solitary. 3. Concludes. 4. An article of furniture.

"THE CAT."



I AM composed of seventy-three letters, and form two lines of a poem by Robert Burns.

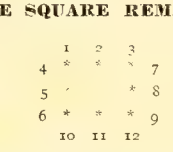
My 45–13–71–35–23 is singly. My 56–54–39 is plentiful in the country during the early summer. My 59–21–6–14–2 is a circular body. My 62–48–8–66–26–37 is a texture of sticks wattled together, serving for a gate. My 16–32–52–57–30–43–65–17 is a song of lamentation. My 20–5–27–68–11 is a strap of leather used for fastening anything. My 18–9–41–36–60–73–31 is not averse. My 4–24–64–28–50 is a piece of money stamped with the image of a crown. My 12–34–19–69 is a conceited fellow. My 61–46–10–40 is an air. My 70–1–42–25 is an animal often seen. My 55–51–67–15–7–38 is twisted. My 44–22–29–3–33–49 is formerly. My 47–72–53–63–58 is to have a particular direction.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

IN panic, not in fright;
In lurid, not in bright;
In palter, not in shirk;
In churches, not in kirk;
In drunkard, not in sot;
In palace, not in cot;
In locket, not in ring;
In hammock, not in swing;
In pawning, not in pledge;
In summit, not in ledge;
In weeping, not in plaint;
In varnish, not in paint;
In gentle, not in kind;
A "night of omens" call to mind;
And one more name for same please find.

FRANK SNELLING.

DOUBLE SQUARE REMAINDERS.



FROM 4 to 7, a fruit; 5 to 8, subsequent: 6 to 9, to pilfer; 1 to 10, a hamper; 2 to 11, comrades; 3 to 12, a weapon.

The letters indicated by stars form a double word-square which answers to the following definitions.

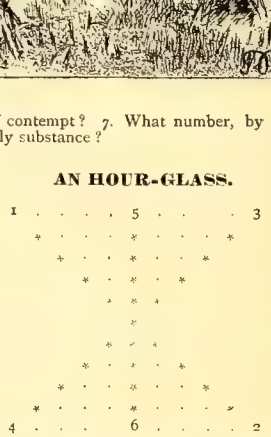
ACROSS: 1. To knock. 2. Devoured. 3. A shrub which grows in China. DOWNWARD: 1. An animal. 2. Consumed. 3. A garden vegetable. H. H. D.

NOVEL ARITHMETIC.

EXAMPLE: What number becomes even by subtracting one? ANSWER, S-even.

1. What number, by adding one, becomes sound? 2. What number, by adding one, becomes isolated? 3. What number, by inserting one, becomes finely ground meal? 4. What number, by subtracting one, becomes a vegetable growth? 5. What number, by subtracting one, becomes a preposition? 6. What number, by subtracting one, becomes an exclamation of contempt? 7. What number, by subtracting one, becomes a costly substance? "ODD FISH."

AN HOUR-GLASS.



ACROSS: 1. So wet that water may be wrung out. 2. An old word meaning unpolished. 3. An act of religious service by night. 4. Driven up a tree. 5. Sooner than. 6. In hour-glass. 7. To loiter. 8. To command. 9. A vast body of floating ice. 10. A story. 11. A raking, or weeding with a rake.

Diagonals, from 1 to 2, An aromatic, creeping evergreen, having bright red berries; from 3 to 4, a word familiar to every butcher; from 5 to 6, between the radii, or rays. "L. LOS REGNI."

A LETTER PUZZLE.

A A A A A A A A A A
E E E E E E E E E E E E E E E E E E E E

ARRANGE the above twenty-five letters in the form of a square, so that a surname of Circe (composed of five letters) may be spelled in sixteen different directions,— horizontally, perpendicularly, and diagonally. "NO NAME."

DOUBLE DIAMONDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. In shake. 2. To undermine. 3. A bird. 4. An Algerian governor. 5. In shake. DOWNWARD: 1. In shake. 2. Pensive. 3. Wise men. 4. To perform with diligence. 5. In shake.

II. Across: 1. In shake. 2. A spring of mineral water. 3. A cheerless tract of country. 4. A unit. 5. In shake. DOWNWARD: 1. In shake. 2. A body of water. 3. Room. 4. Consumed. 5. In shake.

III. Across: 1. In shake. 2. A girl's name. 3. A concussion. 4. Skill. 5. In shake. DOWNWARD: 1. In shake. 2. An exclamation. 3. To worship 4. To perform. 5. In shake. DYCIE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DINNER.

SOUPS. 1. To jeer, and a kind of dove. 2. The name of "the piper's son," a letter, and part of the foot.

FISH. 1. Only. 2. To roll, toss or tumble.

ENTRÉE. To cower, served with a philosopher, on a sentiment.

ROASTS. 1. A country. 2. An essayist. 3. A tailor's implement.

VEGETABLES. 1. A vessel, an article, and part of the foot. 2. Letters of the alphabet. 3. A watchman's course. 4. A coupé and a generation.

DESSERT. 1. To regret, part of an arrow, and a mass of unsorted type. 2. Swimming, and what Australia is.

NUTS. 1. A wooden trunk. 2. Terra firma. 3. On every breakfast-table.

FRUITS. 1. The fruit that urges you to travel. 2. The fruit that tells tales. 3. Unites in couples. 4. An anathema, an article, and a conjunction. M. A. H.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, PRINTERS, NEW YORK.


Joyful
Easter

